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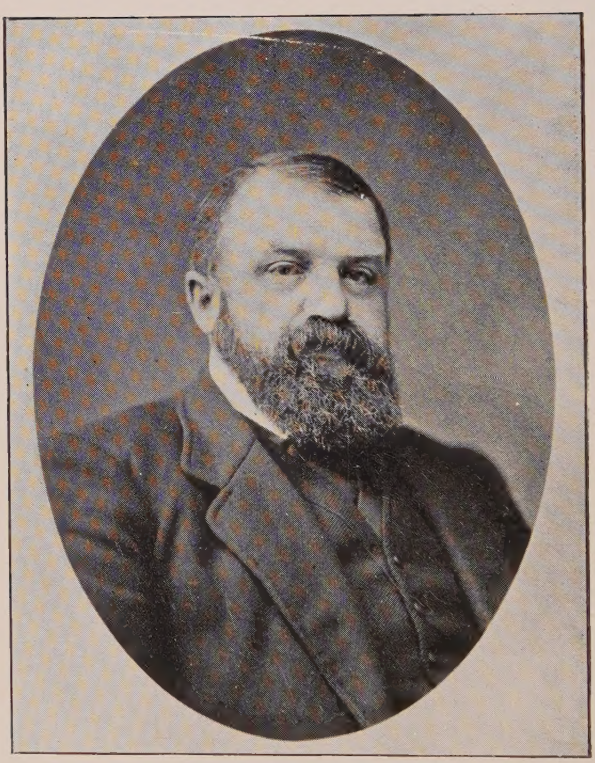

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DWIGHT L. MOODY.

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A MONTH WITH MOODY IN CHICAGO.

HIS WORK AND WORKERS.

BY

REV. H. M. WHARTON, D. D.

EDITOR OF "THE BAPTIST"; AUTHOR OF "GOSPEL TALKS," "CURSE AND CHAINS OF ROME," "PULPIT, PEW AND PLATFORM," "A PICNIC IN PALESTINE."

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TO MY DEAR FRIEND,

D. L. MOODY,

AND OUR FELLOW-WORKERS IN CHICAGO,

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

H. M. WHARTON.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THIS book contains the only authentic picture of Mr. D. L. Moody ever published. Mr. Wharton is indebted to the family for the original photograph, and requires us to state that the picture appears without Mr. Moody's consent. Any copy of it made in any way will be a violation of our copyright, and the offenders will be prosecuted.

THE PUBLISHERS.

PREFACE.

I count it one of my greatest blessings to have enjoyed the privilege of knowing Mr. Moody and his Helpers, and working with them. The good that I gathered from those noble men of God, will live in my life, and bless me evermore. In presenting them and their work to the public, I am only making thousands partakers of my happiness.

H. M. Wharton.

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A MONTH WITH MOODY.

HIS

WORK AND WORKERS.

MR. MOODY.

TO write anything new of D. L. Moody would be a great achievement, and yet I think there are features of his private life, and certain views of his character which can be known only to those who enjoy the privilege of intimate association. Without violating any confidence or abusing the liberty of a daily intercourse, I shall give the opportunity of a closer view than you have ever had of the greatest and best known gospel preacher on earth.

When he was in Baltimore last spring he requested me to give him a month in his Chicago work, and I arranged to spend a part of my vacation in September with him. About the first of the month I reached Chicago, and was given a good room in the Bible Institute. Usually we took our meals with the great Institute family. Mr. Moody and his co-workers sat at several tables, while all the rest of the large dining-room was occupied by stud-

ents. Three times a day with few exceptions, I sat by his side at the table, and was often in his room, which was regarded as head-quarters. Every night when we came in from our different places of preaching, halls, churches, tents, theatres, we would meet around a large table in his room and enjoy refreshments and a most delightful social hour, as we discussed the work of the Master, or indulged in innocent jest and merriment. Mr. Moody is fond of a joke. He can tell a good story, and no man has a keener relish for it than he. It is said of Spurgeon that there was such a hearty good humor about him, and over all and through all such an atmosphere of genuine piety, that though he had convulsed a party by a lively joke, he could turn at once and say, "Now let us have a word of prayer," and all go smiling into the Father's presence. It would seem altogether the right thing to do. The same may be said of Mr. Moody. And it matters little if the laugh turns on himself, he enjoys it just the same. Here is one I heard him tell one day at the table. First speaking in very complimentary terms of the "Mountain Evangelist," George O. Barnes, of Kentucky, he said, "I got him here to preach once, many years ago. We worked hard, and lived on bread and cheese. One night when I was absent he preached a sermon on '*The devil.*' I insisted that he must repeat it for my benefit, and I worked up a crowd for Saturday night. I had been out all day trying to raise money, and came home at five o'clock tired and hungry. In addition to the

crackers and cheese I bought some bologna sausage. I never tasted anything better than that bologna, and I just ate it till I didn't want any more. That night I was to preside, and sat behind Barnes. He hadn't been preaching long before I got so sleepy I could not hold my eyes open any way I could fix it. I got out a pin and stuck myself with it, but nothing would do. I had been banging the people a good deal for going to sleep, and when they saw me it was all they wanted. They could not keep still. Barnes saw something was the matter. He could not get hold of them, and bye and bye he turned and looked at me and saw what was up. The next day somebody asked Barnes about it, he said, 'well, Moody is pretty hard to down; but last night the devil and bologna did the work for him.'" It is comforting to hear Mr. Moody say that he also puts people to sleep sometimes. Well, so did Paul, and may be you have also, you who are reading these words. If you are a preacher, then you know how it is yourself. Mr. Moody is a great general. He is a great thinker, and plans his work even to the smallest details. He looks after the food and rest and recreation of his workers. Even his carriage horse must have at least one day's rest in seven. It does not matter to him what day you take as Sabbath or rest day, but it must be one in seven. He is the only one who does not rest as much as he should. I organized a strike one day, and informed him that if he did not take a day in seven we would go out on a strike and walk the streets until he

gave in. When we came from our work that night we found he had rested, and I told him the threatened strike was having a good effect. He remarked, "Yes, Wharton will have it in his book that he got up a strike to make me rest." Well, here it is, and Mr. Moody is a true prophet.

Everybody loves him, men, women, and children. Although he has enough on his mind to keep a dozen men busy, he so arranges that the work is easily divided out, and he stands at the helm. But he is always ready to have a pleasant word with man, woman, or child, as they chance to come in his way. Nothing could be more enjoyable than his evening chats with the workers as they came in from their fields in all parts of the city to give an account of their labors. A picture in miniature of the time when we shall all go from the harvest field home to meet our great Leader and Commander, and tell him of the joys and sorrows, the trials and triumphs of our life work on earth.

Mr. Moody is a wise, level-headed man. He has a great deal of uncommon sense. You can hardly get an off-hand expression of opinion from him. He hears what others have to say, but reserves his judgment until all the facts are before him; then when he speaks it is worth hearing. His conduct with reference to the Congress of Religions is a noticeable instance. When this ecclesiastical menagerie gathered from all quarters of the globe made its appearance, Mr. Moody was asked again and again to take part; he only replied that he had his

hands full of work, and declined to go. When it seemed to some of us that our Lord was belittled and disgraced by the motley crew who disported themselves upon the platform day by day in the wonderful "Parliament," we suggested that we should attack them all along the line. Mr. Moody was very emphatic in his instructions. "Preach Christ," said he, "hold up Christ, let the Parliament of Religions alone, preach Christ." And he was right. The many-colored bubble bursted and went to thin air. It will only be known in history. Christ lives and reigns: let us live for Him and preach His blessed gospel.

Mr. Moody is a fine business man. If he had turned his attention to earthly, instead of heavenly things, he would have been a millionaire many times over. He has the happy faculty of dispatching business with great ease and rapidity, and is wise in the selection of his assistants. Over each department there is a head, whom he has chosen for that special work, and the work goes on well through and through. He looks after the smallest matters. The seating of the congregation, ventilation, arrangement of the singers, collections, all pass under his observation and direction. He is a great advertiser. He is one of the children of light, who have learned from the children of this world. The newspapers, street cars, bill posters, and ticket distributors are all brought into requisition. One night when he was going to preach in the Standard Theatre—one of the hardest places—he went into bar-rooms

and said: "Moody is going to preach in the theatre to-night, come in." They recognized him and prepared to go. The results prove his wisdom. Some Christian people seem to think that it is only necessary to open the church doors, and the outside world will break its neck trying to get in. Not so. The most attractive thing to the common mind is a circus. Men, women, and children, old and young, white and colored, will run after it and spend their last dime; and yet when the circus comes they plaster the country and paint the towns red with their advertisements. Let the people of God learn a lesson. Mr. Moody has a great deal of "snap,"—I hardly know what else to call it. If he cannot *make* things, like his Master, he *makes things move*, and that comes next to making them. He never allows the service to drag,—no, not for an instant. No awkward pauses, nor weary moments of inordinate suspense. He goes right on from one thing to another, even unto the end. I have gone with him to a great theatre building when we were the first in the house, except the employees who look after the building. As soon as the people came rushing in he is ready to start the singing. Not that he sings himself. He cannot. He makes "a joyful noise" unto the Lord, and as a gentleman remarked when asked what he thought of his singing, "I could at least say I have never heard anything like it." He will call out the number of the hymn, and he knows when the singing is good. Sometimes he will call for one part of the congregation to

sing, then another, then all, till they make the house fairly tremble with the thunder tones of praise. Then several prayers, then his own sermon, usually from twenty to thirty minutes, and close with prayer. Perhaps he will have one or two sermons more of similar length, as was often the case in the Chicago meetings.

And what faith he has! He believes in the Bible from "back to back," to use his own expression. One night I heard him preach on the ark. "Come, thou, and all thy house into the ark." He said some infidel perhaps has come in here and will say, "What does Mr. Moody want to talk about that for? Nobody believes the ark story now." Well, if you don't, you can't believe Christ. The Son of God endorsed it. "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be at the coming of the Son of Man." A good many preachers these days are trying to cut certain things out of the Bible; they had better leave the pulpit. They are doing more harm than good. Some say "I don't believe the fish story about the whale swallowing Jonah." There is no trouble if you bring God on the scene. He who made the earth could make a whale big enough to swallow a man, or a man big enough to swallow a whale.

Mr. Moody believes in the constant presence and guidance of the Holy Spirit. He is a worker together with God in everything. It is thrilling to hear some of his prayers with those who work with him. On Sunday morning he will cry to God for a great blessing, and when the day is done and all meet in his room, how

sweet it is to kneel and be led by him in a prayer of thanksgiving for the victories of the day! With happy hearts all say "Good night," and seek our rest, rejoicing that we have been engaged in the best and most glorious work on earth. Oh, what a privilege it is to work for the salvation of souls and preach the gospel of our blessed Lord!

I count it one of the greatest blessings of my life to have known D. L. Moody, and there is absolutely no estimate to be put upon the benefits derived of strength and helpfulness and joy in working with him and the noble men who stood by him, in the great battle against sin and Satan, amid the mighty multitudes that filled Chicago during the most wonderful Exposition the world has ever seen. And when the glorious end shall come, it will be found that during this period of six months' work thousands were saved by the preaching of Christ in these meetings, and not only this, but that Christians from all parts of the earth went back to their homes strengthened and blessed, clothed anew with the powers of the unseen world, to work for the kingdom of God more earnestly and faithfully than ever before. And besides all this, the evil influences that were counteracted, and the good influences that went forth will bless the world to the end of time. God be praised for this true believer and consecrated Christian man, and may He who loved us and gave Himself for us, in mercy spare our brother in health and strength for many years to come! Amen.

THE FULL ASSURANCE OF FAITH.*

BY D. L. MOODY.

[I heard Mr. Moody preach this sermon to an immense audience in the Haymarket Theatre, Chicago, the first Sunday after my arrival there. I felt that every Christian on earth would be blessed if he could only hear or read it. I obtained his consent to publish it, and am trying to carry out my wish.—H. M. W.]

That ye may know that ye have eternal life.—1 John v. 13.

There are two classes who ought not to have Assurance: First, those who are in the Church, and who are not converted, and have never been born of the Spirit. Second, those who are not willing to do God's will; who are running from duty, and are not ready to take the place that God has mapped out for them, but want to fill some other place.

Some one will ask: "Have all God's people Assurance?" No; I think a good many of God's dear people have not Assurance; but it is the privilege of every child of God to have beyond doubt a knowledge of his own salvation. No man is fit for God's service who is filled with doubts. If a man is not sure of his own salvation, how can he help any one else into the kingdom of God? If I seem in danger of drowning, and do not know whether I shall ever reach the shore, I cannot assist another. I must first get on the solid rock myself, and then I can lend my brother a helping hand.

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If, being myself blind, I were to tell another blind man how to get sight, he might reply: "First get healed yourself, and then you can tell me."

I recently met with a young man who was a Christian, but he had not attained to victory over sin. He was in terrible darkness. Such an one is not fit to work for God, because he has besetting sins, and he has not the victory over his doubts, because he has not the victory over his sins.

None will have time or heart to work for God who are not assured as to their own salvation. They have as much as they can attend to; and being themselves burdened with doubts, they cannot help others to carry their burdens. There is no rest, joy or peace—no liberty or power—where doubts and uncertainty exist.

Now, it seems as if there are

THREE WILES OF SATAN

against which we ought to be on our guard. In the first place, he moves all his kingdom to keep us away from Christ; then he devotes himself to get us into "Doubting Castle;" but if we have, in spite of him, a clear, ringing witness for the Son of God, he will do all he can to blacken our characters and belie our testimony.

DOUBTS.

Some seem to think that it is a misfortune not to have doubts; but doubt is very dishonoring to God. If any one were to say that he had known a person for

thirty years, and yet doubted him, it would not be very creditable; and when we have known God for ten, twenty or thirty years, does it not reflect on His veracity to doubt Him?

Could Paul and the early Christians and martyrs have gone through what they did if they had been filled with doubts, and had not known whether they were going to heaven or to perdition after they had been burned at the stake? They must have had ASSURANCE.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

Mr. Spurgeon says: "I never heard of a stork that, when it met with a fir-tree, demurred as to its right to build its nest there; and I never heard of a coney yet that questioned whether it had a permit to run into the rock. Why, these creatures would soon perish if they were always doubting and fearing as to whether they had a right to use providential provisions.

"The stork says to himself, 'Ah, here is a fir-tree.' He consults with his mate: 'Will this do for the nest in which we may rear our young?' 'Aye,' says she; and they gather the materials and arrange them. There is never any deliberation, 'May we build here?' but they bring their sticks and make their nest.

"The wild goat on the crag does not say, 'Have I a right here?' No; he must be somewhere, and there is a crag which exactly suits him, and he springs upon it.

"Yet, though these dumb creatures know the provision of their God, the sinner does not recognize the pro-

vision of his Saviour. He quibbles and questions, 'May I?' and 'I am afraid it is not for me;' and 'I think it cannot be meant for me;' and 'I am afraid it is too good to be true.'

"And yet nobody ever said to the stork, 'Whosoever buildeth on this fir-tree shall never have his nest pulled down.' No inspired word has ever said to the coney, 'Whosoever runs into this rock-cleft shall never be driven out of it.' If it had been so it would make assurance doubly sure.

"And yet here is Christ provided for sinners—just the sort of a Saviour sinners need; and the encouragement is added: 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out;' 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'"

OUR ADVOCATE.

John tells us in his Gospel what Christ did for us on earth. In his Epistle he tells us what He is doing for us in heaven as our Advocate. In his Gospel there are only two chapters in which the word "believe" does not occur. With these two exceptions every chapter in John is "Believe! *Believe!!* BELIEVE!!!" and in closing he said, "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, ye might have life through His Name." That is the purpose for which he wrote the Gospel—"that we might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that, believing, we might have life through His Name."

Turn to John's first Epistle, fifth chapter, thirteenth verse. He there tells us why he wrote this Epistle: "These things have I written unto you that believe on the Name of the Son of God." Notice to whom he writes it: "You that believe on the Name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the Name of the Son of God." There are only five short chapters in this first Epistle, and the word "know" occurs over forty times. It is "Know! *Know!!* KNOW!!!" The *Key* to it is KNOW! and all through the Epistle there rings out the refrain—"that we might know that we have eternal life."

I went twelve hundred miles down the Mississippi in the spring some years ago, and every evening, as the sun went down, you might have seen men, and sometimes women, riding up to the banks of the river on either side, on mules or horses, and sometimes coming on foot, for the purpose of lighting up the government lights; and all down that mighty river there were landmarks which guided the pilots in their dangerous navigation. Now, God has given us lights or landmarks to tell us whether we are His children or not; and what we need to do is to look and see.

FIVE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

In the third chapter of John's first Epistle there are FIVE THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

In the fifth verse we read the first thing worth know-

ing: "And ye *know* that He was manifested to take away our sins; and in Him is no sin." Not what I have done, but what HE has done. "*We know that HE was manifested to take away our sins.*" Has He failed in His mission? Is He not able to do what He came for? Did ever any heaven-sent man fail yet? and could God's own Son fail? HE WAS MANIFESTED TO TAKE AWAY OUR SINS.

Again, in the nineteenth verse, is the second thing worth knowing: "And hereby we *know* that we are of the truth, and shall *assure* our hearts before Him." WE KNOW that we are of THE TRUTH. And if the truth make us free, we shall be free indeed. "If the Son therefore shall make you free, you shall be free indeed."

The third thing worth knowing is in the fourteenth verse: "We *know* that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." The natural man does not like godly people, nor does he care to be in their company. "*We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.* He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." He has no spiritual life.

The fourth thing worth knowing is this: "And he that keepeth His commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him. And hereby we *know* that He abideth in us by the Spirit which He hath given us." Now we can tell what kind of spirit we have if we possess the Spirit of Christ—a Christ-like spirit—not the same in degree, but the same in kind. If I am meek, gentle,

and forgiving; if I have a spirit filled with peace and joy; if I am long-suffering and gentle, like the Son of God—that is a test; and in that way we are to tell whether we have eternal life or not.

The fifth thing worth knowing, and the best of all, is "Beloved, *now*." Notice the word "Now." It does not say when you come to die. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God; and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we *know* that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

SINNING AND REPENTING.

But some will say, "Well, I believe all that; but then I have sinned since I became a Christian." Is there a man or a woman on the face of the earth who has not sinned since becoming a Christian? Not one! There never has been and never will be a soul on this earth who has not sinned, or who will not sin, at some time of their Christian experience. But God has made provision for believers' sins. *We* are not to make provision for them; but God has. Bear that in mind.

"My little children, these things write I unto you that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." He is here writing to the righteous. "If any man sin, *we*"—John put himself in—"we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." What an Advocate! He attends to our interest at the very best place—the throne of God. He said, "Nevertheless, I

tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away." He went away to become our High Priest, and also our Advocate. He has had some hard cases to plead; but He has never lost one; and if you entrust your immortal interest to Him, He will "present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

FORGIVENESS.

The past sins of Christians are all forgiven when truly confessed and turned from; and they are never to be mentioned. That is a question which is not to be opened up again. If our sins have been put away, that is the end of them. They are not to be remembered; and God will not mention them any more. This is very plain. Suppose I have a son who, while I am here to-day, does wrong. When I go home he throws his arms around my neck and says, "Papa, I did what you told me not to do. I am very sorry. Do forgive me." I say, "Yes, my son," and kiss him. He wipes away his tears, and goes off rejoicing.

But the next day he says: "Papa, I wish you would forgive me for the wrong I did yesterday." I should say: "Why, my son, that thing is settled; and I don't want it mentioned again." "But I wish you would forgive me; it would help me to hear you say, 'I forgive you.'" Would that be honoring me? Would it not grieve me to have my boy doubt me? But to gratify him I say again, "I forgive you, my son."

And if, the next day, he were again to bring up that

old sin, and ask forgiveness, would not that grieve me to the heart? And so, my dear friends, if God has forgiven us, never let us mention the past. Let us forget those things which are behind, and reach forth unto those which are before, and press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Let the sins of the past go; for "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

And let me say that this principle is recognized in courts of justice. A case came up not long ago in which a man had had trouble with his wife; but he forgave her, and then afterward brought her into court. And, when it was known that he had forgiven her, the judge said that the thing was settled. The judge recognized the soundness of the principle, that if a sin were once forgiven there was an end of it. And do you think the Judge of all the earth will forgive you and me, and open the question again? Our sins are gone for time and eternity, if God forgives; and what we have to do is to confess and forsake our sins.

"CHRIST IN US."

Again in Corinthians we read: "Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith: prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates?" Now examine yourselves. Try your religion. Put it to the test. Can you forgive an enemy? That is a good way

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to know if you are a child of God. Can you forgive an injury, to take an affront, as Christ did? Can you be censured for doing well, and not murmur? Can you be misjudged and misrepresented, and yet keep a Christ-like spirit?

FRUITS.

Another good test is to go into Galatians, and take the fruits of the Spirit; and see if you have them. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." If I have the fruits of the Spirit I must have the Spirit. I could not have the fruits without the Spirit any more than I could have an orange without the tree. And Christ says: "Ye shall know them by their fruits;" "for the tree is known by its fruits." Make the tree good, and the fruit will be good. The only way to get the fruit is to have the Spirit. That is the way to examine ourselves whether we are children of God.

Then there is another very striking passage. In Romans Paul says: "Now if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." That ought to settle the question, even though one may have gone through all the external forms that are considered necessary by some to constitute a member of a church. Read Paul's life, and put yours alongside of it. If your life resembles his, it is a proof that you are born again—that you are a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"GROWTH IN GRACE."

But although you may be born again, it will require time to become a full-grown Christian. Justification is instantaneous; but sanctification is a life-work. We are to grow in wisdom. Peter says: "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ;" and in the first chapter of his Second Epistle, "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ." So that we are to add grace to grace. A tree may be perfect in its first year of growth; but it does not obtain its maturity. So with the Christian; he may be a true child of God, but not a matured Christian. The eighth of Romans is very important, and we should be very familiar with it. In the fourteenth verse the apostle says: "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God." Just as the soldier is led by his captain, the pupil by his teacher, or the traveler by his guide; so the Holy Spirit will be the guide of every true child of God.

"WE KNOW!"

Then let us call your attention to another fact. All Paul's teaching in nearly every Epistle rings out the

doctrine of Assurance. He says in Corinthians : " For we *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He had a title to the mansions above, and he says—*I know it.* He was not living in uncertainty. He said : " I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ ; " and if he had been uncertain he would not have said that. Then in Colossians he says : " When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." I am told that Dr. Watts' tombstone bears this same passage of Scripture. There is no doubt there.

THE THREE " HATHS."

Again he says : " Giving thanks unto the Father, which *hath* made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light ; who *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness, and HATH translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son."

Three *haths* : " HATH made us meet ; " " HATH delivered us ; " and " HATH translated us." It does not say that He is going to make us meet ; that He is going to deliver ; that He is going to translate.

" In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." We are either forgiven or we are not ; we are either saved or we are not ; and if we are not, we must not give ourselves any rest until we get into the kingdom of God ; nor until we can each look up and say, " I know that if my earthly house of

this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Let me direct you to Romans again: "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" If He gave us His Son, will He not give us the certainty that He is ours? I have heard this illustration: There was a man who owed $10,000, and would have been made a bankrupt, but a friend came forward and paid the sum. It was found afterward that he owed a few dollars more; but he did not for a moment entertain a doubt that, as his friend had paid the larger amount, he would also pay the smaller. And we have high warrant for saying that if God has given us His Son, He will with Him also freely give us all things; and if we want to realize our salvation beyond controversy, He will not leave us in darkness. Again He says: "Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea, rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, "For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am per-

suaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

That has the right ring with it. There is Assurance for you. "I KNOW." Do you think that the God who has justified me will condemn me? That is quite an absurdity. God is going to save us so that neither men, angels, nor devils, can bring any charge against us or Him. He will have the work complete.

Job lived in a darker day than we do; but hear him: "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth."

The same CONFIDENCE breathes through Paul's last words to Timothy: "For the which cause I also suffer these things; nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I *know* whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." It is not a matter of feeling at all. It is not a matter of doubt but of knowledge. "I know." "I am persuaded." The word "Hope" is not used in the Scripture to express doubt. It is used in regard to the second coming of Christ, or to the resurrection of the body. We do not say that we "hope" we are Christians. I do not say that I "hope" I am an American, or that I "hope" I am a married man. These are settled things. I may say that I "hope" to go back to my home; and I expect to do so in a short

time. I do not say that I "hope" to come to this country, for I am here. And so, if we are born of God we know it; and He will not leave us in darkness if we search the Scriptures with a desire to know.

Christ taught this doctrine to His seventy disciples when they returned elated with their success, saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through Thy Name." The Lord seemed to check them, and said that He would give them something to rejoice at: "Notwithstanding, in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven."

It is the privilege of every one of us to know, beyond a doubt, that our salvation is sure. Then we can work for others. But if we are doubtful of our own salvation, we are not fit for the service of God.

Another passage is this: "Verily, verily, I say unto you: He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into '*judgment*'" (the new translation has it so), "but is passed from death unto life."

"NO CONDEMNATION."

Some people say that you never can tell till you are before the great white throne of Judgment whether you are saved or not. Why, my dear friends, if your life is hid with Christ in God, you are not coming into judgment for your sins. We may come into judgment for reward. This is clearly taught where the Lord reckoned

with the servant to whom five talents had been given, and who brought other five talents, saying, "Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents; behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." We shall be judged for our stewardship. That is one thing; but sin is another.

Will God demand payment twice of the debt which Christ has paid for us? If Christ bare my sins in His own body on the tree, am I to answer for them as well?

OUR SAFETY.

Isaiah tells us that, "He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." In Romans we read: He "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Let us believe, and get the benefit of His finished work.

Then again in John: "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." That is the promise. "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me. And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father which gave them Me is greater than all; and no man is able to

pluck them out of My Father's hand." Think of that! The Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, are pledged to keep us. You see that it is not only the Father, not only the Son, but three persons of the Triune God.

Now a great many people want some token outside of God's Word. That habit always brings doubt. If I made a promise to meet a man here at a certain hour to-morrow, and he were to ask me for my watch as a token of my sincerity, it would be a slur on my truthfulness. We must not question what God has said. He has made statement after statement, and multiplied figure upon figure. Christ says: "I am the door; by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved." "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine." "I am the light of the world; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." "I am the truth;" get Me, and you will have the truth, for I am the embodiment of truth. Do you want to know the way? "I am the way;" follow Me, and I will lead you into the kingdom. Are you hungering after righteousness? "I am the Bread of Life;" if you eat of Me you shall never hunger. "I am the Water of Life;" if you drink of this water it shall be within you "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life." "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

THE SOURCE OF DOUBTS.

Let me remind you where our doubts come from. A good many of God's dear people never get beyond knowing themselves servants. But we are sons and daughters—not merely servants. He calls us "friends." If you go into a house you will soon see the difference between the servant and the son. The son walks at perfect liberty all over the house; he is at home. But the servant takes a subordinate place. What we want is to get beyond servants. We ought to realize our standing with God as sons and daughters. He will not "unchild" His children. God has not only adopted us, but we are His by birth; we have been born into His kingdom. My little boy was as much mine when he was a day old as now that he is nearly grown. He was *my son*, although it did not appear what he would be when he attained manhood. He is mine; although he may have to undergo probation under tutors and governors. The children of God are not perfect; but we are perfectly His children.

Another origin of doubts is looking at ourselves. If you want to be wretched and miserable, filled with doubts from morning till night, look at yourselves. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Many of God's dear children are robbed of joy because they keep looking at themselves.

THREE WAYS TO LOOK.

Some one has said: "There are three ways to look. If you want to be wretched, look within; if you wish to be distracted, look around; but if you want to have peace, look up." Peter looked away from Christ, and he immediately began to sink. The Master said to him: "O thou of little faith! Wherefore didst thou doubt?" He had God's eternal word, which was sure footing, and better than either marble, granite, or iron; but the moment he took his eyes off Christ, down he went. Those who look around can not see how unstable and dishonoring is their walk. We want to look straight at the "Author and Finisher of our faith."

A STRAIGHT TRACK.

When I was a boy I could only make a straight track in the snow, by keeping my eyes fixed on a tree or some object before me. The moment I took my eye off the mark set in front of me I walked crooked. It is only when we look fixedly on Christ that we find perfect peace. After he rose from the dead He showed His disciples His hands and His feet. That was the ground of their peace. If you want to scatter your doubts, look at the blood; and if you want to increase your doubts, look at yourself. You will get doubts enough for years by being occupied with yourself for a few days.

Then again: Look at what He is, and at what He

has done; not at what you are, and what you have done. That is the way to get peace and rest.

EMANCIPATION.

Abraham Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring the emancipation of three millions of slaves. On a certain day their chains were to fall off, and they were to be free. That proclamation was put upon the trees and fences wherever the Northern Army marched. A good many slaves could not read; but others read the proclamation, and most of them believed it; and on a certain day a glad shout went up, "We are free!" Some did not believe it, and stayed with their old masters; but it did not alter the fact that they were free. Christ, the Captain of our salvation, has proclaimed freedom to all who have faith in Him. Let us take Him at His word. Their feelings would not have made the slaves free. The power must come from the outside. Looking at ourselves will not make us free, but it is looking to Christ with the eye of faith.

Bishop Ryle has strikingly said: "Faith is the root, and Assurance is the flower. Doubtless you can never have the flower without the root; but it is no less certain that you may have the root, and not the flower.

"Faith is that poor, trembling woman who came behind Jesus in the press, and touched the hem of His garment. Assurance is Stephen standing calmly in the midst of his murderers, and saying: 'I see the heavens

opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God.'

"Faith is the penitent thief, crying: 'Lord, remember me.' Assurance is Job sitting in the dust, covered with sores, and saying, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' 'Though He slay me, yet I will trust in Him.'

"Faith is Peter's drowning cry, as he began to sink, 'Lord, save me!' Assurance is the same Peter declaring before the Council, in aftertimes, 'This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner; neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.'

"Faith is the anxious, trembling voice, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!' Assurance is the confident challenge, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? Who is he that condemneth?'

"Faith is Saul praying in the house of Judas at Damascus, sorrowful, blind, and alone. Assurance is Paul, the aged prisoner, looking calmly into the grave, and saying, 'I know whom I have believed.' 'There is a crown laid up for me.'

"Faith is LIFE. How great the blessing! Who can tell the gulf between life and death? And yet life may be weak, sickly, unhealthy, painful, trying, anxious, worn, burdensome, joyless, smileless, to the very end.

"Assurance is *more than life.* It is health, strength, power, vigor, activity, energy, manliness, beauty."

A minister once pronounced the benediction in this way: "The heart of God to make us welcome; the blood of Christ to make us clean; and the Holy Spirit to make us certain." The security of the believer is the result of the operation of the Spirit of God.

Another writer says: "I have seen shrubs and trees grow out of the rocks, and overhang fearful precipices, roaring cataracts, and deep running waters; but they maintained their position, and threw out their foliage and branches as if they had been in the midst of a dense forest." It was their hold of the rock that made them secure; and the influences of nature that sustained their life. So believers are oftentimes exposed to the most horrible dangers in their journey to heaven; but, so long as they are "rooted and grounded" in the Rock of Ages, they are perfectly secure. Their hold of Him is their guarantee; and the blessings of His grace give them life and sustain them in life. And as the tree must die, or the rock fall, before a dissolution can be effected between *them*, so either the believer must lose his spiritual life, or the rock must crumble, ere the union can be dissolved.

Speaking of the Lord Jesus, Isaiah says: "I will fasten Him as a nail in a sure place; and He shall be for a glorious throne to His Father's house; and they shall hang upon Him all the glory of His Father's house, the offspring and the issue, all vessels of small quantity, from the vessels of cups, even to all the vessels of flagons."

Rev John McNeill.

There is ONE NAIL, fastened in a sure place, and on it hang all the flagons and all the cups. "Oh," says one little cup, "I am so small and so black; suppose I were to drop!" "Oh," says a flagon, "there is no fear of you; but I am so heavy, so very weighty; suppose I were to drop!" And a little cup says, "Oh, if I were only like that gold cup there, I should never fear falling." But the gold cup answers, "It is not because I am a gold cup that I keep up; but because I hang upon the nail." If the nail gives way we all come down, gold cups, china cups, pewter cups, and all; but as long as the nail keeps up, all that hang on Him hang safely.

I once read these words on a tombstone: "Born, died, kept." Let us pray God to keep us in perfect peace, and assured of salvation.

REV. JOHN McNEILL.

WHO of all the multitudes that crowded the Central Music Hall at the midday meetings can ever forget the great loving, genial, impetuous McNeill? He is a fine combination of the lion and the lamb, with a good mixture of the sturdy ox, ready for labor or sacrifice. I cannot do better than give the words of Rev. A. T. Pierson, in his introduction to one of the volumes of Mr. McNeill's sermons. "Some men, like their Master, cannot be tied. John McNeill is one of them. He

needs no introduction. On both sides of the sea he has won the ears of men, as any man will win them who thinks and speaks in dead earnest. There is a great difference in having to say something and having something to say. He has shown that he has much that is worth saying and therefore worth hearing. Those who read his sermons will not need to be told that the man who followed Dr. Dikes at Regent Square is a free, fresh, thoughtful, helpful preacher." But those who have heard him will know that the printed page can neither catch nor convey the charm of the action and attitude; the flashes of the eye, the tones of the voice, the magnetic sympathy, that make up the living speaker. As was said of Bishop Andrews, and the seraphic Rutherford, "they might steal his sermons, but they could not steal his preaching." John McNeill must be heard to be appreciated

Pulpit reading is a divine art: It has three essentials, simplicity, sincerity, spirituality. In his sermons there is a marked simplicity alike of thought and language. Here is a genuine man, who speaks from the heart, and so to the hearts of others. As to spirituality few preachers have a truer insight into divine truth or a more effective way of putting it before the people. He uses "great plainness of speech." Like John Knox he seems to say, "I am in that place where I am demanded of my conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak, impugn it who list." But it is speaking the truth in love, for a generous sympathetic heart beats

back of that utterance. Mr. McNeill is a man of the people. Like the horse that will not go in blinders, he cannot endure the trimmings and trappings of ecclesiastical ceremony. When we watch the growing tendency to ritualism we remember that "when the crozier became golden the bishops became wooden," and that nothing is more lifeless than a mechanical religion. It is well to have men in these days whose whole life is a protest against forms and a plea for reality, who would not give up their hold upon the hearts of the lowest and poorest for a "garter" or "mitre," a palace or a throne. John McNeill is a true man, and nothing that is human is alien to him. He is a Scotchman of the true type, with a converted soul, a granite mind and a great big loving heart. I count it one of my chief joys to have known him well and to be with him almost daily for a month in sweet Christian fellowship and the glorious work of our blessed Lord.

SHAMMAH AND BENAIAH.

A Sermon, preached before the Students and others in Moody's Bible Institute, Chicago, Illinois,

BY THE REV. JOHN McNEILL.

2 SAMUEL xxiii. 8. These be the names of the mighty men whom David had, etc.

11 and 12.—And after him was Shammah the son of Agee the Hararite. And the Philistines were gathered together into a troop, where was a plot of ground full of lentils; and the people fled from the Philistines. But he stood in the midst of the plot, and defended it, and slew the Philistines: and the Lord wrought a great victory.

20.—And Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, the son of a valiant man of

Kabzeel, who had done mighty deeds, he slew the two sons of Ariel, of Moab: he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow.

22.—These things did Benaiah the son of Jehoiada, and had a name among the three mighty men.

I wish you for a little while to look at the deed of this man Shammah, who stood in the midst of the plot of lentils and defended it, and slew the Philistines, and Benaiah who slew a lion in a pit on a snowy day.

These, of course, are instances of individual valor. These men are called mighty men—"the mighty men whom David had;" and in each case is given a sample of their mighty deeds—something to suggest that they were worthy of the names they carried, worthy of the great hero with whom they had been in association, even the mighty David himself, and worthy of the renown which was attached to their names for many a day afterwards in the land of Israel.

Very likely when the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews breaks off from his detailed narrative and says, "The time would fail me to tell of them all," these are some of those whom he had in his mind. We will take a little time where he had none, and look for a moment at the brief narratives of these mighty men. How did Shammah's deed come about? The Philistines were gathered together into a troop where there was a piece of ground full of lentils, "and the people fled from the Philistines. But he stood in the midst of the ground and defended it, and slew the Philistines; and the Lord wrought a great victory."

The one idea that leaps up from this narrative is that which you often find through Scripture, that in the day of defeat and disaster all God wants is one whole-hearted man. If the Lord can only get a beginning made, if He can, amidst all the disgraceful stampede and rout, get but *one man* to stop running, one to stop flying, one soul to cease from unbelief and panic and fear, and begin to trust in Him, there and then the tide of battle shall be turned. You see how this glory came to Shammah, the son of Agee the Hararite. Some men are born great, it has been said; some achieve greatness; and others have greatness thrust upon them. Our hero of this morning, while he certainly achieved greatness, yet, in another view, had greatness thrust upon him. I mean that the occasion, the opportunity seems to have come suddenly and unexpectedly, and to have been used by Shammah in the same way. It was not sought, but sprang upon him by surprise. I have no doubt he was well through with the conflict before he came to himself, and understood what a wonderful thing the Lord had done by his hand. And that same element might give heroism to your spiritual life and to mine to-day. For as these were mighty men under David, who won their honors and proved their right to the title, so we are under the heavenly David, the Lord Jesus Christ. Now, granted that many things connected with Christ and His cause, in ourselves and in the world round about, are very dark and disastrous-looking; out of that darkness and disaster is continually coming the very

opportunity that the Lord wants to recover the defeat, if only we would play the man, as did these true men of Israel long ago.

Israel under the power of the Philistines! That happens often—Israel disorganized and scattered, and the Philistines for the time being, strong and triumphant. Israel was here dispirited, weak, helpless, and Philistia strong, victorious, insulting. One day a little group of the Israelites are going out in a feeble way to reap a wretched little patch of lentils, the seed of which they had sowed in the spring; but lo! as they step out to reap it, down come the marauding, plundering, ravaging Philistines, and the people flee before them. It was expected. The Philistines did not suppose they would have to fight, and their expectations were answered: the people flee. That had been the state of things for a good while. Philistia has simply a walk-over; Israel was so "all-gone" they did not think of rallying for the conflict. On come the Philistines, and off go the Israelites shamefully before them—all but one man; that one man Shammah, the son of Agee the Hararite, who in that dark and shameful day pulled himself together, and with a great cry in his heart to God, and a big sob, half rage and half sorrow, for himself and countrymen, instead of flying, stood in the midst of that plot of lentils and defended it, and slew the Philistines, and the Lord wrought a great victory.

Shammah did, that is to say, the unexpected. Fleeing had been the order of the day for Israel, and pursuing

had been the order of the day for Philistia. A very pretty game, truly! We shout, and you run. We appear, and you disappear. You sow in the spring—it was very kind of you, Israelites—and we step in in the autumn and take the harvest. It is a wonderfully nicely arranged system for Philistia, whatever it may be for Israel. And, just so; don't we seem to make nothing of our Christianity (meaning by that, *Christ*), as against the powers of Philistia?

Look at them in Chicago to-day. What are we doing? Where are we gaining? Speaking broadly, it is invisible. Where are we defeated? Everywhere. The world laughing at us, scandal upon scandal, tale upon tale, wreck upon wreck, ruin upon ruin. Drink, lust, uncleanliness, commercial dishonor, everything that belongs to the devil, strong and vigorous, successful and sweeping; and everything that belongs to Jesus Christ, like those dispirited Israelites, weak and scattering as a flock of sheep. It is bad enough. But just as then, so I believe still, if here and there some man would only understand that in all this there is a trumpet being blown for rallying, times for the individual and for the community might be mightily changed. There is Shammah, and what seems to be sweeping through the breast of—I was going to say the poor man, the noble man—was this: "This is too bad! I am sick and tired of this. Are we for ever to sow in the spring, and are these Philistines to reap our crop in the autumn? Are we for ever to be at their mercy? Are

we for ever to be trodden under foot and scattered like sheep? Death is preferable to this running and running and running; and in God's great name I stand to-day—Death or Victory!

If some of us would do that, we would be big Christians (I speak in no carnal, boasting sense) before night; we would be what we have not been for a long while, we would be triumphant, we would be successful. Just where you have always yielded, my hardly beset brother or sister, try how it will work to stand to-day. Resist this onset that always before has made a clean sweep of you, and what will happen? It will be what always happens: "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you"—he is a bigger coward than you are. "Whom resist steadfast in the faith." Brave old Shammah, tired of running, a sense of blame and shame for himself and countrymen so working in him, that at last he stands firm, and God stands in him and for him and by him; and between them twain, if I may say so, they wrought a great victory.

Then, it was a big fight for very little. "He defended a plot of lentils." One could easily have criticized him and said, "Ah, this is zeal without knowledge"—I am afraid he was not a Presbyterian, he was so reckless—"this man is making a great fight at the wrong time and at the wrong place. Now, if he had gathered together a little committee of souls like-minded with himself, and if they had laid their heads together—ah, that's the plan!—if they had laid their heads together,

then what a lot of wood there would have been in one place! If they had taken counsel together, and struck on some plan and adjourned—until next century!" No, he did use the committee system; he just made himself a committee of one, with power to add Jehovah to his number, and made himself very active to the extent of such power and opportunity. Shammah, *plus* the Lord, means, Tremble, Gates of Hell!

Not much to fight for, a plot of lentils! But, coarse horse-food after all, as I believe it was, it was Israel's lentils, and Philistia had no right to them. It was God's, and not theirs; and little as it seemed to be to make a fight for, Shammah stepped into the middle of the plot, like one who would say, "It is mine, it is my countrymen's, it is my God's, and ye shall not have it if one man can prevent it."

I wish some one here, young or old man, would, like Shammah, *stand in the middle of the wreck that is left*, and have one fight for it. Although what is left may have no more proportion to what used to be or what might have been than a patch of lentils has to a broad-acred farm, yet in God's name stand in the middle of the wreck, and see what will happen. That is all God asks: Stand, stand in the midst, and then see! If the Church of Christ would only get possessed of Shammah's spirit, and in all the howling wreck that is at home and abroad, if she would stand and fight, there would be such a central victory as would tell to the furthermost circumference.

"Oh, the drink," we say, "it is there, and it will always be there! This social impurity, this army of fallen women, it has always been, and it will always have to be! Oh, this commercial rottenness! it belongs to a system of things on this planet—it has always been, and will always be!" That is what we ought not to say. That is what Shammah might have said: "Oh, those Philistines have come up! Well, sometimes we have our turn, and sometimes they have theirs. It is their turn just now, and there is no use trying to change it. They are too strong, and we too weak." He dismissed all these carnal calculations, and no doubt, with a cry in his heart to the God of Israel, he laid hold of whatever was near him, and laid about *him* lustily.

I think I see him. He is a sight for sore eyes, a sight for dispirited Christians, a sight for all poor backsliders who have come in here this morning mere wrecks. The Lord has sent a message to you by my stammering lips to-day. You are defeated, overcome, overborne. Old sins, like Philistines, have come back on you; redeemed though you call yourself—and I believe you are—old sins have come back for the last month or year and more, and they have been driving you before them pitiably, somewhat contemptuously—secret sins, or open sins, or both combined. You have lost heart, the roaring flood in its strength has swept you away, and you came in here this morning the weakest thing that ever was called man—especially the weakest thing that ever dared to call itself Christian

man, believing man, redeemed man. Now, what are you to do? In God's name let us all try it, let us all do what Shammah did—stand in the middle of what is left. Do not propose some great plan that you are going to carry out by-and-bye, some big plan of campaign; but just to-day as we are, where we are, let us put our foot down and say in God's name, looking at all the wreck and the strength of evil that is gathered round about us, "*We will do or die.* This wretched kind of life is not worth living, and I am going to make a bold stroke—Death or Victory."

> "Who would be free
> Himself must strike the blow;

but if we are striking out, the very power of the arm of the Lord is transfused into our poor arm of flesh. Let me be still more urgent and particular here. Let me speak to some old, but backslidden, believer—fifty, sixty, or seventy years of age; you have made nothing of your Christian profession; you are a wreck, and you know it; your day is nearly done, and you know it; there is a black account for you in the reckoning day, and you dread it. What shall you do? My brother, late in the day as it is, and although night is coming near, although you are not now the man you used to be, and a hundred voices in your ear say to you, "It is too late to retrieve the past," those hundred voices are a hundred lies and liars. It is *not* too late: stand in the middle of the wreck left, in God's great name. If I were you, I

would make a fight yet; stand, although the few years left to you are like this patch of lentils, and do not seem to be worth fighting for. Stand, stand! you might die more than conqueror yet. Over you, there may yet be heard in Heaven the shout of victory: *Stand!* And what I say to you, I say to every *young* fellow. There may be here some mere youth of twenty-five years, or less, and though actually not twenty-five, *you are a wreck.* You have been to the house of shame and sin, though you still come to the house of God. Alas! alas! I cannot tell what I am getting to know about the fearful compromises with sin that some young men are making here in Chicago. You are a wreck, secretly, or openly, or both, and to you also the voices come that whisper, "Give it up, yield to Philistia altogether, quit this sickening hypocrisy." Let those voices also be liars. Wrecked and all as you are, with drink, with lust, with gambling, with lying, with untrustworthiness down in the office; wrecked and all as you are now, my brother, to-day, *to-day,* put down your foot. *Have out* the battle with him who besets you through these sins of yours: fight, for the Lord is with you, and He will turn the battle to the gate.

Shammah stood in the midst of it—I think I see the rage of the battle in his face—and though it was not worth two half-crowns of any man's money, he defended it, and slew the Philistines, and *God came down from heaven* to win a patch of lentils! For the Lord loves victory, and the Lord hates defeat, and the only thing

He wants is to get at His adversary through some faithful, upright, believing soul.

And those flying Israelites, at last their breath became short and they had to stand. They were tired of running, and stood and looked back. I think I hear them saying, "Great God of Israel, Shammah is fighting!" They heard the shouts and saw him dashing here and there, and the sight rallied them. I have no doubt a blush of shame swept across their faces, and quicker than I am taking time to tell it, they went back to the place where victory had already begun, and where the shadow of death had been already turned into the morning. Ah! if only one Christian would get a little bit of victory, it would help us all: if only one denomination would get to be successful, it would rally us all. How greatly we are needing to see some well-done deed, just to encourage us all, and to cause the shameful stampede and the sickening sense of being dispirited to come to an end. My brother, might you not try it to-day? There is a district round about you filled with the power of Philistia: the world, the drink, I don't know what, all raging and ranging and ravaging in every direction. I wish you would land down on it somewhere with a shout, and in God's name display your banner. The whole tide of war might be changed in that district. *If just one soul* would go down into some one cottage meeting in some slum or mews-lane, without any committee, without any blowing of trumpets, without any pre-arrangements, go and stand in the middle of the

wreck somewhere, and in God's name take the sword of the Spirit and begin, begin! We might hear wondrous things. Perhaps this way of working that we carry on inside the Church here will never tell on that field of wreck and defeat round about us. Try you the other way. Take a walk through the district, feel the blush of shame on your cheek that such things should be in a great city, with churches everywhere, and the Gospel so much preached; so much *form* of Christianity and so little *power* of it. Feel it, and especially if you are a young brother and the blood is hot, give Christ your hot and fiery youth.

See the Sabbath day, the holy, beautiful Sabbath of the Lord, how it is utterly wrecked in Chicago by the power of Philistia! Oh, that we might get the same victory for the Sabbath that Shammah got for his countrymen on the occasion of which we have read! Oh, that each of us might be a Shammah to redeem the Sabbath day! Stand in the middle of the wreck that is left, and the Lord will stand for you and His holy command and His holy and beneficent purposes through the command; and God alone knows how the tide of war as regards Sabbath desecration may be rolled back.

I wish some Shammah would stand up *in the dear old Church of England* just now in the midst of the *little that is left* that is worthy of the name of Protestantism within her bounds. May God send Shammahs to all the churches, men who are tired of fleeing and are sick at heart of the misery about them, and must do some-

thing. The enemy has come in like a flood. Oh, Spirit of the Lord, lift up a standard against him!

Now, let us go away and try to be like him. At home —how is it with you at home? Your home is a wreck from a religious point of view: no family prayer, no worship, no sign of being a covenant Israelite as regards your wife, your children and your household: Philistia has invaded your home. Go back to-day, man; quit your sneaking and shuffling; go back to-day to stand in the middle of the wreck left at home, to build up a family altar, to call your servants and your children round about you, and to assume the position for God and His truth that you ought to have at home. If that were multiplied in ten thousand instances Chicago's religious problem would be altered before night.

Oh, the little taste of victory, how it would change all our notions and all our outlook! May God give it to us to-day! Go down to your Sabbath-school class this afternoon, or your Bible class, my brother, with the shout of Shammah, saying to yourself, "Go to, this defeat and making no headway, and being forever tied in and tripped up by Philistia," this is not to be.—Arise, and God will arise in you like a mighty man, and God will refresh you as a giant is refreshed through wine, and the power of God will be displayed even yet in connection with your work.

We rejoice to find that God is using our inartistic, inelegant, structureless sermons to His glory. A man wrote to me the other day, saying, "We are in the midst

of a most successful work, and, under God, it was you who did it." He heard me talking like this, not in this church, but elsewhere, and he was just going to give up the work he was doing in a London slum. Instead of that, he went back with Shammah, shouting; and to his own great surprise, as he said in his letter, God came down and gave him blessing beyond his utmost expectation.

Now, I have scarcely any time left for the case of Benaiah, "who went down also and slew a lion in the midst of the pit in the time of snow." This is a man worth looking at! I thought as I came here somebody would be saying, "What are you going to make of that man?" Well, he was a brave man. Why? He was in a sense unlike Shammah. To Shammah the Philistines suddenly came; they swept down on him; he stood firm—and it was death or victory. He had to slash and cut and hew in the best way he could. But this is a different kind of thing. It is a snowy day, think of it. A snowy day; a cold day! It is not like a day in spring; not like your spring morning that makes you heroic, when the sky is bright and the birds are whistling, and your own blood is tingling in your veins, and you feel as if you are the strongest man on earth; you want to go and advertise challenges to anybody your height and weight, to come into grips with you. It was not that kind of morning—but a wet blanket kind of morning, with nothing to stir the blood, nothing to cheer the poor fellow. "A cold, dull, miser-

able day," the neighbors come in and tell you, and while they are speaking through the thick, heavy air, there comes the muttering of the lion fallen into the pit. Very likely because the snow concealed the entrance, the brute as he ranged about tumbled in ; and the very roaring makes the whole neighborhood feel thankful that they have houses to go to and stay in.

It is difficult to be brave on a day like that,

> "When Dick the ploughman blows his nail,
> And milk comes frozen home in pail."

But that was the day when Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, the son of a valiant man of Kabzeel, who had done many mighty acts, went and did another.

On a snowy day, when all others were in, sitting over the fire, burning their knees, he arose, went to the door and listened. Ah ! while other men's faces grow long with fear, his brightens. "I have been wanting to kill that lion for the last six months and never could get the chance. Thank God, this day has come, and that we know where he is." Look at him trudging through the snow ! Think how there was nothing to help him, nobody to cheer or encourage him ; and as he goes through the air so thick and so hurtling with the flakes of snow, you feel here is courage not less than that of Shammah. And he went on and on and on ; and nearer and nearer came to the pit with the lion in it. He comes to the edge of it and looks down, and sees the ranger and ravager and destroyer, the terror of the countryside for

many a day; and with a prayer to the God of Israel he leaps down beside the lion, knowing that out of that pit only one will come up alive. It was a big deed by a big man. God never puts a nobody into his work. This man was worthy of his name—a mighty man. He leaped down—there is a roar and a spring; then a mortal groan. The lion is down; Benaiah has put his foot on his neck; "he went down and slew the lion in a pit on a snowy day."

Did it ever occur to you that that man was wonderfully like another Benaiah? Did you ever think he was wonderfully like the Lord Jesus Christ, who, on one of the dullest and darkest days that ever the world saw, went down into the pit and encountered, face to face, the devourer and the destroyer of men. And He had nobody to encourage and nobody to cheer. All His disciples forsook Him and fled; and single, unaided and alone, He went down into the pit and slew the lion, the dragon, the devourer. He fought and He won.

"Up from the *pit* He 'rose
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes,
He 'rose a Victor from the dark domain
And He lives forever with His saints to reign.
Hallelujah, Christ arose!"

Did it ever occur to you that that man down there in the pit, in that deadly conflict, is a type and figure, in his action, of what every believing soul has to go through?

My dear brother, my sister, there is a lion-like strength of evil in every one of us, and we are not saved till our

foot is upon its neck, and its power is broken. With some, the lion is out, ranging and roaring, as that lion might be supposed to have been before this snowy day when he fell into the pit. That is to say, the power of sin is apparent: they are notorious drunkards, they are notorious sinners in some form or another. But with others the lion is in a pit, and—God help such foolish people!—they think they are all right when they have driven sin in, out of sight. If only they can keep sin from breaking out openly in their faces, in their speech, in their conduct—the poor dupes think that all is well.

No, my brother, the big work is to be done yet. Go down into the pit; go down into the deeps of your own fallen nature, the depths of Satan in you; go down there quick, in the strength of Benaiah, and win that fight, or you are not saved yet. None of us, old or young, ignorant or learned, has a right to feel safe until he has done Benaiah's deed and gone down into the depths of sin that are in himself, with the lamp of God and the sword of God, and stabbed to the heart the life of sin that is in the very deep places of his soul.

That is to be done; and that is why some of us are so far back, because it is not done yet. That lion is not slain; that battle is not fought between me and my own sin down in the pit. Go down to him to-day. Where you sit, go down; listen to the growlings of the brute in you. Listen! Feel, almost the lashings of his tail. Go down and fight, and in God's name win down there. "He slew the lion in a pit on a snowy day."

Shammah's "Waterloo" came to him; Benaiah had to make his. Don't wait for that wonderful day that is to be, so you fondly think, when you will find your opportunity, and rise to the occasion, and come out bright and bold for God. Nay, but on some dull, unheroic December day, unseen, untrumpeted by man, find and fight and win your soul's Waterloo.

The last thing I want you to notice is the little point of extra light that comes from the name. What does Benaiah mean? Benaiah means, literally, the man whom God built. There is something in a name after all! The man whom God built from the protoplasm upward and onward, the God-built, God-strengthened, God-nerved, God-sustained man. May God grant that all of us shall have that pedigree! May God grant that out from this church to-day a multitude may go of whom this is the generation: "Born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of man, but born of God." Born again! Spiritual men, whose foundations God hath laid in Christ Jesus; and out of whom God is making strong, stalwart, heroic, spiritual men, because He has built them and founded them on the Eternal Rock of His own dear son.

Have we that strength, my brother, my sister? Men whom God hath built! Otherwise, no wonder we are weaklings, and no wonder we are continually overcome in the day of battle and the shock of conflict.

May the Lord Himself appear to us to-day in all His saving strength, and turn, for all of us, defeat into vic-

Rev J. Wilbur Chapman.

tory and the shadow of death into the morning! All appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, the Lord is with us. There is no cause for fleeing, and the very dark condition of things will only give us opportunity to glorify God, and to do something—to do *something* that shall find for us an honorable mention in the great day. Cease to be dispirited; cease to talk despondingly; let us lift our hearts into the light of the face of our great Captain and King. "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."

It is a day of splendid opportunity for the individual. The battle is the common soldier's battle, and the Great Captain's eye is searching the field that He may show Himself strong in the behalf of every one who is making a stand against sin.

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

A DAY or two after my arrival in Chicago, I had a night "off,' and learning that Dr. Chapman, of whom I had frequently heard, would begin a series of meetings at one of the large Presbyterian churches in in the city, I sought him out and accompanied him to the church. The sermon and the man came into my heart to stay, and I am thankful to give him a place here, which he occupies elsewhere, as one of the foremost gospel preachers of the land. Nor can I do better

than to let one speak for him who has been his co-worker and knows him well, the evangelist B. Fay Mills.

"It is not an ordinary thing for a pastor of a flourishing church of over three thousand members, with a Sunday school of thirty-two hundred, to leave his field for the work of an evangelist. It is therefore a matter of the greatest congratulation for the English-speaking people that, with the pressing demand for evangelists of the best sort, Dr. Chapman should have been constrained to take this step.

"His life as a pastor has been a continuous series of remarkable successes. He was born in Indiana, in 1859. He pursued his classical studies at Oberlin College and Lake Forest University. He then took a theological course at Lane Seminary, in Cincinnati, from which institution he was graduated in 1882. Even while connected with the theological seminary, his earnest spirit led him to engage in aggressive work in some of the neighboring communities, which he did with a large measure of God's blessing. In 1883, he accepted a call to the old Reformed (Dutch) Church, at Schuylerville, N. Y. Here a revival commenced that brought into the church scores of people, among them some of the principal men of the town. The people of the First Reformed Church in Albany heard of this, and in 1884 called him as their pastor. It may be worthy of note, that this church had been pastorless for over ten years at this time, and had listened to one

hundred and ten different candidates, when they finally selected this young man for their leader. In five years, the old formal church was transformed into an aggressive evangelistic body, and five hundred people were brought out of the world into its fellowship.

"In 1889, he received a hearty call to be the successor to Dr. A. T. Pierson in the great Bethany Church in Philadelphia. This he accepted, and entered upon his duties early in 1890, and now commenced what is, perhaps, the most remarkable experience of any American church along evangelistic lines. In less than three years there were added to the church membership eleven hundred people on confession of their faith, more than half of them being men. The church was so perfectly organized that it would be difficult for a person to be in attendance at any of its services and not be reached by the members in a social as well as spiritual way.

"For the last four years of his pastorate, he was continuously in demand to render assistance to pastors and cities who desired evangelistic help, and he thus labored with a great measure of success, in Catskill, New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Cohoes and Lansingburgh, New York; also Cincinnati. The pressure upon him to engage exclusively in evangelistic work, became greater than could well be estimated by any one who had not been in a similar position, until finally in the late fall of 1892 he tendered his resignation, and after some weeks of hesitation upon the part of the church and the Presbytery to release him, it was accepted. He has

devoted all this time to conducting union evangelistic meetings. In these few months he has already acquired a national reputation as an evangelist, through his work in Reading and Erie (Pennsylvania), Lincoln (Nebraska), Peekskill (New York), and Springfield (Ohio). He is not able to accept more than one out of scores of invitations that come to him from like fields.

"In his preaching Dr. Chapman is tremendously in earnest, and at times possessed of a rare eloquence, that sways the congregation with resistless power. Although his sermons are possessed of a large measure of logical force, he is still so naturally and intensely emotional as to cause tears to flow from eyes that are unused to them. He will commence his sermon in a quiet, conversational manner, and perhaps in ten minutes the congregation will be wondering where the elements of power are, of which they have heard. In the course of the sermon, however, there will be some thought, or word, or tone that will irresistibly rivet their attention, and from that time on, the preacher will have his own way in controlling the feelings of the audience.

"Dr. Chapman's general methods are beyond criticism. His temperament is one of exceeding gentleness, and in his private life he is very attractive and winsome. He lives in a quiet, but beautiful old home on the banks of the Hudson, about two miles from the capitol of New York, with his wife and two children.

"There is every reason to believe that the Divine hand has been the one that has been directing concerning our

brotner's course, and that there are before him possibilities of service such as come to few men in the history of the church."

THE ENLARGING BLESSING.

BY REV. J.WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

[Preached in Third Presbyterian Church, Chicago, Illinois]

Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?—Acts 19: 2.

Many people have supposed that when once they had accepted the offers of mercy through Jesus Christ that that was the Christian life. I once occupied this position myself. I now believe that it was but stepping over the threshold, and that all the chambers of the King's palace, from this point on, await our exploration and enjoyment. There is an ever-increasing, enlarging blessing, which we may have by simply receiving it. This is not at all a question of regeneration. It is a question of the life more abundant; of deep, abiding peace, and of power with God and men. It touches not so much the Father nor the Son; it brings you face to face with the Third Person of the blessed Trinity, the Holy Ghost. There is no question which could be better put to us than the one Paul asked of the Corinthian church-members, as he met them in Ephesus. "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" There may be life without the answer—there certainly cannot be power. There is a woeful amount of ignorance concerning the Holy Ghost. We do not seem to be impressed with His personality. We

not infrequently use an impersonal pronoun in our petitions and remarks in referring to Him, when the fact is He shares with God the Father and the Son the honor and power of the Godhead. The successful Christian everywhere is the one who honors Him and makes room for His entrance and control over his entire being.

What a change there would be in our Christian living and in our Christian experience, did we but have a definite testimony concerning this one question! One of my friends in New York city has given up a high social position, and all selfish interests, that she may work among the fallen women of the metropolis. She has opened the "Door of Hope" for every one who would apply for admission. One evening, leaving her home, she took a pink rose, saying she would give it to the vilest woman she would meet in her wanderings. In a Mulberry street dive she found her subject—a young girl, with face bruised and bleeding, eyes blood-shot, clad in rags, and surrounded by a band of New York's worst characters; the vilest profanity was proceeding out of her mouth. My friend pushed her way through the crowd and put the pink rose in her hand, with the request that if she ever needed a friend she would call upon her. The girl received the gift with a sneer. My friend passed on about her work, but with a prayer that God might touch her heart. Some days afterwards she found her sitting in the entry of the "Door of Hope," looking even more wretched than when her eyes first

beheld her. Her first thought was to send her away, thinking that she was too low to be saved. Her second thought was, What would the Master do if He were here in my stead? And then with a great rush of love, because she beheld a soul for whom Christ died, she stooped and took her sin-stained face in her hands and kissed her twice. The touch of love broke the girl's heart. She fell upon her knees in the entry, and then and there gave herself to God. She became transformed, almost transfigured. She went up and down the streets of New York City into the lowest haunts of sin, herself a missionary and evangelist to her fallen sisters. Wherever she went she carried the light of heaven. Whenever she spoke it was with the power of God. A few months later she lay in her coffin at the "Door of Hope." Hundreds flocked to look at the face, which was like an angel's, and went away to thank God that she had not lived in vain. With a record of only a short Christian experience, my friend writes me that more than a hundred souls had been converted to Jesus Christ through her ministry. This change was all wrought because, first of all, she received the Son of God as her personal Saviour, and then that she threw open every door of her nature for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. The change was great, but not greater than would be witnessed in the life of any child of God who would make an unconditional surrender to the Spirit of God, bidding him at any cost, at any sacrifice, to come in and abide with him.

It is very encouraging to know that we do not need to pray for the Spirit of God as if he were afar off. In one sense the hymn is wrong where we say, "Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove," for He is here, and is but waiting to completely fill us. There is a beautiful figure in the Old Testament which some one has used with great blessing. In the days of the flood Noah opened the window of the ark and the little dove flew forth, and finding no place to rest the sole of its foot it came back again to the outstretched hand. The second time he opened the window the dove flew forth, and finding an olive branch, bore it back to the hand of Noah. The third time he opened the window of the ark the dove flew hither and thither, and finding a resting-place for the sole of its foot, it came back no more forever. The dove is always a figure representing the Holy Spirit. He came first in the Old Testament, touching Abraham and Moses and Isaiah and others, but does not seem to abide permanently; he came again when Jesus Christ was crucified, and, plucking the olive branch from the cross, He made His way back to God, saying, "Peace hath been made in the death of the Son." He came the third time at Pentecost, with a rushing sound as of a mighty wind filling all the place where the people sat, resting upon them with cloven tongues like as of fire, and He has never gone back since the day of Pentecost. He is here, waiting to fill us if we but fulfill the conditions.

For many years in my Christian experience I was

somewhat troubled by the fact that I could not tell just the day or the hour in which I was converted. It has ceased to trouble me now, and first, because I should know I were living in this world, even if I did not know my birthday; and secondly, because there is something far better than knowing just the time you were converted, and that is, a definite experience concerning the receiving fully of the Holy Ghost. It is a very serious question in my mind whether any one can have a full experience of power until, first of all, they have had definite experience concerning the receiving of the Holy Ghost. . Have you had this?

There are some things which might be suggested which may make the way plainer for us all. There must be a deep longing for His coming, even as we longed for salvation through Jesus Christ. When we are satisfied with nothing else, when we long for nothing more, I believe He will come in and fill us, and the result will be power.

Sometimes we find people longing for such an experience, in order that they may have peace or blessedness. Not infrequently ministers cry out for Him, that they may have more power in preaching. I am convinced that he will never fill us so long as these are the first thoughts. Bid him come in, *that He may have power over yourself first*, and you are on the way to enlarging blessings. Let Him come in, that He may drive out everything contrary to the will of God, and you will find yourself very shortly in a full possession of His

power. There is another suggestion which must not be overlooked, namely, there must be *a full surrender*. He can never fill the heart that is only partially given up. Every door of the nature, every impulse of the will, every affection of the heart, must be surrendered to Him. Then we may expect Him.

Rev. F. B. Meyer has made two helpful suggestions just here. If you cannot at once reach this position, then come before Him and say, "Lord, I am willing to be made willing about everything;" and if you cannot give up everything for God, then say, "I will let Thee take everything." Then another suggestion is this—we must receive Him by faith. The foundation for it is in Galatians 3: 14. "That you might receive the promise of the Spirit through faith." I am convinced that if one fulfills the conditions he has a perfect right to stand before God claiming the promise of the Holy Spirit, with a faith which may be utterly devoid of emotion, just as one has the right to claim the free gift of salvation when he has surrendered his will unto God.

Why have we not received the Holy Ghost. It may be because we have disobeyed some clear command. Mr. Meyer well says: "If one has broken one of God's commands, or has been a disobedient child, he can never be filled with the power of God, neither can he claim His blessings, until he goes back to the place where he made the mistake, and makes it right with his God."

It may be because we have not confessed our sins. The trouble with us is not so much that we sin, but

rather than when we sin we do not immediately confess it before God. The abiding of an unforgiven sin in the heart of the Christian will absolutely prevent the infilling of the Holy Ghost. It may be because we have too little communion with God in His word. When one of my friends was presiding at a great convention in the City of Washington a number of years ago, in the midst of the deliberations a number of Indian chiefs, who had been conferring with the President, came into the convention. They looked about with interest. At last an old chief, through an interpreter, rose and spoke. He said: "What is the secret of all this happiness? Our men do not look like yours; their faces are sad; their hearts heavy. Our women are not like yours. Our children are growing up in ignorance. Our homes are miserable. Tell us, if you can, what the medicine is which we must take." Then General O. O. Howard, with his empty coat-sleeve—his arm being left on the battle-field, sprang forward, and, lifting up the Bible in one hand, cried out, "Mr. Speaker, tell him that this is the good medicine." And it is quite true; it is the medicine which will cure the world's sickness; it is the medicine which will fill you with a new life, purging your heart from all that is evil, making your heart free from all that is sinful, making your heart throb with new impulses, emotions and desires. Your trouble may be here.

Not long ago a woman died in London. A few years ago she was utterly unknown, but at her funeral a great

concourse of people passed through the great church to look upon her face. There were representatives of royalty; lords and ladies, people of high degree. Then the poorer people came. Finally there came one woman, carrying a little babe on one arm and holding another child by the hand. She reached the casket, put the baby down, and was just bending over to kiss the glass that covered the sweet face, when the guard exclaimed, "Move on, move on." Stopping for a moment and looking at him, she lifted up her hand and shouted out, until every one in the church heard her, "I will not move on. This woman saved my boy, and I have a right to look." It was Mrs. Booth, who was resting in her coffin. One of the grandest women of all God's family, she had been transformed by the Holy Ghost, and thus became a winner of souls. So may we all be.

Out in the hill country of Scotland a shepherd counted his flock, and found that three sheep were missing. Going to the kennel where the shepherd dog was resting with her young, he pointed to the wilderness and said, "Three sheep are missing; go." The dog looked for a moment at her young and then at her master, and was lost in the night. She was gone an hour, then came back bruised by the thorns and beaten by the wolves, but she had the two sheep that were lost. The shepherd counted his flock once more, finding one still missing. He stood again at the kennel door, where the mother was resting with her little ones. Pointing to the wilderness once more, he said, "Go." With a look of mute

IRA DAVID SANKEY.

despair, first at her little ones, then into his face, she rose up and was lost in the darkness. Two hours passed, and then three; then she came back, bruised, bleeding, almost dying, but she had the one sheep that was lost. The shepherd picked it up, wrapped it in his shepherd's plaid, and turned away to his fold, while the dog, staggering back to her young, reached the kennel door and fell dead.

When I read it I said, Oh, that a dumb beast of the field, with no thought of God, no hope of eternity, no prospects of hearing the Master say, "Well done, well done," should be so faithful to its master's command, while we sit with folded arms as our Master, with his pierced palm, is pointing to the wilderness, saying, "The thousands are lost; go, go." If we were but filled with the Spirit of God we would heed His cry. "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?"

IRA DAVID SANKEY.

IRA DAVID SANKEY was born on the 28th of August, 1840. His birthplace was the village of Edinburgh, Lawrence county, in western Pennsylvania. On the paternal side he came of English stock, and on the maternal, of Scotch-Irish. His parents were natives of Mercer County, and were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Out of their family of nine children, only three sons and one daughter grew up to maturity.

David, the father, was well off in worldly circumstances, and in such good repute among his neighbors that they repeatedly elected him a member of the State Legislature. He was also a licensed exhorter in his own church. Thus the means and the character of this household were such as to insure ample advantages for culture in general knowledge and spiritual truth.

From his childhood he was noted for his joyous spirit and trustful disposition. The sunshiny face that is so attractive in his public ministry has been a distinguishing feature from early boyhood, and very early won for him the praise of being "the finest little fellow in the neighborhood." His father states: "There was nothing very remarkable in his early or boyhood history. The gift of singing developed in him at a very early age. I say gift, because it was God given; he never took lessons from anyone, but his taste for music was such that when a small boy he could make passable music on almost any kind of instrument." An old Scotch farmer, named Frazer, early interested himself in the little lad; and of his good influence Mr. Sankey thus spoke, at a children's meeting held in the town of Dundee, Scotland: "The very first recollection I have of anything pertaining to religious life was in connection with him. I remember he took me by the hand, along with his own boys, to the Sabbath-school,—that old place which I shall remember to my dying day. He was a plain man, and I can see him standing up and praying for the children. He had a great, warm heart, and the children all

loved him. It was years after that when I was converted, but my impressions were received when I was very young, from that man."

Thus reared in a genial, religious atmosphere, liked and respected by all who knew him and accepted as a leader by his boyish comrades, Ira lived on till past his fifteenth year before his soul was converted to Christ. His conviction as a sinner occurred while he attended a series of special services held in a little church three miles from his home, and of which Rev. H. H. Moore was then pastor. At first he was as gay as his curious companions. But an earnest Christian met him each evening with a few soul-searching words; and after a week's hard struggle, he came as a sinner to the Saviour and found peace in acceptance. Soon after, when his father removed to Newcastle to assume the presidency of the bank, Ira became a member of the Methodist Church, and also a pupil at the academy in Newcastle.

This young Christian was richly endowed with a talent for singing spiritual songs. His pure, beautiful voice gave a clear utterance to the emotions of his sympathetic, joyous nature, and was potent in carrying messages from his heart to the hearts of his hearers. It now became his delight to devote this precious gift to the service of his Lord, and it was his continual prayer that the Holy Spirit would bless the words sung to the conversion of those who flocked to the services to hear him. Before he attained his majority he was appointed superintendent of the Sunday-school, which contained

above three hundred scholars ; and it was blessed with a continual revival. His singing of the gospel invitations in solos dates from this time. These sweet hymns were sung in the very spirit of prayer, and the faith of the singer was rewarded with repeated blessings. A class of seventy Christians was committed to his charge, and this weighty responsibility made him a more earnest student of the Holy Bible. He encouraged his class to tell him of their condition in Bible language, as texts abounded for every state of grace, and every description of religious feeling. The choir of the congregation also came under his leadership. Young as he was he insisted on conduct befitting praise singers in the house of God, and on a clear enunciation of each word sung.

The Lord has honored him before men. Conventions and other religious gatherings became eager to have him lead their services of praise, and he kept all such engagements without making any charge. He assisted in organizing a Young Men's Christian Association at Newcastle, and was elected president. In June, 1871, he was appointed its delegate to the International Convention, which met in Indianapolis. It was there that he first met Mr. Moody, and heard a call from him to give his whole time henceforth to working for the Master. At the early prayer-meeting the singing was dull and doleful until Mr. Sankey was called forward to act as leader. His sweet voice and fervid spirit at once brought the bold evangelist to his side. "Where do you live?" asked Mr. Moody, bluntly. "In Newcastle, Pennsyl-

vania." "Are you married?" "Yes." "How many children have you?" "One." "I want you." "What for?" "To help me in my work at Chicago." "I cannot leave my business." "You must; I have been looking for you for the last eight years. You must give up your business and come to Chicago with me." "I will think of it; I will pray over it; I will talk it over with my wife."

Prayer and reflection deepened the conviction which this call made on Mr. Sankey's heart. With painful reluctance he severed the associations so dear to him at his home, and in the spirit of faith joined Mr. Moody in his vast labors as an evangelist in Chicago. His tender sympathy and loving manner qualified him to give just the sweet melody needed to modulate the fiery boldness of the lay preacher. Here they worked together in harmony, and were blessed with many souls as their hire until the city of Chicago was swept by a storm of fire in the following October. These companions then lost all their possessions, and had to separate. Mr. Sankey now rejoined his family in Pennsylvania, and set about singing for conventions again, until a telegram from Mr. Moody, three months later, to "Come at once," recalled him to the work of the New Tabernacle in Chicago. This disaster strengthened instead of shattering the trustful faith of these evangelists, for it opened the hearts of the people more readily to receive the message of the Saviour's love and made the frame building a sanctuary for relieving the bodily and spiritual wants of multitudes of the homeless.

Just in the midst of this season of trial Mr. Sankey was very much encouraged by the testimony of a little dying girl. This incident, which was destined to have an effect upon his whole after life, was thus narrated by him at Dundee, Scotland: "I want to speak a word about singing, not only to the little folks, but to grown people. During the winter after the great Chicago fire, when the place was built up with little frame houses for the people to stay in, a mother sent for me one day to come and see her little child, who was one of our Sabbath-school scholars. I remembered her very well, having seen her in the meetings very frequently, and was glad to go. She was lying in one of those poor little huts, everything having been burned in the fire. I ascertained that she was past all hope of recovery, and that they were waiting for the little one to pass away. 'How is it with you to-day?' I asked. With a beautiful smile on her face, she said, 'It is all well with me to-day. I wish you would speak to my father and mother.' 'But,' said I, 'are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'When did you become one?' 'Do you remember last Thursday, in the Tabernacle, when we had that little singing meeting, and you sang "Jesus Loves Even Me?" 'Yes.' 'It was last Thursday. I believed on the Lord Jesus, and now I am going to be with Him to-day.' That testimony from that little child, in that neglected quarter of Chicago, has done more to stimulate me and bring me to this country, than all that the papers or any person might say. I remember the joy I had in looking

upon that beautiful face. She went up to heaven, and no doubt said she learned upon the earth that Jesus loved her from that little hymn. If you want to enjoy a blessing, go to the bedsides of these bedridden and dying ones, and sing to them of Jesus, for they cannot enjoy these meetings as you do. You will get a great blessing to your own souls."

The joy of having this first convert through his own ministry of song, led the gospel singer to a more thorough reliance on the leading of his Master, and a still deeper study of God's Word. When Mr. Moody paid a visit to England in the spring of 1872, his yoke-fellow was naturally left to act as leader in the services of the Tabernacle. His leisure hours at this time were spent in gathering a number of spirited hymns that appeared to be adapted for evangelistic services, and in fitting a few of them with appropriate music. These were arranged into a "Musical Scrap Book," and that was the only book, besides his Bible, that he took with him on the voyage of faith across the Atlantic. Among these sacred songs were P. P. Bliss' "Hold the Fort," "Jesus Loves Even Me," and "Free From the Law;" Mrs. Dr. Griswold's "We're Going Home To-morrow;" Mrs. E. Codner's "Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing;" Mrs. W. S. Ackerman's "Nothing But Leaves;" Rev. S. Loury's "Shall We Gather at the River;" Miss Anna Warner's "One More Day's Work for Jesus;" Kate Harlsey's "I Love to Tell the Story;" Mrs. A. S. Hawks' "I Need Thee Every Hour;" Mrs. Lydia Baxter's "Take

the Name of Jesus With You ;" Mrs. Emily S. Oakey's "Sowing the Seed by the Daylight Fair ;" Fanny J. Crosby's "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," and "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour ;" Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore's "He Leadeth Me," and Rev. W. W. Walford's "Sweet Hour of Prayer."

Two other chief favorites of his selection were "Ninety and Nine" and "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." The first of these was written by Miss Eliza C. Clephane, of Melrose, Scotland, in 1868, and was printed a little while before her death, in the *Daily Treasury*, edited by Dr. Arnott. Six years elapsed before it came, providentially, to Mr. Sankey's notice, while he was in Scotland. It chanced that he bought, among other religious weeklies, a copy of *The Christian Age*, of London, of the date of May 13, 1874, and found the "Ninety and Nine" reprinted as a poetical waif. He was at once so impressed with its value for his mission of gospel song, that he composed an air for it, and sang it three days later in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. A letter of thanks from the sister of the poet gave him the facts of its authorship, and led to the receipt of one other precious hymn, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus," which now appears as the forty-ninth in "Gospel Hymns." Miss Campbell was the author of "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." Her heart was deeply moved by a revival at Newark, N. J., in 1864, and her imagination was fired by an address by R. G. Pardee, on the reply to blind Bartimeus : "They told him that Jesus of Nazareth

passeth by." The second stanza is given herewith, as it is omitted in the common version :

E'en children feel the potent spell,
And haste their new-found joy to tell;
In crowds they to the place repair
Where Christians daily bow in prayer.
Hosannas mingle with the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

In the spring of 1873, two paths of usefulness were opened to the choice of Mr. Sankey. His brother evangelist desired his aid for a gospel visitation to Great Britain, while Philip Phillips offered him brilliant prospects for a singing term of six months on the Pacific coast. His decision was destined to be of great moment to the welfare of his generation. He looked to prayer for guidance, and then was led to adopt this advice of a friend : "Two workers in the same line, especially two singers, are not sure to agree. Go with Moody ; then you can do your work, and he can do his, and there will be no occasion of conflict between you." So, attended by his little family, he trustfully set forth on a journey of four thousand miles on a mission of gospel evangelization which was to attain far grander results for good than one could dare to hope.

The joyous, prayerful singing of the gospel in hymns by Mr. Sankey, came like a revelation of unexpected truth and grace to the Scottish and English peoples. In Scotland, especially, to the surprise of all who are acquainted with the cautious, distrustful and clannish

character of the followers of John Knox, the masses were moved with an indescribable impulse. The unimpassioned worshipers, who had been accustomed for generations to reject as uninspired all other services of praise than their own rude, unpoetic version of the psalms, now listened with a hungry delight to the testimonies of spiritual song, as it fell like a blessing from the lips of the most gifted Christian singer of the age. His intense earnestness made the old, old story enter as a divine message into the consciences and hearts of those who came to hear him out of curiosity, or as doubters. Thus the singing of hymns, and the use of a melodeon as an accompaniment, were welcomed at sight with a heartiness that dissipated the prejudices of centuries.

One of his hearers thus described the abiding impressions made on his audiences at Edinburgh: "Mr. Sankey sings with the conviction that souls are receiving Jesus between one note and the next. The stillness is overawing; some of the lines are more spoken than sung. The hymns are equally used for awakening, none more than 'Jesus of Nazareth passeth by.' When you hear the 'Ninety and Nine' sung, you know of a truth that down in this corner, up in that gallery, behind that pillar which hides the singer's face from the listener, the hand of Jesus has been finding this and that and yonder lost one, to place them in his fold. A certain class of hearers come to the services solely to hear Mr. Sankey, and the song throws the Lord's net

around them. We asked Mr. Sankey one day what he was to sing. He said: 'I'll not know till I hear how Mr. Moody is closing.' Again, we were driving to the Canongate Parish Church one winter night, and Mr. Sankey said to the young minister who had come for him, 'I'm thinking of singing "I am so glad" to-night. 'Oh!' said the young man, 'please do rather sing "Jesus of Nazareth." An old man told me to-day that he had been awakened by it the last night you were down. He said, "It just went through me like an electric shock." A gentleman in Edinburgh was in distress of soul, and happened to linger in a pew after the noon-meeting. The choir had remained to practice, and began 'Free from the Law, Oh, happy Condition.' Quickly the Spirit of God carried the truth home to the awakened conscience, and he was at rest in the finished work of Jesus."

"The wave of sacred song," she added, "has spread over Ireland, and is now sweeping through England." But, indeed, it is not being confined to the United Kingdom alone. Far away off on the shores of India, and in many other lands, these sweet songs of a Saviour's love are being sung. Mr. Sankey's collection of sacred songs has been translated into five or six languages, and are winning their way into tens of thousands of hearts and homes, and the blessing of the Lord seems to accompany them wherever sung.

At a noon-day prayer-meeting, when the hymn

"Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,"

was announced for singing, Mr. Sankey spoke as follows: "Before we sing this hymn, I will tell you one reason why we should sing these hymns. It is because God is blessing them to many a poor wanderer who comes to this building night after night. Last week a man who had once occupied a high position in life, came into this hall, and sat down. While I was singing this hymn he took out his pass-book and wrote out these words—

> "'Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
> Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
> Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
> Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
> Oh! what shall the harvest be?'

"Last night that man in the inquiry-room went on his knees, and asked God to break the chain that had dragged him down from such a high position to the lowest of the low. He said he had resolved when he went out of that praise-meeting that he would cease to indulge in the intoxicating cup; but before he reached home he went into a saloon and broke his resolution. We prayed for him last night. He is now praying that God may break his chain. I want you to pray that this brand may be plucked from the burning, and that God may use these gospel hymns to turn the hearts of sinful men."

A touching account has been given in an English journal of the last hours of a young girl, only ten years old, who had listened in delight to Mr. Sankey's sing-

ing. "Oh, how I love those dear hymns," said she. "When I am gone, mother, will you ask the girls of the school to sing the hymn :

"Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day,
For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wandering child."

The night before her death she said : "Dear father and mother, I hope I shall meet you in heaven! I am so happy, mother! You cannot think how bright and happy I feel." Again: "Perhaps Jesus may send me to fetch some of my brothers and sisters. I hope he will send me to fetch you, mother."

Half an hour before her departure, she exclaimed, "Oh, mother, hark at the bells of heaven! they are ringing so beautifully!"

Then, closing her eyes awhile, presently she cried again, "Hearken to the harps! they are most splendid. Oh, I wish you could hear them!"

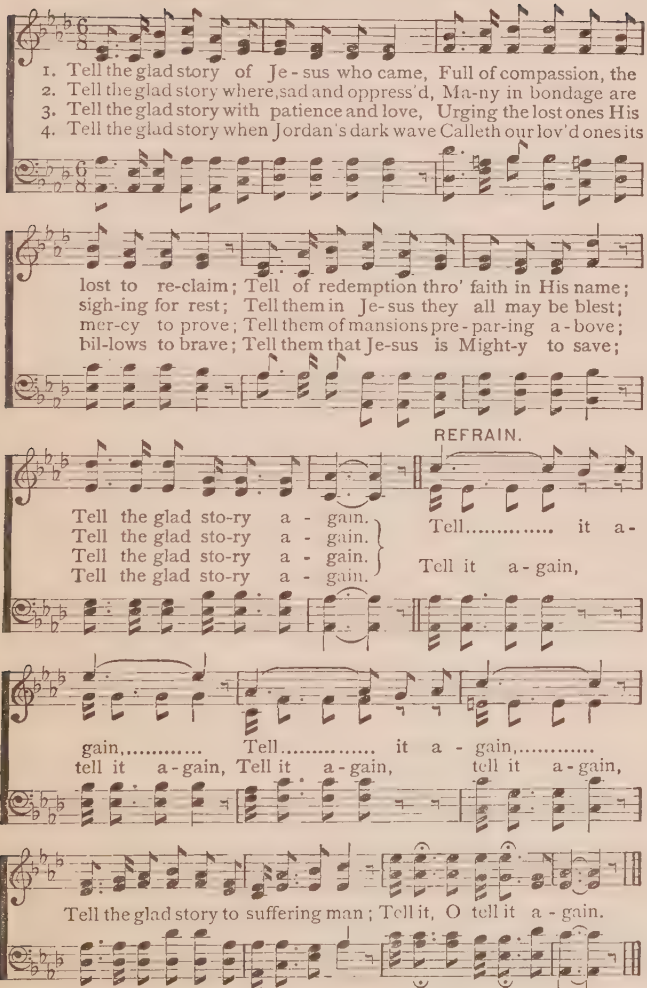
Then, shortly after, she spoke again : "Oh, mother! I see the Lord Jesus, and the angels! Oh, if you could see them too! He is sending one to fetch me!"

She had been counting the hours and minutes since she had heard the mill-bell at half-past one, P. M., longing so earnestly to depart, yet expressed a hope she might see her dear father (then absent at work) before she went. At last, just five minutes or so before her expiring breath, she said : "Oh, mother, lift me up from the pillow—*high*, high up! Oh, I wish you could lift

me *right up* into heaven!" Then, almost immediately after—as doubtless conscious that the parting moment was at hand—"Put me down again—down quick!" Then calmly, brightly, joyously, gazing upwards, as at some vision of surprising beauty, she peacefully, sweetly, triumphantly, breathed forth her precious spirit into the arms of the ministering angels whom Jesus had sent to fetch her; and so was forever with the Lord she loved.

I am glad to be able to give one of Mr. Sankey's songs, which he has kindly furnished for publication in this book. The Lord of all singers and songs, bless it to every one!

TELL THE GLAD STORY.


1. Tell the glad story of Je - sus who came, Full of compassion, the
2. Tell the glad story where, sad and oppress'd, Ma-ny in bondage are
3. Tell the glad story with patience and love, Urging the lost ones His
4. Tell the glad story when Jordan's dark wave Calleth our lov'd ones its
lost to re-claim; Tell of redemption thro' faith in His name;
sigh-ing for rest; Tell them in Je-sus they all may be blest;
mer-cy to prove; Tell them of mansions pre-par-ing a-bove;
bil-lows to brave; Tell them that Je-sus is Might-y to save;
REFRAIN.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell the glad sto-ry a - gain.
Tell..... it a-
Tell it a - gain,
gain,..... Tell..... it a - gain,.....
tell it a - gain, Tell it a - gain, tell it a - gain,
Tell the glad story to suffering man; Tell it, O tell it a - gain.

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FERDINAND SCHIVEREA.

ONE of the most indefatigable whole-souled earnest workers of all our party was Ferd. Schiverea. He has worked for years in the West, though he lives in the East, and is at home everywhere. I heard Mr. Moody say that if he was a rich man he would buy Schiverea a house in Chicago and keep him there all the time.

"Son, I have good news for you; you are going to be converted and preach the Gospel before I die." These were the words of a loving mother, which greeted Ferdinand Schiverea one night as he was leaving an opera house door during his preparation for the stage in one of the variety shows. With the applause of the audience still ringing in his ears, with the flash and glitter of the footlights still before him, he steps out of the theatre to be met at the door by a devoted prayerful mother, who assured him he was to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to a lost world. What could be more extraordinary? What more grotesque or startling? The declaration overpowered him for the time being, and he made no reply, but silently took her on his arm and went homeward.

The more he thought of it the more he was convinced that accumulations of sorrows and struggles brought about by the dissipation of his father and his own wayward life, had shattered her mind, and now she had gone insane. But this conviction of her mental state

FERDINAND SCHIVEREA.

soon passed away, and while he could not accept her prophecy as true, it nevertheless unsettled his own mind. He sought again and again to recover his former buoyancy of spirits; daubed on more burnt cork, mimicked the more, but to no successful end. The sorrow of conviction had gone home to his heart.

At this time Mr. Moody was holding a series of Gospel meetings in Brooklyn. He was providentially led to one of these services, and then the Spirit of God took hold on him mightily. He had no rest for days, and finally passed out into the light a saved man. His first impulse was to "tell mother." Returning home at once he found his mother, who had been reading the word, sitting in her chair asleep. With a tender caress he awoke her, and with tears of joy told her that God had saved him. Then the dear old saint put her arms about her new-born son and said: "I have asked God for this, dear child; I have given you to God, and He has just done what He said he would if I only would believe."

Ferdinand Schiverea, now, like all truly converted souls began to work for his master *at home*. His first effort was to lead his brothers to Christ. No sooner was he converted than he reached out for the neighbors. This he sought to accomplish by fitting up a small rear room in his poor home. The converted brother would go on the sidewalk and invite the people into the improvised chapel, where Ferdinand welcomed them. When they had thus secured an audience the meeting

began. Every night for months the good work went on, and thus step by step he was led to a grander work.

During this period, and for several years thereafter, the young man labored hard at manual labor to support his young wife and mother. But while he was thus employed with his hands his mind and soul were being fed on the word of God. His work for four years' time was in a large basement of a furniture house, where he packed goods for shipment. In this basement was a coal cellar, and here in the unemployed time and at the noon hour, he locked himself in, and in this theological seminary—a very university of adversity—alone with God, on his knees educated his soul and mind for future usefulness.

Having left school at an early age, he did not even secure the advantage of a common school education.

The first work that God especially blessed him in was that in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., where for twelve months he held meetings nearly every night. This place that was here marked the black spot, was turned into one of the brightest places of the city. He has labored in some of the principal cities and towns of the United States, also most of the cities and towns of Canada. In the city of Toronto, Ontario, alone, he has held twenty different series of meetings. He now goes back to Denver, Col., to hold a meeting where God so graciously used him some five years ago. Surely he is a man for the masses, and the masses come to hear him.

There is no mistake more common among the churches

than the mistake of supposing that profound learning and oratorical gifts are indispensable to usefulness in the Christian ministry. Of their value there can be no question, and Paul urges Timothy to study and to seek earnestly the best gifts; but God can use the weakest and most ignorant of instruments, and sometimes he uses them with more effect than those whom men consider better qualified for service. He "has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," "and the weak things to confound the mighty." An instance in point is Ferdinand Schiverea.

Earnest, eager for souls, brave to declare the whole truth, unselfish and full of wisdom and the power of the Holy Ghost, brother Schiverea is winning his thousands for the kingdom. Warm-hearted, faithful and loyal, he preaches a gospel for the masses. His scripture texts are characteristic, being winning ones, not taken from the book of Lamentations or declaratory of woeful judgments to come and sanctimonious vociferations of present solemn deportment.

He is eminently a man of prayer. Simple, clear and direct in his appeal to the throne of grace, he at once wins the attention and sympathy of his hearers. Although he is a power with the common people while on the platform, it is in the after meetings that the man's true character and spirit are manifest. Here he at once goes to the heart and life of the sin-sick soul. He often puts one of his great strong arms around some poor drunkard or fallen man, and with the other points

him to the great Burden-bearer of a weary world. By the very force of his earnestness and loving pleading, many break down in an agony of tears and at once take the Christ held out. An eminent scholarly theologian says of him: "Not only have sinners been converted from the error of their ways, but the fire has been kindled under apathetic church members, vigorously arousing them from their easy-going condition of Laodicean placidity, and converting them from mere drones in the ecclesiastic hive to more or less active workers, and it is not improbable, that in earnest straightforwardness of effort, in pointed and practical presentation of truth, the ministers may have learned a lesson. He is a simple unlettered man,—ignorant even, in the way of scholarly attainments; but he possesses a wonderful verbal knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, an intensity of earnestness and a plain, pointed, direct way of presenting truth, that carries conviction."

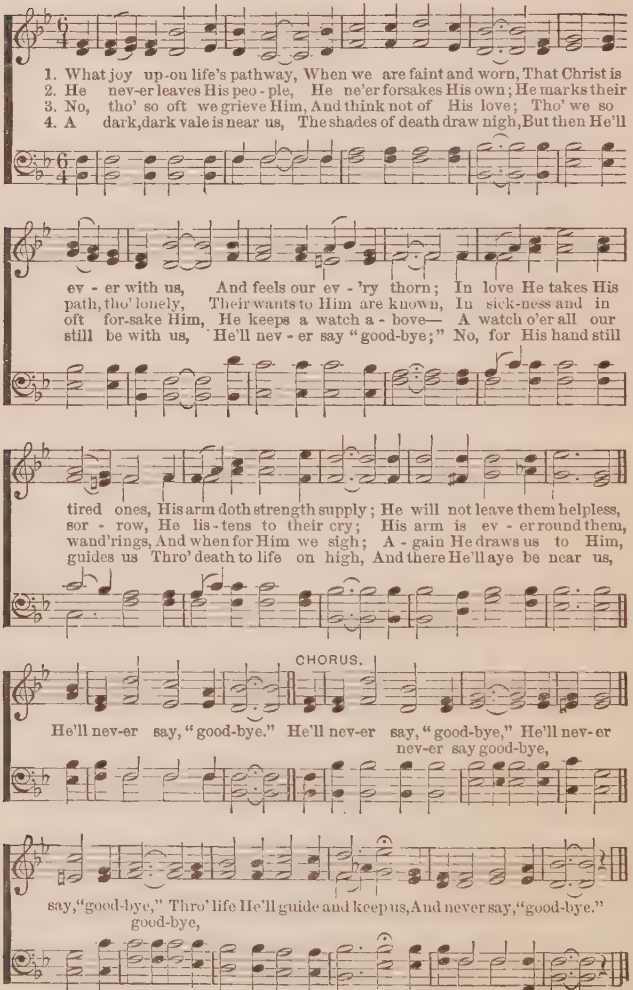
Some good things are told of him. He was praying on the street once with a man, both on their knees, when some one threw a firecracker in between them. It went off and both rolled over, thinking they were shot. "Are you killed?" said Ferd. to the penitent. "No," said he, "but I am scared to death." At another time he was holding a meeting in the street, and when he knelt to pray he gave his hat to one man and his umbrella to another. When the prayer was done, hat and umbrella were both gone. They say whenever Brother Schiverea prays with a man now he puts his arm

J. H. Burke

around his neck, especially if the fellow is holding his hat.

J. H. BURKE.

AMONG the singers at Chicago who were always gladly heard was Mr. J. H. Burke. He is not only a most excellent leader but his solos are soft, winning and convincing. Mr. Burke was born in Ireland April 17, 1855, and came to the United States in 1873. Having reached Chicago, he was led to Mr. Moody's church and became a member. He joined the "Yokefellows' Band," and was a teacher in the Sunday school. It was at this time that he conceived the idea to sing the gospel and the blessing of the Lord was with him. He led the singing for the Y. M. C. A., and had charge of their music for several years. He has been engaged in evangelistic work about eight years, and has worked with Mr. Moody, Major Whittle, B. Fay Mills and others. In 1890 at the request of Messrs. Moody and Sankey he went to Scotland and joined Rev. John McNeill in his work there. He remained a year and a half singing and working in England, Scotland and Ireland. He has kindly permitted me to publish one of his songs which will no doubt speak for the singer better than any human words, though to fully appreciate the song the singer should be with it. May God spare him yet many years to sing his praises.

HE'LL NEVER SAY, "GOOD-BYE."

1. What joy up-on life's pathway, When we are faint and worn, That Christ is
2. He nev-er leaves His peo-ple, He ne'er forsakes His own; He marks their
3. No, tho' so oft we grieve Him, And think not of His love; Tho' we so
4. A dark, dark vale is near us, The shades of death draw nigh, But then He'll
ev-er with us, And feels our ev-'ry thorn; In love He takes His
path, tho' lonely, Their wants to Him are known, In sick-ness and in
oft for-sake Him, He keeps a watch a-bove— A watch o'er all our
still be with us, He'll nev-er say "good-bye;" No, for His hand still
tired ones, His arm doth strength supply; He will not leave them helpless,
sor-row, He lis-tens to their cry; His arm is ev-er round them,
wand'rings, And when for Him we sigh; A-gain He draws us to Him,
guides us Thro' death to life on high, And there He'll aye be near us,
CHORUS.
He'll nev-er say, "good-bye." He'll nev-er say, "good-bye," He'll nev-er
nev-er say good-bye,
say, "good-bye," Thro' life He'll guide and keep us, And never say, "good-bye."
good-bye,

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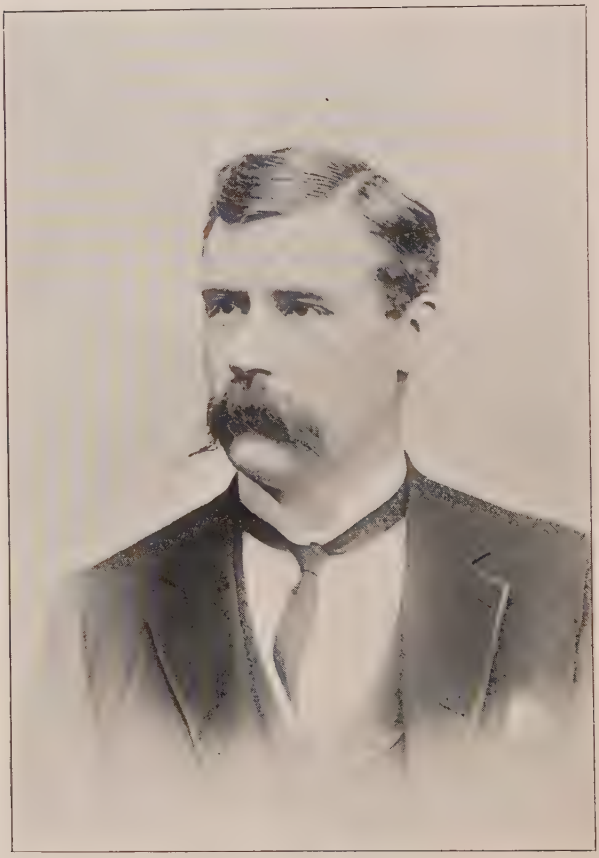


T. M. HAWES.

T. M. HAWES.

ONE night when "with the boys" at the Seminary in Louisville, in one of those little home entertainments given by Prof. John A. Broadus to his students, I had the pleasure of meeting their teacher in elocution. He made a delightful impression on my mind, and I was glad to renew the acquaintance in Chicago. If ever you are blue or wish to see an audience convulsed, send for my friend Hawes and ask him, "What shall we do with our girls?"

T. M. Hawes was born in Indiana January 21st, 1856. At the age of seventeen he went to Louisville, Ky., as a clerk in a wholesale dry goods store. Was married at the age of twenty-two, and shortly after that he and his wife united with the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, under the ministry of Rev. Edward O. Guerrant. Mr. Hawes took up the study of elocution while engaged in business, not expecting to make it a profession. He soon began, however, to be in demand as a public reader and teacher, and as a consequence gave up mercantile business entirely, and devoted himself to this new and unexpected field. He was engaged to teach Elocution in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary and in Bellewood Seminary, a school for young ladies near Louisville, and also devoted considerable time to public readings in Louisville and throughout the State.

When Mr. Moody held his great meeting in Louisville in 1888, he met Mr. Hawes and invited him to Northfield to give a course of lectures at the Mt. Hermon School for the young men, and when Mr. Moody opened the Bible Institute at Chicago he engaged him to come twice each year and teach a short course in Elocution there. The guiding hand of God seems to have been in all this, for as a result of this association with Mr. Moody and with Dr. John A. Broadus of the Seminary, Mr. Hawes began to feel the deepening of a conviction, which he had held from boyhood, that he ought to give his life to the ministry. One year ago last April he came under the care of the Louisville Presbytery, as a candidate for the ministry, meanwhile pursuing studies in the Baptist Seminary. The following November he was licensed to preach, and shortly after this he was called to be the pastor of the Highland Presbyterian Church at Louisville, one of the most active and promising churches in the State.

Mr. Hawes has been recently elected to the chair of Elocution in the Louisville Presbyterian Seminary, and in connection with his pastorate he will give lectures on elocution in both the Baptist and Presbyterian Seminaries, and possibly visit the Bible Institute at Chicago from time to time.

THE USEFULNESS OF BEAUTY AND THE BEAUTY OF USEFULNESS.

Sermon preached by Rev. T. M. HAWES before the young ladies of Belwood Seminary May 28, 1893.

"*Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.*"—Matt. 6 : 28.

By listening to the words of our Saviour we can often learn large thoughts from little things. From the smallest of the birds we learn of the providence of God. From the smallest of the seeds we learn of the expulsive and expanding energy of divine truth. From the neglected lilies of the field we can learn, this morning, something of the usefulness of beauty and the beauty of usefulness.

Every finished work of God is crowned with beauty, and the highest type of beauty is found in that which God has formed, unaided by the hand of man—that which is so perfect in its intrinsic beauty that the touch of man would mar it. Imagine an artist trying to improve the tints of the flowers with his paints and brushes. The most beautiful face is one which would be marred with touch of paints and powders and pencilings. God alone can create essential and perfect beauty. Man's efforts in this direction are mostly negative—trying to hide ugliness.

And so with moral beauty, and this transcends the physical. After all, the most beautiful face is not the one of classic perfection of feature, but the face which

reflects most of sympathy and kindness, upon which there is found no touch of pride or scorn. The most beautiful hand is not the one of shapely mould and flashing with jewels, but the hand which knows how to minister, no matter how rough and marred it may be.

I. The Usefulness of Beauty as Taught by the Lilies of the Field.

Let us consider the lilies, first, in order to discover what they will tell us of the usefulness of beauty.

1. Cheerfulness.—I need hardly pause to speak of the cheerfulness of beauty. Without flowers the world would be gloomy. If there were no beauty anywhere for the eye to behold, we would soon grow morbid and depressed. Imagine this room and this assembly all clothed in black. It would banish every smile and our very voices would sink into sepulchral tones.

2. Refining Influence.—Neither do I need to dwell on the refining and elevating influence of beauty. We get to be like the things we behold. It is dangerous to look only at ugliness of form and action.

3. The Beauty of the Lily as a Teacher about God.—Let us consider the beauty of the lilies chiefly with reference to what they will teach us concerning God and our relationship to Him.

(1.) *It Teaches us of the Power of God.*—And first I notice that the flowers tell us of the power of God.

We do not need to listen to the storm or feel the force of a cyclone, or be shaken by an earthquake, in

order to know of the power of God. "Consider the lilies." All the architects of all the ages could never conceive of such varieties of structure, nor could all the artists produce such combinations of color. God not only does all that, but back of that he creates the very materials of which it is made. What myriad varieties! and behind each a designer! Fifty varieties of the lily alone! Think of the infinite power of our God, Who, apparently for mere ornament, has wrought such wonders, and remember that His everlasting arms are around us.

(2.) *Of the Providence of God.*—Observe, too, that the flowers tell us of the providence of God.

Wherefore if God *so* clothe the lily, the grass, which is but for the passing hour, shall he not much more clothe us? None of these beautiful and infinite varieties of shape and color are accidents. God's mind was occupied with every graceful turn of the waving blade of grass and every delicate tint of the unfolding flower. If He thus cares for that which perishes with the passing day, will He not care for us? Find comfort, my brother, in remembering that God has plans for you, and is observing every movement of your life. Even the hairs of your head are numbered.

(3.) *Of the Love of God.*—But the sweetest story the flowers tell is of the love of God.

A world without flowers would seem like a world from which the loving smile of God had been withdrawn. Instinctively we use flowers as the choicest and

most delicate expression of affection, all through the course of life. The very ushering in of life is marked by flowers as an expression of congratulatory love to a young mother. And when, later on in years, young men and maidens lay aside their books and life begins in earnest, at what we call the "commencement," we send flowers as an expression of the affection with which we speed them on their way.

Imagine a commencement without flowers. And when the wedding-bells are ringing again we send flowers as tokens of our love.

And so, too, when life's sun has gone down; when the angels have come on silent wing, and entering our homes without a footfall, have carried away those who were dear to us, as a final expression of our love for the departed spirits, we cover over their graves with flowers. Let us then consider the lilies and learn through them of the love of God.

The flowers tell us, too, of a resurrection and the life to come.

On this resurrection morn the world is springing into new life and beauty after the sleep of the winter. Just as the tiny seed is buried out of sight in the earth and is stripped of all that is perishable, after which the life principle within pushes its way up into a new and expanded existence, so our mortal bodies fade away and are lost to sight, but after a time the resurrection morn, the eternal Easter, will call forth a new body with which to clothe the immortal life principle of the soul,

and, thus united, will live on forever in a new and expanded existence in the presence of God.

II. The Beauty of Usefulness as Illustrated by the Lilies of the Field.

Let us now consider the lilies that we may discover what they will teach us of the beauty of usefulness.

Remember that we are talking now of Christian usefulness—that kind of usefulness which God inspires.

The first beauty of Christian usefulness which we can learn from considering the lilies is that of unselfishness.

The flowers bloom in beauty and shed their fragrance, not for themselves, but for others. How often we spoil our usefulness by its evident selfishness. The beauty of any kindness towards another fades instantly away if self-interest is detected. "Consider the lilies how they grow" for others.

Another beauty of Christian usefulness is self-sacrifice. This strikes deeper than unselfishness and is necessary to it. The flower illustrates this from the very beginning. The seed or bulb must be hidden out of sight and apparently perish. After the flowers bloom they must be cut from the parent stem to serve some brief purpose and then fade away forever.

And so one element of beauty in Christian usefulness is a willingness to be hid away out of sight if necessary, or give up our choicest treasures without any hope of a return. Let us apply this test to that which we do for God and His cause, and see if there is in it

the beauty of self-sacrifice. Do we ever make any sacrifice to attend the services of the sanctuary? If not, we are lacking in beauty. Do we give of our money to the cause of Christ until it amounts to a sacrifice? If so, then the action has about it the beauty of the flower, and sends up a fragrance which is like a sweet incense to the Saviour.

A third beauty of Christian usefulness as suggested by the flowers is the faith to believe that large possibilities are wrapped up in apparently small opportunities. Who would ever dream of the celestial beauty and fragrance enveloped in the bulb of the lily, or the dust-like seed of the flowers?

It is often easier to do great things than it is to do little things, and yet in the little things may lie the larger possibility. Little did that old preacher dream who it was that was listening to him on that rainy week-day night, when he preached to a small congregation under discouraging circumstances. Charles Spurgeon was converted that night. Possibly you may be doing an apparently insignificant kindness to some neglected child, and it will take centuries to chronicle the results that will flow from it.

Another beauty of Christian usefulness, as suggested by considering the lilies of the field, is the willingness to be useful, though none but God should ever see or know it.

There are many lilies that grow in the wilderness and are never beheld by admiring men and women, and yet

they bloom on in beauty, and God sees them. It is of these that Christ is speaking.

The highest type of beauty to be found in moral action is this willingness to be satisfied with the approval of God and to be able to rise above all proud desire for the approval of men. The noblest efforts you ever make for God and for humanity are those in which you are seeking His smile, and His alone. Let us take fresh inspiration to be useful from the reflection that God sees us, and although our names are not in the newspapers, we can find a peculiar joy in knowing that they are named in heaven.

> "Full many a gem of purest ray serene
> The dark unfathomed caves of Ocean bear;
> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen.
> And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This may be truthful and beautiful poetry, as to the physical fact, but I do not like the sentiment. There are no unseen flowers; there is no wasted sweetness; for God is everywhere, delighting in the work of His hands.

Thus considering the lilies of the field, may we all learn to-day these lessons of the usefulness of beauty and the beauty of usefulness.

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE.

D. L. Moody . . . . . President
R. A. Torrey . . . . . Superintendent
Mrs. S. B. Capron . Superintendent Ladies' Department

THE BIBLE INSTITUTE was the outgrowth of many years' thought on Mr. Moody's part, upon the needs of the working people, the poor and the outcast, especially in our great cities. There was an evident need of men and women who would go among these classes, and lay their lives alongside theirs, and by the Word of God given in the power of the Holy Spirit, and by their sympathy and love bring them to Christ and to nobler lives. But where were the men and women to be found? They must be searched out and trained. All over the land are those who would, with a little well-directed study, become efficient workers in the several fields of Christian work: *i. e.*, to act as pastors' assistants, city missionaries, evangelists, Bible readers, and in various other fields of Christian labor, for which there is a great and increasing demand for men and women skilled in the knowledge and use of the Word of God. There are also many men called of God into Christian work at too late a period of life to take a regular college and seminary course, but who would, with such an opportunity as the Institute affords, be qualified for great usefulness. There is a third class:

BIBLE INSTITUTE.

Persons who do not intend to devote their entire time to Gospel work, but who desire a larger acquaintance with the Bible and methods of Christian effort, that while pursuing their secular callings they may also work intelligently and successfully in winning men to Christ. The object of the Institute is to meet the needs of these several classes. Besides these, many ministers and theological students, who have enjoyed the advantage of the regular training, have spent their vacations with us, getting a better knowledge of the English Bible, and how to use it in personal work, and a larger experience in aggressive methods of Christian service.

The Bible Institute aims to send out men and women having six characteristics: (1) thorough consecration, (2) intense love for souls, (3) a good knowledge of God's Word, and especially how to use it in leading men to Christ, (4) willingness to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," (5) untiring energy, (6) the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The method of training is by the study of the Bible and music, and actual work in leading men to Christ. The location of the Institute in the heart of Chicago gives unlimited opportunity for experience in all aggressive forms of Christian work. The Institute has its home at 80 Institute Place. It was formally begun October 1st, 1889, with Mr. Torrey as Superintendent, who still acts in that capacity, and to whom much of the phenomenal success of the Institute is due.

MR. TORREY

was born on January 28th, 1856, in Hoboken, N. J. At the age of fifteen he entered Yale College and four years after Yale Theological Seminary, whence he graduated in 1878. During his last year in the Seminary he worked for six weeks in the inquiry room in Mr. Moody's meetings in New Haven, Conn., thus acquiring an experience in and a love for the work of winning souls. His first charge was at Garrettsville Congregational Church, where in a year or two God gave much blessing. Anxious further to equip himself for his work, Mr. Torrey resigned his charge in 1882 and pursued studies at Leipsic and Erlangen under Professors Delitzsch, Luthardt, and Franck. Returning home in the autumn of 1883 he accepted a pastorate at Minneapolis, becoming subsequently Superintendent of the City Missionary Society in that town, founding by and by an Independent People's Church. Some years later he was asked to become Superintendent of the Bible Institute, and feeling the call to be of God he hesitated not to accept and entered on the charge in 1889. During the three years of his superintendency God has manifestly blessed and owned his labors. With unswerving loyalty to his Master, Mr. Torrey in his tuition neither adds to nor diminishes from the whole counsel of God, and his influence is always thrown into the scale against those who in the plentitude of intellectual pride hold lightly the authority of the Word.

R. A. TORREY.

A. F. Gaylord.

The business manager of the Institute is

MR. A. F. GAYLORD,

of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Gaylord entered upon his present duties, about a year ago, on the resignation of Mr. George Sanborn. The management requires careful concern for an economical expenditure of the funds, as the Institute is supported entirely by voluntary contributions; it also involves solicitude for the health and comfort of the students. Mr. Gaylord fulfills these requirements in a way highly satisfactory to all concerned. In addition to these duties he is actively engaged in church work, being the superintendent of the Sunday-school in Mr. Moody's church.

MISS C. E. WAITE

acts as Secretary to Mr. Torrey in the very large correspondence carried on. This is a responsible position to hold, as it involves much careful thought and study; but to it Miss Waite brings much energy and tact. In addition to this work she also has charge of a promising Bible Class in the Chicago Avenue Church, which she has carried on most successfully. In the work of correspondence Miss Waite is assisted by Miss Castleman, who by her pleasant manners has won the respect of all the students.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

The Women's Department of the Bible Institute is located at 228–232 La Salle Avenue, in convenient

proximity to the Men's Department. The object of this department is pre-eminently *Bible Study*. It aims to render women of devoted piety skillful and effective laborers for Christ as missionaries, or in the more quiet circles of home or church life, to which, in the providence of God, they may be called. Mrs. S. B. Capron has the immediate supervision of this department. The results of the work demonstrate her ability for the position.

MRS. S. B. CAPRON,

daughter of Rev. Henry B. Hooker, D.D., was born in Lanesboro, Mass., April 24th, 1828. Educated in Wheaton Female Seminary, Norton, Mass., and in the Massachusetts State Normal School at West Newton, she became Assistant in the Oliver High School, Lawrence, Mass., and also in Hartford, Conn. Going with her husband to Madura, South India, as missionary of the American Board in 1856, she remained in the work, with the exception of a furlough in 1872, until 1886. Mrs. Capron entered upon her service in the Bible Institute in September, 1889.

Mrs. Capron is ably assisted in her duties by

MISS EMILY S. STRONG,

daughter of Hon. Theodore Strong, of Pittston, Pa. After completing her studies at Pittston, she spent two years of school life in Philadelphia, and then entered the well-known school for young ladies, at Farmington, Conn., known as the 'Miss Sarah Porter School,' of

MRS. S. B. CAPRON.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

which she is a graduate. Miss Strong came to the Institute as a student in the spring of 1890. Mrs. Capron was not long in recognizing her ability, and having need of a reliant assistant, she appointed Miss Strong to the position.

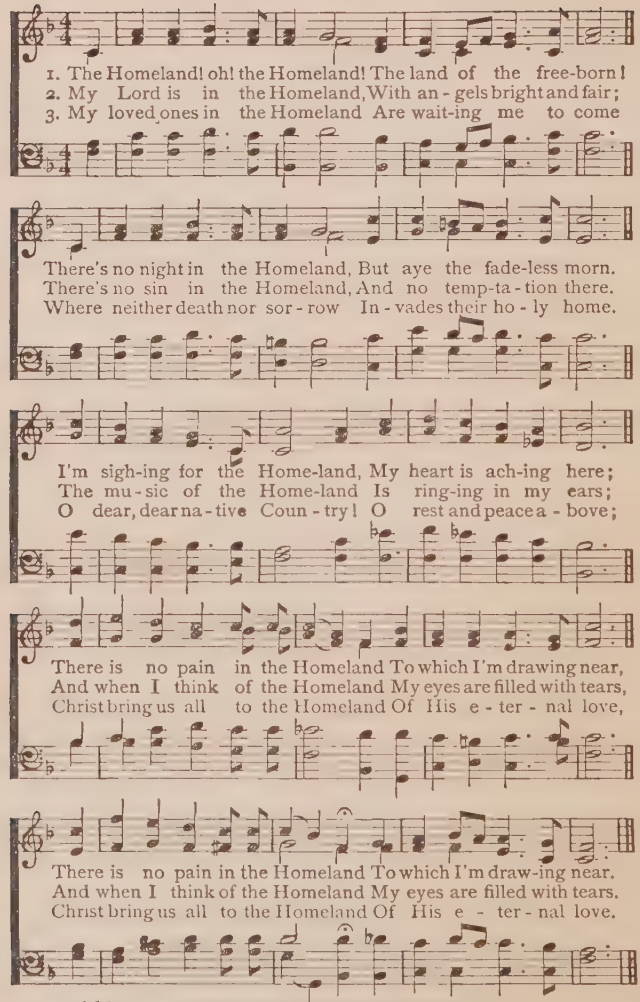
GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

THIS dear man of God stands in the front rank of the earthly choir of good singers, and his place is waiting for him in the heavenly. It was my good fortune to have him assigned to work with me, and I was not long in learning to appreciate his music and to admire and love him as one of the Lord's own. Mr. Stebbins was born in Orleans county, New York State, February 26th, 1846. He was born of Christian parents, the hallowed influence of whose lives is in his life and voice to-day. When he was only thirteen he lost his father. Being a farmer's boy he attended a country singing school to give vent to the pent-up music that was born in him. At the age of twenty he took charge of a choir, and taught singing school several years. At the age of twenty-three he attended a series of meetings held in a school-house, and was converted. A short time after this he was married to a lady in his own neighborhood, who has ever been a help and blessing to him in his life and work. In 1869 he went to Chicago to live, and was soon employed by the First

Baptist Church, of which Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D., is now pastor, to lead their choir. During this time he met Mr. Moody, and often sang with Mr. Sankey and P. P. Bliss, who were his personal friends. Being advised that his voice was capable of solo singing in oratorio music, he went to Boston for cultivation. There he was employed in Dr. Gordon's church, the Clarendon Street Baptist, and remained a year, when he went to Tremont Temple as Director of Music. While there, Messrs. Moody and Sankey completed their first winter's work since their return from Europe. He was invited to spend a Sunday with Major Whittle, in Mr. Moody's house in Northfield, and at his request resigned in Boston, and joined him and Mr. Sankey in evangelistic work. He organized a choir of 800 voices for the great work in Chicago, and at the death of Mr. Bliss was called upon to aid Major Whittle to carry on the campaign begun by Moody and Sankey in Chicago. Soon after this he became associated with Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, and remained with him some ten years, going with him to Europe to assist Moody and Sankey, and was also with him in his recent visit to India. Mrs. Stebbins and their son joined the husband and father on this mission of song, and shared the burdens and joys of the blessed work. He accompanied Mr. Moody to California and was with him in 1892, in closing his work in Great Britain, visiting many towns, including the city of London, and the great meetings in Spurgeon's Tabernacle.

Mr. Stebbins is joint author with Sankey and McGranahan in the series of Gospel Hymns known and sung all over the land. Many of the best known songs are written by him. "Saviour, breathe an evening blessing;" "In the secret of His presence;" "Must I go, and empty-handed," and others. At the beginning of the meetings led by me in Chicago, Mr. Stebbins sang "The Home Land." It was so sweet to my soul, I asked him to give it to me for this book. I am sure you will like it. And yet, as was said of Tennyson, "If you wish to appreciate his poetry you must hear Tennyson read it himself." So, if you would get a right idea and impression of this lovely hymn, you should hear the author sing it. May God inspire his heart to give us many more sweet songs!

THE HOMELAND.


1. The Homeland! oh! the Homeland! The land of the free-born!
2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With an - gels bright and fair;
3. My loved ones in the Homeland Are wait-ing me to come
There's no night in the Homeland, But aye the fade-less morn.
There's no sin in the Homeland, And no temp-ta - tion there.
Where neither death nor sor - row In - vades their ho - ly home.
I'm sigh-ing for the Home-land, My heart is ach-ing here;
The mu - sic of the Home-land Is ring-ing in my ears;
O dear, dear na - tive Coun - try! O rest and peace a - bove;
There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm drawing near,
And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are filled with tears,
Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of His e - ter - nal love,
There is no pain in the Homeland To which I'm draw-ing near.
And when I think of the Homeland My eyes are filled with tears.
Christ bring us all to the Homeland Of His e - ter - nal love.

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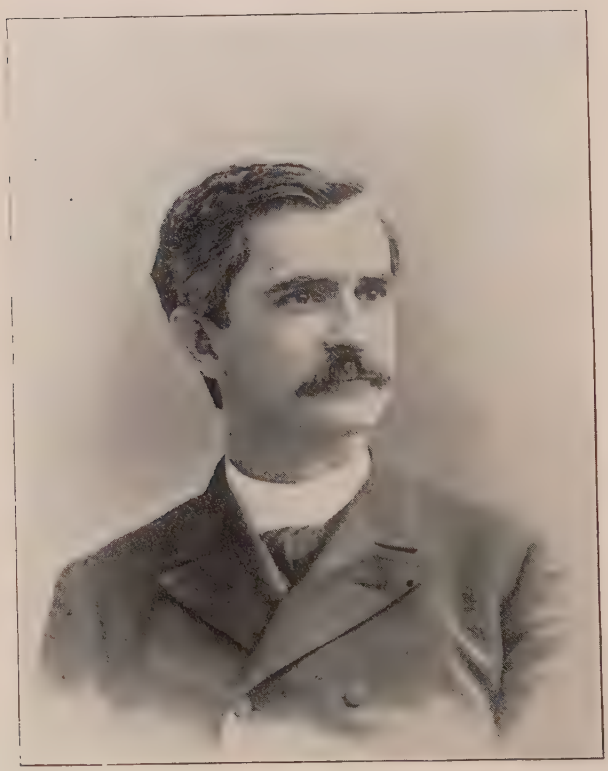


A. C. Dixon

REV. A. C. DIXON.

FEW, if any, did better or more successful work in Chicago than our own loved Dixon. It was my good fortune to have him room next door to me, and for a time the loving, tender, faithful Barron of Baltimore on the other side. Will we ever forget the sweet seasons of communion we had together and with God during those blessed days? A. C. Dixon was born in North Carolina about thirty-seven years ago.

He is a typical Southerner, fiery, intense, dramatic, eloquent. His father belongs to that great army of frontier preachers who follow the plough and use the spade during six days, thereby supplementing a meagre salary in order that they may bring up their families respectably and preach the Gospel on the seventh.

While yet a child, Clarence accompanied his father to the preaching stations, where religious impressions were made upon his young heart. During his eleventh year he was converted, and at once joined the church of which his father was pastor. At the age of fifteen he entered Wake Forest College, graduating therefrom four years later. He next decided to study law, but some country churches in his neighborhood needing his youthful energy, he was persuaded to accept the ministry of two congregations. During nine months of this double oversight he baptized a hundred converts.

Thereafter he took a six months' course in systematic theology, after which he accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the Chapel Hill Church, under the shadow of the North Carolina State University. During his fruitful ministry of three years, seventy-five of the University students were won to the Saviour.

Mr. Dixon possesses in large measure the evangelistic spirit; he felt therefore impelled to enter upon a new charge in the rising town of Asheville, N. C. There, within three months of his aggressive ministry, two hundred and fifty persons confessed faith in the Son of God. After a prosperous ministry of three and a-half years, the young pastor was elected to the presidency of Wake Forest College, which he wisely declined, preferring the call to the pastorate of a little Baptist Church which had been previously organized in the city of Baltimore. While at Asheville, Mr. Dixon received a great access of the power of the Holy Spirit. This became evident in his growing love for the Bible, and in the unction with which he preached its living themes. The reality of a life of faith also possessed him; he was led to enjoy the fact of union with a risen Christ, and to rejoice in the hope of our Lord's personal advent.

Soon after his arrival in Baltimore, the little church under Pastor Dixon's care began to expand, first by internal spiritual development, and thereafter by accessions of converts saved out of the world. A large tabernacle had to be erected to accommodate the crowds pressing forward to enjoy his ministry. The sterling

character of his teaching was well illustrated by the active part he took, in company with Rev. G. C. Needham, in organizing an inter-denominational conference in Baltimore on "The Person and Ministry of the Holy Spirit." He afterwards edited in a useful volume (*Baltimore: Wharton & Barron Co.*) the addresses—thirteen in number—delivered during the four days of the conference.

While in Baltimore Mr. Dixon turned his guns on the doctrines and deeds of Papal Rome. In that city Romanism is strongly entrenched, and, under the lead of a vigilant Cardinal, is startlingly aggressive. In the power of God he fairly bearded the lion in his lair. His crushing sermons were heard by a multitude, including many Romanists, and were published widely by the religious journals. During the time of excitement, when priests were praying for his death, Mr. Dixon received a unanimous call from one of the largest churches in the denomination, with promise of abundant salary. He made reply that his acceptance now would be a victory for Rome, and the priests would advertise his removal as an answer to their prayers.

Some of Pastor Dixon's sermons were included in an instructive book, issued by his publishers (already named), with the title, "The True and the False." The first nine chapters set forth the truth as it is in Jesus, and are calculated to prove helpful to such as are involved in intellectual perplexity. The last ten view Romanism in the light of the Bible, and deal ably and faithfully with a tremendous subject.

His recent work, "Milk and Meat," is a volume of twenty-four sermons, gathered from the very best of his discourses. All his works may be obtained from the publishers already named.

Two years later he believed it his duty to go to Brooklyn, where he is at present fighting the good fight of faith. Already he has won a front place in the army of preachers in a city designated "the City of Churches." Pastor Dixon realizes the need of Bible schools, and he accordingly opened one during the past winter, where twice each week nearly 300 students sat at the feet of the best teachers he could secure. He is an ambassador to the common people. He was a delegate to the great International Sunday-school Convention, held in London a few years since, where his tall figure, hearty address, and social qualities brought him into favorable recognition. The late C. H. Spurgeon was captivated by the breezy young Southerner, to whom he wittily remarked as he eyed him slowly from feet to face, "You carry things in America to a great length."

Mr. Dixon is a man of profound conviction; to him the Bible is the Book of Life. He is a man of prayer, a believer in the Holy Spirit, tender and gentle in dealing with inquirers, ever beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God. He writes:

> Christianity is a book religion. The trite saying, "Christianity is Christ" is no more than that "Christianity is the Bible." Those who oppose Christianity, and those who would substitute something

else than personal faith in Christ as the condition of salvation, must get rid of the Bible. The Book is its own best champion, and has a way of taking care of itself. God is its author, and, like the Christ it reveals, it is perfectly human and perfectly divine.

Mr. Dixon is happily married. His wife is a noble Christian woman, and her husband has been helped by her counsel. Her home is always open to the friends of Jesus, and in that home she shines steadily as a fixed star. The death of her eldest boy, a lad of nine years, has tinged her amiable life with subdued grief, but it is not selfish; towards her guests and children she reflects the joy that is profounder than sorrow. Her tears are for herself, her smiles for others.

DIAMONDS.

A sermon preached in Central Music Hall, Chicago, Sept. 7, 1893,
By Rev. A. C. DIXON.

"*How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, O God.*"—Psalms 36: 7–9.

Lovingkindness is love in action. "God is love." Then Jesus Christ is lovingkindness—God manifesting his love to us.

Some time ago diamond hunters were toiling in Brazil with little success. They had scarcely paid expenses. Cast down, discouraged, they had almost given up the pursuit. But one day a workman, finding a conglomerate stone, struck it with his hammer, and from the centre of it there came enough diamonds to affect the diamond market of the world.

Our text is a sort of *conglomerate* of truth; and,

struck by the hammer of inspiration, there come out of it the glittering diamonds of the verses which follow. And it is our purpose to-day simply to hold up these gems before you, and ask you to receive them, and be enriched.

If you will, by faith, accept this lovingkindness of God, no millionaire on earth will be richer than you.

I. In God's lovingkindness we have safety.

"Therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings." (Verse 7.)

"Therefore." God's *therefores* always mean something. My little *therefores* may amount to nothing. Our inferences may be wrong. God's logic is invincible.

Men come to God not because of hell. We believe in a hell, and men ought to know that their sins bring death and punishment. But we do not come to God frightened by the horrors of the lost. Future punishment may make us stop and think; but, as we think, God's lovingkindness melts our hearts. We put our trust under the shadow of God's wings, drawn there by His love as manifested in Jesus Christ on the cross. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Notice, "wings" is plural. The wing of God's power is to me no protection. I am afraid of power. Power let loose may destroy me. When the earthquake was shaking Charleston, the people were conscious that there was a dreadful power at work which they could not control. In the thunderbolt there is power that kills. God's omnipotence, viewed alone, or

linked with his justice, gives me no comfort. But linked with His love I find shelter beneath it. My danger is great in proportion to the power that may be against me. My safety is great in proportion to the power that may be for me. God's power, linked with His love, is for me; and I put my trust under the shadow of the wings of His *love and power*.

A gentleman, going through the Zoological Gardens in London, had with him a little unruly dog. Coming to the lion's cage he said to the keeper, "You may throw that dog to the lion." The keeper chased the little animal around until he caught it, opened the door, and cast it into the cage. The big lion looked at it a moment as it lay trembling before him; then reached out one paw and stroked its head, and then the other paw and stroked it; and finally drew the trembling little creature up to himself. They made friends. A few weeks afterwards the owner of the dog, passing through the Garden, thought he would go around and look at the cage into which his dog had been cast; and there, looking through the bars of the cage, was the little dog, walking around as big as the lion, perfectly safe. Said the man to the keeper, "I have repented of my angry fit; I believe I will take that dog home again. The children have missed it." "Well, here are the keys," said the keeper, "help yourself." But he dared not open the cage. That dog, under the protection of the lion, was perfectly safe. Now, the lion, with one stroke of his paw, could have crushed the

little animal to death ; but when he saw fit to throw the strength of that paw over the little dog for protection, he was safe.

We cast ourselves before "the Lion of the Tribe of Judah." He has power to destroy us forever ; but he chooses, moved by his love, to throw his power over us for protection, and we are forever safe.

II. THE NEXT ELEMENT OF GOD'S LOVINGKINDNESS IS OUR SATISFACTION.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house." (Verse 8.)

This, to be sure, is a sparkling jewel. We need more than safety. The little dog, however safe under the lion's care, might have starved to death in a few weeks. It needed food. Under the shelter of God's wings of power and love we are safe, and we have what is better, satisfaction.

Some men, though poor, are said to be good providers at home. Others, though rich, are said to be bad providers. They have money, but they keep a poor table ; they dress shabbily. God, our Father, is a good provider for his household. He gives us the "fatness" of His house.

There are two expressions in Scripture I prize very highly. One is "the riches of His grace." These riches flow to us through Christ on the cross ; and no one who has them can be poor. The other expression is, "the riches of His glory." And these riches flow to us through Christ on the throne · and all who will have them are abundantly rich.

Now, we may enjoy the fatness of God's house. To be sure, we can subsist on the leanness of His house. We may be satisfied with mere externals, with the husks, without the kernel. But God would not have us satisfied with anything less than the best He can give us. But if it be true that God has fatness for His people, why is it that so many go to the world for supplies? Why turn from the manna to the leeks and garlic and onions of Egypt? If the manna God prepares satisfies the soul, why go back to Egypt for a single meal? We believe that God's "fatness" is all that the soul needs for satisfaction, and, as we live upon that, we are abundantly satisfied.

III. The third diamond in the cluster of God's lovingkindness is our enlarged capacity. "Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures." (Verse 8.)

We are protected. We are satisfied; and we gain larger capacity for receiving. There is a river of pleasure, but we may not be able to drink it. The promise is that he not only gives us pleasures, but he gives capacity to drink them: "Thou shalt *make* them drink."

Notice the word "pleasures;" it is plural. The Christian need not harp all the time upon one string; who loves God enjoys everything else the more for that love. He looks upon nature as his Father's workmanship; the beauty of flower, of star and of rippling stream is all the more beautiful, because they come from

his Father's hand. He has pleasures, to be sure, though the man who has nothing deeper than pleasures has not tasted of the fullness of joy.

A friend said to me, "You Christians have a queer joy. You go to church and weep for half an hour, and return, saying that you have had a good time. When I am happy, I laugh." So may the Christian laugh. But if you have never had a joy deeper than that expressed by laughter, you are to be pitied. The mother is looking for her son after the battle. His name is not among the dead, nor the wounded, nor the living. She is in suspense. Two days pass; three days; he is not heard from. She is in despair. But, as she sits and nurses her sorrow, she hears the gate open. The familiar voice greets her ear. She looks up, and it is her lost boy. Does she rise with laughter? Oh, there is a joy deeper than laughter; it must express itself in tears.

And while the Christian enjoys all the pleasures that should be enjoyed, he has a deeper source of joy. And it is "*thy* pleasures." It is a part of God's lovingkindness that He makes us love what He loves, be pleased with what pleases Him.

Again, it is the "*river* of pleasures." The Christian's experience is no wet-weather stream that any little drought can dry up. It has its source in the eternal hills of God's purposes, and love, and power; and it flows on, deep, amid the dryness and barrenness of earth. He gives us capacity for drinking the very river of His pleasures.

IV. THE FOURTH DIAMOND IN THIS CLUSTER IS THE SPONTANEITY OF GOD'S NATURE IN HIS READINESS TO BLESS US.

"With thee is the fountain of life." (Verse 9.)

God has not to be moved. He does not require that we, by tears, or entreaty, or penance, should move Him to bless us. The fountain is moving all the time. From the well you must draw water by main strength. If you would get it by the pump, you must use your muscle. God is not like the well or the pump. His nature is a fountain. Do we need forgiveness? Let us bring the empty vessel of our guilt, and hold it beneath His over-flowing fountain of mercy.

Do we need strength? Let us bring the empty vessel of our weakness beneath His fountain of power.

Do we need guidance? Let us bring the empty vessel of our ignorance beneath His fountain of wisdom.

We have but to receive from God what he is already moved to give us.

V. THE LAST DIAMOND THAT WE SHALL HOLD UP BEFORE YOU IS THE BRIGHTEST OF ALL. INDEED, IT IS MADE OF LIGHT; AND IT SENDS ITS RAYS OUT GLITTERING INTO THE DARKNESS.

"In Thy light shall we see light." (Verse 9.)

In the light which God gives us we see other light. If we try to walk by the light of nature, we will find it darkness. In order to see the light of nature, as it is, we must have the light of revelation upon it.

I hold in my hand a book. There is mental light in

it. But I can see that light only as I open the book in the light of the sun, or the lamp. So in nature, there is the light, to be sure, of God; but I can see it only as I let the light of revelation fall upon it.

Pope expressed an error very tersely, when he said: "We look through nature up to nature's God."

We do no such thing without the light of revelation.

Go into the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. Look upon those monsters called idols. Do they image forth the true God? And yet they are the things up to which men have looked "through nature" without revelation. The true God is revealed to us in the Bible. We behold in nature his power, his greatness, his glory. But we must have the light of revelation to give us the fuller character of his mercy and loving-kindness.

And the light of our character shines forth only as we let it be seen in the light of God's revealed truth. If we "walk in the light, as He is in the light," men will see that we are His.

The Czar of Russia offered $30,000 for the best portrait of himself. There were a thousand competitors. A few days before the time appointed for awarding the prize, the committee were passing through the gallery where the pictures were being hung, and noticing a picture leaning against a post, one of the committee said to the others, "There is no use in hanging that daub." "I beg your pardon," said the artist, who overheard the remark; "I painted that picture, and I claim the privi-

lege of hanging it in the proper light, at the proper distance, and then you may pass judgment upon it." The committee, of course, felt the demand was reasonable, and when the award was given, that picture had the prize. Much depended, indeed, nearly all depended, upon the light and the hanging; and if we let our Christianity hang in the light of worldliness and of sin, if we are seen by the world in the environments that are bad, the light which shines upon us will not reveal the features of Christ's character in us which ought to be seen by all.

Glittering before you are the five diamonds which have flashed from the heart of this conglomerate of truth. They may be yours, if you will but take them by faith.

Be sheltered under the love and power of God; be satisfied with the fatness of His house; receive a larger capacity, that you may drink the very river of His pleasures. Come beneath his fountain of all grace, and let your character always shine in and reflect the light that comes from Heaven!

DEAR PORRIDGE.

A Sermon by Rev. JOHN ROBERTSON, of Scotland.

["And Jacob said, Swear to me this day; and he sware unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentiles: and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way: thus Esau despised his birthright."—GENESIS XXV. 34, 34.]

IT was dear porridge, that! Among the many things that Esau got from his father he got what you and I are thankful for—the best of all legacies—a sound constitution. In Scotland we have fine, brawny,

PORRIDGE-FED

men and women. Far better than the plashy tea-feeding. Esau is an athletic man. He can jump over a five-barred gate while his brother will crawl through the bars. Compared with Jacob, Esau is a hero. Christianity is not babyism. You do not need to become puling, sickly, coddled milksops. You do not need, believe me, to sell your bicycles. You do not need to stop cricket or football. You do not need to give up your gymnastics. You do not need to become sunken in the shoulders and hollow in the chest. Esau is a downright good fellow. Many ladies here would have fallen in love with him long before Jacob. But amid these likeable things there are the unlikeable. Esau is the eldest of the family; he had the birthright. You could not see it; you could not cash it. It would not

do much in the markets of the world. But in that old Hebrew family it linked him to the

COVENANT OF GOD.

He was to be the priest of the family. He was to be the link in connection with Jehovah, and in his line Messiah was to come. It was rather spiritual for Esau's nature. In his athleticism he forgets that there is something better even than a broad chest—something better than a six-footer of a man.

"Oh, were I tall as touch the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man."

And Esau could not make out very well what the birthright was. Holy Scripture says he was "a profane person." That is, a man who followed his senses. Not a bad fellow. Not a hog of a sensualist. Just a man like many Glasgow men. Like that man whom I met in Paris, when I asked him to come to our M'All meetings. He drew himself up and acted his confession of faith as only Frenchmen can act. He went to the wall and spread his hands flat there, and came back and rolled his eyes before the young Scotchman, and put out his tongue and touched it. I could understand what kind of a man that was. He believed and dealt in nothing that he could not touch and taste and plant his hands flat upon. He believed in nothing that he could not see and taste. A materialist. So was Esau a mate-

rialist. The dreaminess of the birthright he did not care for. He would rather have a new gun or a fine Arab steed. Something visible and tangible. For it was the current of that athletic man's heart to be set on the things that can be measured by

AVOIRDUPOIS WEIGHT.

He wanted things put into the balance. He would have been a fine typical Glasgow commercial man. Keen for the world. Believing in nothing but the tangible, the visible, the gripable.

And Jacob, his brother! We will not say much about him. He had grace, but grace co-exists very often with rather an unlikeable disposition. We say not a word against Jacob, but we cannot say much for him. They are grand cooks, these womanish men. They know how to make good things, these feminine mother's pets. They keep to the kitchen. Alongside his faith--for he was a religious man—there existed a self-pleasing that I do not like. He made the best plate of porridge that day you ever saw. He could not only pray, but make porridge. Esau did not pray very much, neither could he make porridge; but he could feel the fine steam off that plate of porridge. When the cricket-ball came over the wall, it is no honor to Lord Beaconsfield to hand it to his friend and say, "Will you fling it back? I never flung a cricket-ball in my life." It is no honor to Mr. Chamberlain never to have walked, never to have bicycled, never to have done anything but sat and lolled

in his carriage. Athleticism is an honor; it is as necessary as the development of the mind. Our poor, bow-legged Glasgow bairnies are a sad sight. And the new gospel that is to develop the soul at the expense of the body has as much devil in it as it has God.

And so to this goody-goody man's porridge the athlete comes, hungry; and Jacob, just like his descendants, has an eye for

THE MAIN CHANCE.

He has been wondering how he could cheat his brother out of the salaams of the tribe. Esau, wherever he goes, is the hope of the people. He is the eldest, and the priest, and the Messiah-stamped son. So here is the chance. The brother that made the porridge says to the brother that is hungry for them (Scotch idiom, you see), "What will you give me if I give you this plateful?" and I rather think he stuck it under Esau's nose when he said it. It was hardly fair. Esau was at a disadvantage. Had it been outside, where his hunter was champing his bit, Esau would have flung it from him. But he says, "What good will the birthright do me if I die?" Die! He is not like dying, this fellow!

But he is very hungry, and he says, "What will the porridge do? It will fit me for following yonder deer that slunk round the rock, and I must have at it. I wish to follow up the track, and the porridge will banish the faintness. Yes, I will give you the birthright." "Swear to me," said sly Jacob, and Esau, in roundly swearing, spits on his palm and clasps it, and so he eats

up the birthright, and it is gone; and Jacob goes away to wash that famous plate, and he chuckles all the time as the dish-clout goes round it.

Do you see what Esau did without doing anything very wrong visibly? He preferred *the seen to the unseen.* He said, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Never was there a greater falsehood invented. A bird in the hand is not worth two in the bush, if you know how to catch them. Rather have the two, if you have the skill to get both. I like the fellows who say,

THE TWO OR NOTHING.

This one has fluttered into my hand, but I want to catch the two in the bush. And Esau went in for that philosophy. He said, "I have got the porridge, and the benefits of the birthright—I cannot see them." And Esau also preferred *the sensuous to the spiritual.* Esau's heart was like a rabbit's warren. You have seen sometimes, in your holiday walks across the ground, the holes have riddled it. And Esau's heart was all riddled with this athletic sensuousness—this materialness. He was apt to be taken in by his very muscles—by that which he could see and feel and wrestle with. And the porridge! Oh, it was very appealing to the senses. And the birthright! He says, "Where is it? I cannot see it. I cannot handle it."

When Samson was going down to Timnath, it was then that the lion, without any warning, came upon him. And this sudden temptation of Esau's was upon

him without warning, without thought. Suddenly you will be on the

BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE.

To-morrow morning, as you are shuffling with these half-filled up checks, you see a chance. Just in a moment you can do it, by the sleight of hand. Oh, God give you grace to stand before that temptation that springs suddenly upon you! Refuse to escape that way. Die! Esau! die and be buried rather than eat that porridge. Rather let the landlady wait a year for that bill than take your employer's money. If you have done it, and have it in your pocket, get up in the grey dawning of the morning, and, with your debts about you, die rather than do that thing. Put back the money, and thank God that you have escaped. Do not think it will pay while

GOD IS ON HIS THRONE.

It does not pay. Esau ought to have died rather than gratify his appetite at such a cost, but he chooses the present and forgets all about the future, just as we are apt to do.

Now I saw in my dream, says John Bunyan, that the Interpreter took him by the hand and led him into a little room, where there sat two little children. The one seemed contented and happy, but the other was dissatisfied, and Bunyan's Christian asked, "What makes the difference?" "Oh," says the Interpreter, "These

two little lads are Patience and Passion. Patience is content to wait till the Governors give him his heritage. He is trusting to the future. He believes it is worth while to wait, putting up with Governors and Tutors and chastisement. But Passion wants his heritage just now. He wants what his father left for him just now." The same as you grudge the tight hand your father holds on the money-bag. You say, "My father is a partner in the firm. I do not see why I am made the same as the man at the counter." God pity the man who is in his father's business and is made different from the rest. But Glasgow men are wise. Wait till you get experience; till you know the world. At the present passionate, senseless moment you are

BETTER TO BE IN BONDS,

to endure hardship. Wise father, if you are just keeping your son on existence allowance! John Bunyan says, They brought a bag of treasure to Passion, and I looked, and after a little while it was squandered away, and

HE HAD NOTHING.

It might have been hard for a little to see his brother flush of money when he could hardly get a penny to buy anything. But now Patience comes in for the treasure, and, says John Bunyan, in his wise tinker philosophy, "The first passes, but never the last." What succeeds to the last? Nothing! It is eternal! Better have your portion last.

Esau was Passion—he wanted the gratification now, the future had to take care of itself. Now I want the porridge, so he got them. In short, Esau's choice was, in calmness of blood, the choice of the *devil before Christ.* The choice of the powers of hell that govern the world instead of the spiritual, the "Messiah," the Covenant, the Cross of his Lord. It was very little he got. The doctor says porridge just takes an hour and a half to digest. That is a very short time. Poor Esau! Poor, silly man! The hunger has begun again after an hour and a half! But I have known a man sell Christ for

LESS THAN A PLATE OF PORRIDGE.

Esau was richly paid by the devil even by a plate of porridge. I know a thousand men that if the devil would only give them a plate of porridge I would be glad. Not even a plate of porridge! He is an unrighteous master. What have you given up Christ for? What is the mess of pottage that the devil spread beneath your nostrils? What did you get for choosing the world? You buy very dearly, and you sell very cheaply. You wanted to get into that public house; you, the cabinet-maker. There was to be short time on in the warehouse, and you needed all you could get, and that is true. And here is the bloated publican, and he can give you ten shillings a week more than you can make at the planing bench; and you took the publican's job. Man, you paid dearly. The foaming beer-jug! The sparkling glass! So you have given up Christ for

that. For that poor, paltry mess of pottage. Are you in your senses? What are the wages the devil gives you? Just empty your pockets and show me what the devil has given you.

We send our missionaries to Africa, and our commercial morality follows them, and we are cheating the natives out of their ivory and wild beasts' hides. How the silly niggers are done, with beads, and straws, and paltry trinkets! I tell you the angels look down and are sad over such bargains. Poor, silly toys the devil has. He has not an honest jewel in his cabinet. It is all counterfeit. It is all glass and paste. Oh, man, it is not worth while serving the devil. He is a cheat. That I may win Christ, says Paul. That I may win—as we call it in Scotland—win the coal in the seam. So with Christ. I am only a little way down, but oh, the richness of the seam! Oh, the pricelessness of the jewels that He has laid at my feet!

An eminent minister came across the words, "The unsearchable riches of Christ," and he wondered at the expression, and looked at his Greek dictionary to see what the word was. He had not found Christ. He was a religionist by tape line. And so in the keen, remorseless logic of the Greek language, he found that the word was just unsearchable, bottomless, inexhaustible coal. Unlimited fuel. Boundless! Never to get at the bottom; never to the end of the riches in Christ. And he said, "Oh, my God, I am on the wrong tack. Open my eyes. Show me what Thou dost mean by

Thy riches." And that night did not pass till he had found Christ, and he marched up and down the floor crying, "I have found Him! Oh, the unsearchable riches of Christ!" The

SILLY GEW-GAWS

that the devil gives are not worth a moment's notice in comparison with the invisible, the never-fading, the glory to come. Why are you so silly as to shake hands with the devil? Why not kick him out of your heart, with his petty string of beads. He does not pay well.

Many a man is walking these streets of Glasgow with rottenness in his bones, saying, "Oh, my, the devil's wages are awful!" Many a man is sleeping in rags and filth, poor wretches, bloated and devil-marked, and that is all they get. Why are you so silly? Choose Christ. Choose the birthright. Being born into the Church visible with a claim on grace and on Christ.

But it was done. Esau clasped the hand of his brother, and he swore the oath, and

GOD HELD HIM TO IT.

And then the Holy Ghost says, He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears. What does that mean? He found no way of getting back his birthright. It was irrevocably gone. So with the bargain of many a man. They may creep into Heaven by the back door, and will be glad to get in even by the kitchen passage because of the abiding consequences of such a bargain.

I was in the British Museum and saw some slabs there which had existed ages before the creation of man. I could see in that sandstone block the three-webbed feet of a bird. Once the stone had been a slimy, sandy beach, and that bird walked in its solitariness across it. God's law laid hold of it, and the indent of the bird's feet is made in the rock, and you cannot jostle it out.

Oh, dear young fellow, our deeds become granite. The deed done cannot be undone. Many a deed is lying on a burdened conscience. Many a deed done long ago is bringing the tears to a Christian's eyes—deeds forgotten by God, but deeds never forgotten by himself. There will be a

MINOR TONE OF PATHOS

in that man's heart throughout eternity. You cannot recall the past. And Esau for years regrets his bargain. He sought his birthright with tears. He came before his father, and the big, manly heart of him said, "Oh, my father, hast thou but one blessing? Bless me, even me, oh, my father!" But his father said, Jacob has got it. And Esau—the dear, likable man—stunned, went away.

Up at Crosshill I sent a wire, and after it was away I wanted the message altered, and I went to the window where the clerk takes the message, and said, "Is that message away?" "Yes," he said, and I had to abide by it. And you and I often go to the little wicket window and say, "Oh, my God, is there no way of un-

doing that deed?" No way of recalling the arrow in its whizzing flight! Recall the electric message on the bands of steel around the globe, and you will recall that deed that you are purposing to perform. Overcome this sensuousness, this sense thing, and go in for Christ. You can overcome it. You can be wise in bargaining. Benaiah slew the lion in a pit on a snowy day. He was a brave man, because he had a brave leader; and though he had been a born coward, in David's company he becomes brave. I will tell you where you will get strength. It is, follow Christ! Do you think on the evening of Bannockburn that our Scotchmen were not brave? I tell you, as Bruce is riding up the lines, the martial hearts of the Scots beat high. Sooner die and leave your blood to stain the heather than be slaves. So with Christ. You cannot but be brave in His company. You cannot but be victorious. As you catch the swing of his battle-axe, you are brave as Christ. You can be as powerful as the Almighty, because it is not only being with Christ, it is because His strength is infused into you. Not only being in His company, but contact with Him brings the Almighty power into your grip. You can get hold of the Holy Ghost, and all temptations and difficulties and passions, and all sins, you can stamp your heel upon, for the power that is in you is the power of Him who made the stars. Get in contact with Christ. You are in your office, and wish to communicate with the firm at the other end of the city. Ring! To the Exchange, "Put on No. 6491."

6491 is on. "Hello!" "Hello!" You have him. So ring Christ on and He will come, and to you He speaks, blesses, sends His Spirit, His strength; and we live not an Esau life, nor a Jacob life, but a Christ life. "Now it is no more I that live, but Christ that liveth in me. I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me."

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my coming too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I may do."

So be it with all of us—Esaus and Jacobs alike. Amen!

TENT WORK IN CHICAGO.

[This work has its headquarters at the Bible Institute. The Chicago Evangelization Society, of which Mr. Moody is President, has it in charge].

THE question, "How shall we reach the Masses?" may now be solved in great cities by tent meetings.

But what *is* a "tent meeting?"

To a person who has never seen one the words convey but a vague impression. Look for a moment at a little picture of a service in a tent of the Chicago Evangelization Society.

VIEW OF TENT AND AUDIENCE.

After supper in the men's department of the Bible Institute about one hundred men are on their knees for a few moments. Brief, burning, pointed prayers ascend. God is counted on to stand by them in their work. Then, rising, they scatter to mission and tent, going in some cases four, five, and even six miles, each with his Bible and little package of tracts, those containing plenty of Scripture being preferred. Meanwhile, in the ladies' home, fifty young women have been making similar preparations. One party is going to the big tent on Milwaukee avenue, where Mr. Schiverea is holding meetings. On the street car no time is lost. A young woman opposite speaks to the tired shop-girl at her side, opens her Bible, and points her to Him who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" but the girl must get off at the next block. She slips the tract, "God's Word to You," into her hand with a kind pressure, and asks her to read it. A pleasant smile and a good night, and the seed is sown. Meanwhile the young men are not idle. A tract is handed to a fellow passenger—a kind word is spoken—and soon they, too, are talking of that wonderful Saviour. A man on the platform has secured the attention of the conductor, who seems under conviction. But we have reached our destination, and step from the cars.

Before us is the tent, brilliantly lighted. We enter, and overhead is a great arch of canvas, supported by three center-poles and smaller ones about the sides—an

auditorium accommodating 1,300 people, and seated with canvas benches.

The little party kneel in prayer for the presence and power of the Holy Spirit. Then some take their places upon the platform, to sing the Gospel, some stand ready to welcome and seat the audience, and others go out upon the street, with cards of invitation to bring in passers-by.

From our seat on the platform we watch the audience come in. First, a hesitating group of ragged little ones, then some young "toughs," with mischief in their faces, are passed from one usher to another, who will keep his eye upon them. Next a mother with a baby in her arms, a laboring man in gingham shirt and no collar, fathers and mothers with their little ones—so they gather—largely an audience of respectable working people, for this is the character of the neighborhood; but the "tough" element is not wanting also. The blue coat of a policeman seen at the door makes it easy to preserve order. The police of Chicago have proved good friends of this work, and some of their hearts have been found tender as well as brave.

A Gospel hymn opens the meeting, and how these people sing! A solo from an Institute lady, full of the Gospel message, more hymns, a duet, prayer, and the evangelist begins to speak. Tenderly, lovingly, he deals with the people—unsparingly he deals with their sins. The trace of the actor still lingers in his graphic illustrations, largely drawn from his own experience; but so

FREDERICK G. ENSIGN.

anxious is he that all be to the glory of God that he uses these with more and more care every year.

The address is short, and a hymn of invitation to Christ is sung by the same soloist as before, and then the speaker begins to ask those who wish to turn from a life of sin to God to rise. Here and there they rise to their feet, the Institute workers marking them carefully. Then the leader says that all may go who wish to do so, but that a short after-meeting will be held for those who choose to remain. A large part of the audience stay, and the workers thread their way among them, sitting down by those who have risen, and trying from the Word of God to show the way of salvation, often finding among those who linger deep conviction of sin, without the courage to rise and manifest the interest felt. At a late hour the party are once more on the cars, singing the Lord's songs as they take the long ride home.

So we have attended a typical tent meeting, such as has been held for six summers under the Chicago Evangelization Society, of which the Bible Institute is a part. The attendance at this tent has been remarkable. Some nights the people have gathered outside till fully 2,000 were within sound of the speaker's voice. The street cars came up full from both directions, and went away empty. The dens of vice were empty too. Two "carousals" in the neighborhood were closed, the owner of one cursing the tent, saying that it had spoiled his business,—none but the tents could do any business there.

Several times an all-day meeting was held. A description of the first will give an idea of the others. From the beginning of the morning prayer-meeting, at half past nine, it was evident that the Spirit of God was present. About a hundred gathered, and the number steadily grew. Rev. T. B. Hyde, Rev. James Rowe, and other pastors made addresses, and a noon recess was taken. After dinner people could be seen coming from streets and alleys and across lots, till, as the afternoon passed on, over a thousand were gathered, and addresses were made in both German and English.

A visitor, coming in, said that his first impression was astonishment that so many working people would leave their work in the middle of the day for a Gospel meeting. The next impression was of the wonderful hush—the feeling of awe—pervading the tent. As the first service was ended few people seemed inclined to leave, and those who did moved quietly out, too subdued to speak except in whispers, while their places were soon filled by the gathering children who had come for a meeting of their own. The keynote of this meeting was given by a hymn, sung by a tiny girl of four, which brought the tears, and then Miss Poxon, the leader of the children's meeting, stepped to the platform and unrolled her blackboard, having it on two large hearts, one with "Room for Jesus," and the other with "No room for Jesus," and below, "Is your heart like the Manger or the Inn?" Tenderly she told the story, and when at its close Mr. Williams called on those who wanted to

let Jesus into their hearts to rise, slowly, first by ones, then twos, they rose to their feet, till a hundred men, women and children were standing. It was a solemn scene.

In the evening another impressive meeting followed, and souls were born into the Kingdom there.

When a second all-day meeting was held, some of the stores closed for an hour in the midst of the day, and certain contractors ceased work for an hour that their workmen might attend the meetings.

GATHERED IN.

It is a common thing to meet people in these meetings who have not been inside a place of worship for years, and many such are converted. Mr. Schiverea, says, "I met a man one night who seemed to be very much troubled, and I soon discovered that he was a drinking man. He had spent from fifty cents to a dollar and a half for drink every day for ten years, and at that time had in his pocket a bottle of medicine to cure the appetite. After talking with him a while he saw that Christ was what he wanted. He knelt down and confessed his sins, praying that God would forgive him for breaking his poor old mother's heart, and for grieving his wife, who is now dead, and for neglecting to support his daughter, and promising, if God would forgive him, to be a better man by His help. The next day while at work, his foreman asked him what was the matter with him. He said that he was at the tent the night before

and had taken Jesus as his Saviour. I met him about a week afterwards, and he told me it was the happiest week of his whole life, and that he had spent no more money for liquor. The foreman had told him, 'If God can save a miserable drunkard like you, he can save me,' and promised to come to the tent."

A horse jockey who had been racing for ten years was converted. A rumseller's wife came in and listened to the speaking, but said, though she would like to be a Christian, she could not while her husband was in that business. A rumseller, sobered by the preaching of the Gospel, admitted that he would like to be a Christian, but could not, as he was selling rum near the tent, and felt that God could not save him while in that business, but that he would be out of the business in a short time, as he was tired of it, knew it was wrong and could see the awful harm it was doing. He went away promising to decide for Christ.

Two young girls were found in the back of the tent one night, one of whom was crying. The evangelist spoke to her about her soul's salvation. She had nothing to say. A night or two later he again spoke to her, when she answered, "I am only a rumseller's daughter." "But Jesus loves rumseller's daughters and is ready to save them." She answered, "I can never forgive you; you called my father a thief." "Oh no, I did not." "Yes, you said they stole the joy and peace out of the home, they stole character, they stole manhood, and they stole money from their customers." "Well, isn't that true?"

She looked up into the face of the evangelist, and, bursting into tears, said, "Oh, yes it is true." "Is not your mother a Christian?" "No, and my father is a Roman Catholic." She was urged to take Christ as her Saviour and try to bring in father and mother, and in a groping fashion tried to do so. The next night an Institute lady was on her knees with those two girls, and so manifest was the power of God that it seemed as if the whole place about them were holy. Later the girl met the evangelist and said, "It is all right now. I am trusting Jesus, and my friend is too."

RESULTS PERMANENT.

It is often asked if these converts hold out. That question may be answered by another—How far do the converts of any revival hold out? There is always a certain percentage who grow into strong Christians. Others struggle on in a weak fashion, and a certain other number fall back entirely. This is true of this work. Every effort is made to bring the people into those churches which are nearest them. They are visited and introduced to the pastors as far as possible, and neighborhood prayer-meetings are established, with the design of building up the young converts and drawing in their unconverted friends. Some stanch Christians, who seek immediately to bring others to Christ, develop here. When a family receive Christ into their hearts the household is transformed. The home becomes cleaner, the wages are spent upon it instead of upon the saloon, tastes

and impulses are set toward better things, and it is found that, instead of being necessary to educate these people to the point of receiving the Gospel, if they are given the Gospel they immediately begin to rise in intelligence. If they live in the slums it is not long before they are moving into cleaner surroundings and cannot be found at the old address. But some fall back, and have to be sought again and again, and some prove, by having given a false address, that there was no sincerity in their first profession.

CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

Any account of tent work would be incomplete without mention of children's meetings. There is no form of the work which yields larger returns. It was recently said, with reference to the conversion of children, "If you convert a drunkard, you save a soul; if you convert a child, you not only save a soul, but a life." As the tents go back year after year into the same neighborhoods, children who were converted in years previous are found living lives which shame those of many older Christians, testifying for Christ, enduring much self-denial, and often persecution. In teaching the children appeals to the emotions are avoided, and an effort made to base their faith altogether upon Scripture.

Here is a characteristic children's meeting described by a leader:

"Sitting on the front seat is a dear, white-faced, flaxen-haired Swede, eyes as blue as the sky, dressed as she would have been for a portrait, hair braided all over her

head, clean as a pink, quiet as a mouse, with hands folded in her lap, all ready to listen.

"Next her is a dusky Italian; she has no stockings, no shoes, dress all torn, face all aglow, with eyes full of pathos, face full of eager attention, love for Jesus shining through all, never still a moment, but as sweet as the fairer girl next her.

"Next her is a nice little Scotch girl, with a baby sister cuddled close to her side. She is as modest as a violet, and has just come over. I asked her how many brothers and sisters she had, and when she said eleven, I exclaimed, 'Oh, my! how did mamma bring you all over? wasn't she afraid some of you would get lost? Looking into my face with eyes clear and truthful, she answered, 'O, yes! mamma was afraid, so she tied us all together on shipboard.' She loves Jesus now, and will take better care of brother.

"Next behind come flashing Irish eyes—a boy and girl of eleven and twelve—ready either for smiling or weeping, yet underneath all, determined to be Christians. Then come a couple of children from the sunny South, with skins darker than Italians, but with faces grown serious as they listen to the Gospel.

"The boys answer a similar description, and some of them are to be the future aldermen of Chicago. If they are truly converted the city will be blessed.

"The last day comes. For four weeks hearts have been touched and souls have been born again, and now comes the parting. The tent moves to another place.

The faces are all serious, tender and brave. We sing the well-learned songs. We pray, asking God to be their Shepherd. Poor little lambs! The wolves are after them all too soon!

Then our evangelist, Mr. Williams, talks. The quiet is oppressive, as he advises them to read and pray and live close to Jesus. The girls' choir recites, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.' We sing, 'God be with you till we meet again,' and the August tent work for children is ended."

CHILDREN WHO HAVE "COME."

An Institute lady tells the following:

"A pull at my dress, and I turn to find a little eight-year-old girl standing by me in the tent.

"Her little face is all eagerness as she looks into mine, and she holds tightly by the hand a tiny girl, whom she tells me is Josie, and she is 'most six.'

"Hurriedly but sweetly she tells me that her heart has been clean since yesterday, and she wants her little sister to have hers cleansed, too; that it was such a black heart before because in it was no love for the dear Jesus whose blood could make it clean; that it is, oh! so nice to have it clean, and that Josie must have hers washed too.

"In her eagerness she keeps pushing the little sister in front of her, but answering all my questions herself.

"'Oh, yes, Miss, she knows her heart hasn't been made clean.' 'She knows Jesus' blood will make it clean.' 'She won't let any black spots get on it, 'cause Jesus will

help her—we will ask Him together. I won't let her forget to ask. I will tell her about it all the time. Oh, please, she isn't too little, is she, if I keep telling her all the time she musn't let any black spots get on her heart?'

"Drawing the little one close to me, I tell her of that first missionary, who, after that experience of a few hours spent with Jesus in a little hut in the wilderness of Judea, 'first findeth his own brother' and brought him to Jesus.

"With a happy and contented smile she listens, and then says to me, 'Then I am a little missionary, too. Isn't it nice to bring folks to Jesus? I am going to bring some more.'

"And as she goes out of the tent—so happy in her mission—an earnest prayer goes up from my heart for her, that it may always be natural for her to tell of this which so fills her heart, as for a flower to unfold, or a fountain to bubble forth, and that, thus telling, she find and bring many to Him."

LITTLE CLARA.

Miss Poxon tells this precious story:

"One afternoon in the children's meeting, after all the workers had gone, Mr. S. noticed two little girls sitting on the front seat. I went to them, and kneeling down in front of them I said, 'And what do these girlies want? Do they want to be Christians?' The larger one, whose name is Clara, said, Oh, yes, we have wanted to be Christians this long time, but nobody asked us.' Taking them to God's Word, I showed them how much He wanted them, even so much as to give His Son for them.

Then we knelt in prayer, Clara praying herself, asking God to give her a clean heart.

"We arose, and then I explained, 'Believe,' 'Receive,' 'Confess,' telling her to be sure and tell mamma when she returned home. I held in my hand a Testament. She asked me for one, saying, 'Will you mark the lesson we had to-day?' The lesson was, 'Lord, save me,' 'Lord, help me,' 'Lord, remember me.' I marked each place, and several others for her. She promised to read it every day. She returned the next day. We had a testimony meeting, and she was the first on her feet, saying, 'I gave my heart to Jesus yesterday, and He helps me.' She came every day that week to be an inspiration to the leader of the children's meeting.

"The next Tuesday I missed that bright face. Wednesday it rained. Thursday she was not there. Friday was the last day of the children's meetings in that place. I looked for the darling, but had not time to go to her home before meeting. As soon as it closed I sent three girls with two picture cards for the two sisters. Coming back in a few moments they said, 'Why Clara is dead. They have just come from her funeral.' I went over to the house; found it all true. She was taken ill on Monday, and asked for 'teacher' several times. Her mother did not know my address, and Wednesday it rained so badly she thought she would not be there. Thursday she called her mother to her, asking her to sing, 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,' and said, 'Mamma, that verse about his hands on my head, sing that.' The

mother did not know it. Then she asked for her Testament, and said, 'Read, mamma, "Lord, save me," "Lord, help me," "Lord, remember me."' I saw that little Testament, all covered with her finger marks, where she had read. She became unconscious soon after, and died that evening, saying, as she passed away, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' How thankful I am for that one more precious soul in heaven."

Sometimes all day meetings are held with wonderful results. I attended one of these. Perhaps a program of the meetings would give a better idea of how these meetings are conducted.

Great Awakening. God is with us.
Christians Arouse. Sinners pay attention.

TO THE

ALL DAY MEETINGS AND JUBILEE TIME.

Gospel Tent, corner Washtenaw and North Aves.

Thursday and Friday, Sept. 7 and 8.

Never before, and perhaps never again, will the people of this part of Chicago have the opportunity and blessed privilege of hearing this great force of leading Christian Workers of this and other countries who have come to help us.

Make your arrangements so that you can attend all of these Meetings. You can't afford to miss one of them. A hearty welcome extended to all.

THURSDAY.

9 A. M. . . . . PRAYER MEETING
10 A. M. . . . . Rev. John Riddell, of Glasgow, Scotland.
11 A. M. . . . . Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn, N. Y.
1 P. M. . . . . PRAISE SERVICE.
2 P. M. . . . . Ferd. Schiverea.
3 P. M. . . . . Rev. John McNeill, of London, England.
4 P. M. . . Children's Meeting, conducted by Miss Bessie Tyson.
7.45 P. M. . . . . Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, Md.

FRIDAY.

9 A. M. . . . . Prayer Meeting.
10 A. M. . . . . Merton Smith, Scotch Evangelist.
11 A. M. . . . . Henry Varley, of London, Eng.
1 P. M. . . . . Consecration Meeting.
Conducted by J. H. Elliott, of Minneapolis, Minn.
2 P. M. Rev. Dr. Stoecker, of Berlin, late Chaplain to the Emperor of Germany.
3 P. M. . . . . Rev. John Robertson, of Glasgow, Scotland.
4 P. M. . . . Children's Meeting, conducted by Major Whittle.
7.45 P. M. . . . . Ferd. Schiverea.

The following singers will take part in these meetings:

Geo. C. Stebbins,	Kimball Quartette,
J. H. Burke,	Oberlin Quartette,
F. H. Jacobs,	Institute Quartette,
C. H. Atkinson,	Ladies' Quartette.

THE OBERLIN QUARTETTE.

I HEARD Mr. Moody remark that he looks upon the singing as being of as much importance almost as the preaching. He provides the best that can be had—solos, duets, quartettes, choruses, and the great congregation are all brought into the service of song. The Oberlin and Kimball Quartettes and others added very much to the interest of the services. A brief sketch of some of these, with one of their favorite songs, is given here.

Herbert Harrows, first tenor, is from Mansfield, O., and graduated from Oberlin College in the class of '94. He has studied music during his whole course at Oberlin, and is the leader of the College Glee Club. He was engaged in business two years, but by reason of Christian influences at home, was persuaded to pursue

THE OBERLIN QUARTETTE.

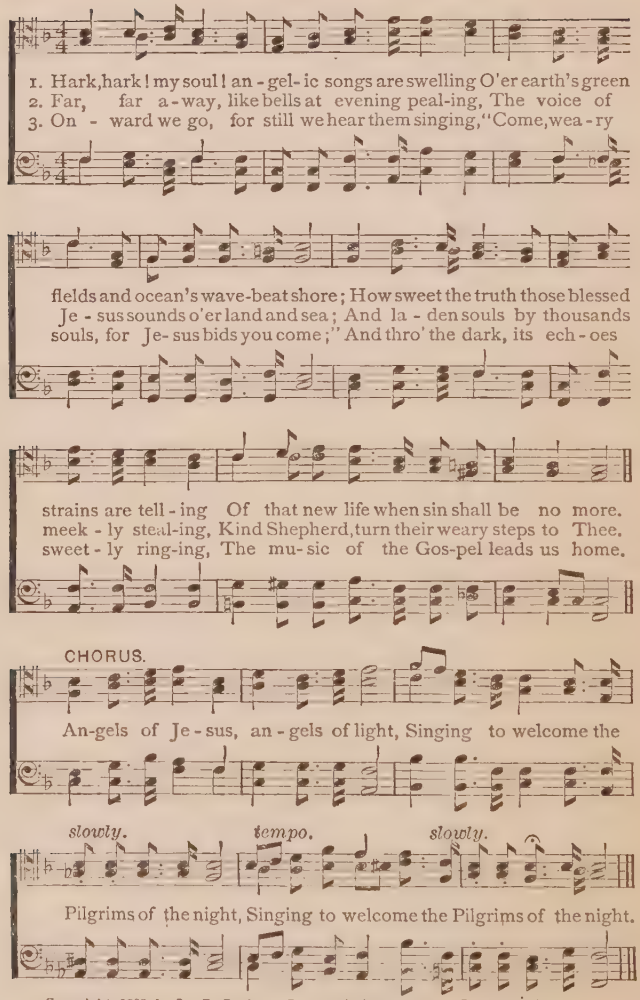
his education further and prepare for a life of greater influence. Two years ago he traveled with G. W. Meade (Evangelist), and had charge of the singing.

Mr. Frank T. Johnson, second tenor, was born at Macomb, Ill., July 14th, 1868. He moved with his parents to Otay, Cal., in 1886, where they still reside. Mr. Johnson has traveled much in this and foreign countries, and has had ample opportunity to study human nature. He has studied at Wheaton College, Illinois, and Oberlin College, being at the latter place two years. Besides taking college studies, Mr. Johnson is studying music, and is solo tenor of the First Congregational Church of 170 voices and member of the Glee Club and Musical Union.

Paul W. Goldsbury, second bass, is from Minneapolis. He attended Oberlin three years, and two years at Williams, graduating in '92. The past year he has been studying medicine in the University of Minnesota, and expects ultimately to go to the foreign field. He has sung in male quartettes, sent out to Y. M. C. A. meetings, many times. In the summer of '91 he sang in quartette of an Evangelistic band, organized by F. J. Pierson, which traveled extensively through New England.

Spencer E. Evans, first bass, lives at Shandon, O. He graduated from Marietta College in '91. He has always been prominent in musical lines, studied one year in the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. The past year he has been in the Chicago Theological Seminary, and was the leader of the Glee Club.

PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.


1. Hark, hark! my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green
2. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of
3. On - ward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wea - ry
fields and ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed
Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls by thousands
souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes
strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
meek - ly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
sweet - ly ring-ing, The mu - sic of the Gos-pel leads us home.
CHORUS.
An-gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Singing to welcome the
slowly.
tempo.
slowly.
Pilgrims of the night, Singing to welcome the Pilgrims of the night.

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Oberlin's Favorite.

L. H. Ellicott

JOHN H. ELLIOTT.

MR. ELLIOTT is one of the staff of the Bible Institute. He was born in Trafalgar township, county of Halton, Ontario, Canada, March 4th, 1853.

The first sixteen years of his life were spent on the farm amid the rugged and healthful surroundings of Western Canada. When yet a small boy he was led to Christ in the little country church, through the faithful preaching of the celebrated Dr. Robert Boyle, of whom Bishop Simpson made honorable mention in his History of Methodism. A good English education in the best of Canadian schools laid the foundation for future usefulness and success in business, and later in Christian work.

At about the age of nineteen Mr. Elliott left his Canadian home for the city of Chicago, to accept a position offered him in business.

He rose steadily until he commanded a first-class situation as a mechanical draughtsman. The temptations and allurements of the great city, however, soon led him into the downward track, and his feet well nigh slipped; but the prayers of a godly father and mother prevailed to prevent his utter downfall. As it was he was drawn into a life of social gayety and pleasure that interfered sadly with spiritual growth and usefulness.

About this time he was seriously threatened with lung trouble, and upon the advice of physicians left Chicago for the old home in hope of recovering his

health. As it transpired this was evidently of the Lord, for it was while seeking health he was led through some earnest Christian workers in Belleville, Ontario, out into "the full assurance of faith."

Almost the first work of importance, besides conducting and assisting in evangelistic meetings, which Mr. Elliott undertook was, the collating, editing, and preparing for publication one of the first volumes of Bible readings ever printed in this country. In 1877 the book was issued, under the title "Notes and Suggestions for Bible Readings," by S. R. Briggs and J. H. Elliott. It has had an enormous sale from the first, running through several editions. It is still regarded as one of the best books of its kind.

Since that time Mr. Elliott has brought out several helpful books and workers' aids. Chief among these being "Outline Bible Studies and Bible Readings," and "Suggestive Teaching Outlines for Workers' Training Classes."

In the autumn of 1877 he entered the general secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association, his first field being in the South, at Augusta, Georgia. Here he labored successfully for two years. During this time he was married to Miss Beulah Clemence, a granddaughter of the Hon. Andrew J. Miller, of the Augusta bar, who at once became a good helpmeet. The work in this field was followed by his spending two years respectively with the Association at Nashville, Tennessee, and Albany, New York.

MERTON SMITH.

He is now Field Secretary of the Bible Institute at Chicago. He will seek to enlarge and extend the usefulness of this worthy institution. Incident to this he has been assisting in Mr. Moody's World's Fair Evangelistic meetings by conducting Union Evangelistic Services at Rogers' Park, Chicago, by the invitation of the pastors of the Baptist, Congregational and Methodist churches.

MERTON SMITH.

ONE of the most successful of the true workers is Merton Smith. He is a brand snatched from the burning, and has a fiery look about him yet, but the fire is in him and burns in his very bones to the glory of God. I will only introduce him to you that you may hear his experience as told by himself.

"Let me tell you how it was that I found my God. Passing over the dark events that occurred just before my conversion, simply stating that they were of such a nature as to alienate all sympathy from me, and to leave me friendless, homeless, and penniless, with a sense of utter degradation in my breast, I will endeavor to give you as accurately as possible the state of my mind, and what happened to me in the body just previous to and immediately after my conversion.

"For over a year I had been aware that 'drink' was getting the better of me. I had long known that I was a gambler, but the knowledge that I was a poor, miser-

able drunkard had not come to me till within the previous twelve months."

Thus, little by little, and almost insensibly, sin acquires power over its victim. "He that committeth sin is the servant (or slave) of sin."

"I had suspected it some time before, when I first went to America, but nine months' almost total abstinence had raised my conceit and pride once again and militated towards my complete and final overthrow."

Efforts at self reformation without Christ may thus succeed for a time, but they cannot last long; sin and Satan are too strong; and if they do apparently succeed, and the chain of one great lust seems broken, it is sure to be replaced by another, and oftener than any other, that subtle coil of Satan —self-righteousness.

"I cannot describe to you my despair when the conviction settled on me, nor will I weary you with my efforts to rid myself of the fearful bondage. Each effort brought failure, and, so to speak, a fresh loss of honor and self-respect.

"Finally, I landed in Chicago, with $4.50 in my pocket, an outcast, ruined in reputation and in health.

"Unknown to myself, I was now entering the desert where I should, so to speak, find myself alone.

"My first act in Chicago was, as had been my custom in every other place, to take a drink, after which I sat down, and, with the paper before me, commenced my first attempt in many, many months to realize my position.

"Hitherto I had been drifting just as the wind blew, and so long as I got drink I needed nothing else. I had, indeed, drifted so long that it seemed a hopeless task to regain my course that morning as I sat down to take a 'reckoning.'

"The sky was overcast, not a single blink of sunshine. At night, the stars were hid. For weeks no log had been kept, so, as I endeavored to make out a course, the figures became blurred and dim, and finally overcome with the futility of my endeavor, I roused myself—and drank again! I then went out and secured a room for myself for one night at the cost of twenty-five cents, and started off to look for work.

"The weather was exceedingly cold, and I soon got discouraged and gave up, and going into a billiard-room I strove to forget my troubles in a game. I had good luck at first, playing only for drinks and cigars; but a run of bad luck came, and soon every cent in my possession was gone. This brought me to the end of my rope, and I went to my room to bed well filled up with drink, and therefore thinking nothing of the morrow. But to-morrow has to come, and my morrow came with its miseries and its pangs of keen hunger."

No one will deny that there are "the pleasures of sin." But then there comes after the sin that inevitable sting, so remorseless, so hard to bear—the presage of coming judgment and wrath!

"First one thing went for food, then another, until finally my overcoat had to go. You never experienced

what it is to walk about without an overcoat with the thermometer 20 degrees below zero! I had been trying to get work, offering to do anything for any kind of remuneration. I offered my services at a theatre, but they only laughed at me. But it was becoming serious with me. Night was approaching. I had no place to sleep. It was my *First Day* without food, for not a bite of food had passed my lips since the previous evening. My bones were sore from the cold. Ah! my friend, as I turned away from that theatre door and walked down the lane to the brightly-lighted street, the thoughts of my heart were fearful! too awful to pen! A little further on a young man accosted me, begging for ten cents to get a bed. I turned away with a curse, and seemed to hear a hollow laugh behind me. Was it Satan, think you, or merely the poor starved boy I had cursed? I walked on, and, by-and-by, searching in my pockets for something that would get me some money, I found a little fruit-knife given me years before by a friend. I had a terrible struggle to part with it; pride held out for a long time, but, oh, it was so cold that at last I ventured into a dingy den kept by an old Polish Jew, who gave me, after a hard struggle, twenty cents—just enough to pay again for my room. How happy I was! It seemed as though my troubles were over as I crawled into bed. Being very tired I soon fell asleep, but ere an hour had elapsed a strong sense of hunger awoke me, and I lay tossing till morning. Alone with my past life and present troubles!

"Next morning I was up early.—*Second Day.* No breakfast. I slaked my feverish thirst with water, and then set out in search of work. No use; everywhere I went they looked at me and laughed, and said they had nothing. Night came: where shall I sleep? Midnight: still wandering about. 2 A. M.: almost perished with cold and hunger. At last, after a terrible struggle with pride, I addressed a policeman, and asked him where a man who was 'dead broke' could get in out of the cold? He eyed me severely, and then told me to go to the station-house, where the officer in charge would arrange for me. There was no help for it. I was freezing to death; so I went to the station-house, and was allowed to sleep on a bench in the court-room till morning.

"*Third Day.*—No breakfast. The pangs of hunger had gone, leaving a burning thirst which had to be constantly slaked by lake water. No dinner—no supper. Station-house again as a refuge at night.

"*Fourth Day.*—Still no breakfast—no dinner—no supper—no work; everything a blank! I had *ceased* thinking, and was simply drifting aimlessly about; in fact, during the latter part of the day, I had given up looking for work. Night came, and again I sought the station-house. The lieutenant in charge grumbled, but finally told me he would take me in that night, but no more.

"*Fifth Day.*—This morning the pangs of hunger returned, and it seemed as though I would have to give

in. Again I looked through all my pockets, and finally, in the lining of my coat, found the frame of a pair of gold spectacles, all rolled and twined together. Still, it was *gold,* and how I rejoiced over it! I got about 4*s* 6*d* for it, and this day I had breakfast, dinner, supper, and bed! The whole of this day was spent in a frantic endeavor to get work; but, as before, it seemed as if every door was shut in my face, and night found me without a cent in my pocket. As I laid my head on my pillow that night the thoughts that had been gradually forming themselves in my mind took definite shape. They were as follow:—'The world owes me a living, and I must have it; honestly, if possible, but if not, *anyhow!*' I was on the verge of becoming a criminal; the process of mind-action had began! What was there in me to stop it? My hand was turning against my fellow-man; what principle was there within to sustain me at this crisis? Oh, how I can sympathize with what we call the 'lapsed masses!' I have personally experienced the transition state.

"So the *Sixth Day* dawned with hideous possibilities crowding on my mind. No breakfast—no dinner—no supper. Evening came, then night. I stood it as long as possible, and then returned to the station-house, notwithstanding the warning the lieutenant had previously given me. To my great relief a new face sat behind the bar, and as I told my story he pointed to the old and now cherished court-room, and told me to make myself as comfortable there as I could.

"*Seventh Day.*—No breakfast—no dinner—no supper; the weather colder than ever! Oh! my heart seemed to grow harder and harder as hunger pressed me."

It is a solemn fact that suffering rarely tends to soften the heart of man. In the book of Revelation, chap. xvi. ver. 10, it is written that a time will come when men will gnaw their tongues for the pains that will be inflicted in the day of Jehovah's wrath, and yet in the following verse we are told that instead of being softened by sufferings, "they blasphemed the God of Heaven." It is only the gracious operations of the Spirit of God that can produce true contrition. Nevertheless, these sufferings have their appointed place in producing a sense of emptiness and need, and a craving for something that will satisfy.

"My feet were bleeding from so much walking, and from time to time I had to sit down, sitting only a few moments, when the cold would *force* me to move on. To crown all, a burning fever had come on, and it seemed truly as if the end would soon be. I had no thoughts of God, no fear of death—just a burning shame for a misspent life."

That "burning shame!" Oh, how solemn. In Daniel xii. 2, we are told that there will be a resurrection "to shame and everlasting contempt." To the lost, what must be the bitter agony of this eternal sense of shame! And what the horror of being the subjects of the everlasting contempt of all holy beings!

"As I walked up the station-house steps that night my heart misgave me. I feared to be turned off again—out into the cold; but the lieutenant simply beckoned

me to the now well-known door. How quickly one becomes acquainted, and, so to speak, domiciled when in misery! Already I had grown to like the old court-room. As I lay awake, vivid pictures of the scenes daily enacted within its walls forced themselves upon me, broken only by the shrill voice of some drunken woman just brought in, and the deep muttered oaths of the disturbed 'jail birds' in the cells below.

"*Eighth Day.*—Memorable for several good reasons. It was my third day without food. The snow fell all day, and at night the thermometer sank to nearly 22 degrees below zero; and, finally, I was refused admittance to the station-house, and had to walk about the streets till past three in the morning! Between eleven and twelve at night I went to the station, but was refused admission. It seemed as though Satan had conspired to kill me! Oh! what temptations came to me that night! It seemed to me that I must succumb, and, what *is* strange, is, that the more I suffered the stronger I rebelled against trying to cheat anyone, or in a dishonest way endeavoring to prolong my life. That night the project of asking my fellow-man for assistance came to my mind, but pride dismissed it at once."

It is astonishing how pride will survive such crushing at the hand of God and man! It is a noxious, deeply-rooted weed in the human heart. One of the special purposes of God in afflicting the children of men is expressed in that wonderful chapter, Job xxxiii., ver. 17—"That He may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." The stout-hearted are "far from righteousness."

"About 3 A. M. I went to the station-house again, and pled to be let in. The man in charge took pity on me. I was half-dazed with cold, hunger and fatigue, and staggered probably as if drunk; but for *eight days* I had not tasted a drop of stimulant of any kind. No one asked me how I was situated. My features were pinched from starvation, but it was, doubtless, a common sight to them (although, in all my work among the 'lapsed masses' since, I have met but few actual cases of starvation); anyhow, no one questioned me, and such was my frame of mind that, had any one done so, I would probably have resented it.

"*Ninth Day.*—No breakfast—no dinner—no supper. Fourth day without food. Temperature somewhat warmer. Spent the time during the forenoon in wondering, in an aimless kind of way, where my dinner was going to come from; and the afternoon, where I should get my supper. I was becoming very weak—*water* being the only thing I could get. It was now Friday night. Still no work in prospect, and my anxiety was mainly as to what I should do over Sunday. In my mind I seemed to have settled the impossibility of carrying on over Sunday, and had decided that on the morrow (Saturday) *something* would have to be done. Meanwhile night was drawing on, and it behoved me to seek a lodging. The old court-room was out of the question, so I began to seek elsewhere. During this walk I passed two missions—heard them singing the Gospel hymns. Strange, *not a thought* came into my mind of

trying Christian charity! I remember one of the missions was next door to a low theatre, and, to my mind, there seemed nothing incongruous. I did not know that it was planted there by warm hearts, looking for just such waifs as I was. I passed them by without a second thought. Strange that I should have got so completely away from all faith in Christianity; but so it was. God, however, meant to assert Himself that night, and forced me to give heed. Between eleven and twelve o'clock I suddenly resolved to leave the city. Surely I would find work to do in the country, and so I started, traveling north. I had not gone over a couple of miles when I became conscious that a policeman was following me. I had learned to know what *that* meant. Night after night, as I lay in the court-room, men had been brought in who had been caught out late, and who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves. These were 'housed' till morning, when they were brought up on a charge of 'vagrancy,' and sent to work out a term in Bridewell. With this knowledge, therefore, I determined to 'take the bull by the horns,' and turned and faced the policeman, stating in a few words the nature of my case, and my disinclination to lodge with the 'tramps' at the station-house. I asked him what could be done for me. He was a good-natured fellow, and replied that if I would go along with him he would see what could be done. As we turned to ascend the steps leading into the station-house, he halted, and in a half-serious manner, pointing across the street,

said, 'You're *broke*; why don't you join them fellows, they're never broke?' I glanced half-heartedly across the way, and read, by the glare of the street lamp, 'Salvation Army Barracks. God saves sinners.' It was the first time in my wanderings that I had been brought face to face with God? The shot went home! And from that moment I came under conviction of sin. Sin, not against my fellow-man, not against myself, not against my family nor my friends (of that I had long been long convicted), but *sin against God!* During my school-days I had always been among the first in 'Bible knowledge,' and that night as I lay alone in the station-house much that had long remained dormant in my memory came to life again; but, above all, one passage kept incessantly obtruding itself, as if urged to assert its truth—'I have been young and now am old: yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor His seed begging bread.' Oh, how it kept ringing in my ear! and how all *my* experience kept testifying to its truth. How the lives of my old school and business friends kept bringing their testimony into line, until, finally, it became useless to deny that, in so far as my experience and knowledge of this life went, the truth of that passage was abundantly demonstrated.

"*Tenth Day.*—What a night! I was so glad when morning came, so that I could again get on the move—it seemed I must get away from my thoughts, or I would go mad! Was it possible that I, who had so often defied God, would have to *face* Him? No, no;

all foolish superstition! But, as often as I would push the thought aside, just so often it would reassert itself. The combat raged so fiercely within, that it was late in the afternoon before I came back to a realization of my present condition. It was now nearly five days since I had tasted solid food; nothing but water had passed my lips, and for four days I had had nothing to smoke. It was Saturday afternoon. What should I do? I must *ask* assistance. What a struggle! I did not know *how* to beg! I stopped two or three men, but my courage failed, and I asked them simply where such and such a street might be found. At last, in despair, I had almost determined to lie down in the street and give up, when suddenly my eye caught a sign, 'Chicago Aid and Relief Society.' If that meant any one in Chicago, it meant me; so, with beating heart, I opened the door and went in. The man was just putting on his coat and hat to go home for the day; but the die was cast, and I held on to him, and told him how I was fixed. How simple it all seemed! What an absolute fool I had been to starve so long. Why, the man looked in my face in blank astonishment as I told him it was five days since I had tasted food. He at once gave me a letter to a family where I could get board and lodging for a week—never asked me a single question—wished me success in finding a job, and bid me go. You may be quite sure I found the way to my new home without further delay. As I drew near to the door, carrying the address on my note for board and lodging, I heard

a shrill voice singing, in broken English, 'Oh! you must be a lover of the Lord,' etc. Knocking loud enough to make myself heard, the door was opened by a pleasant-looking German woman, with two little fair-haired children clinging to her skirts. I presented my order, and she bid me welcome with a friendly smile. In a few moments her husband came in—he was a Scotchman—and we sat down to supper. Five solid days, of twenty-four hours each, lay between this and my last meal! You can, perhaps, imagine my feelings as the head of the table said grace! After supper was over, and I began to *thaw*, the Scotchman commenced talking to me on various topics, and wound up by asking me if I would not go over to the 'army' with him. I felt so grateful for the meal just terminated that I would have gone anywhere with him. So, away we went. As we got into the hall it seemed as if we were entering a noisy beer-garden; but, as we made our way up towards the platform, things grew quieter. Gradually the noise became less, the faces grew less 'tough,' until, finally, we came upon a group of young women all kneeling in prayer in front of the platform, heedless of the insults hurled at them from the audience.

"I will say nothing of that meeting. The 'Captain' and his wife both pleaded with me as if their hearts would break. A feeling of unutterable yearning came over me while they talked; but I pushed them away and said, 'No.'

"On Monday I got work; not a fat job, but enough

to keep body and soul together. Strange, after my experience, but as soon as I was able to pay my way again, my old pride of heart returned in double strength. I was thrown among people of little or no education, and, doubtless, my overbearing manner must have been intolerable to them. I soon recommenced my old ways—drinking, gambling, &c. My associates, however, were all of the low and vulgar; vice was stripped off its gilding, and it seemed as if soon it would be tinged with *crime*.

"I grew unutterably weary; a strange longing for something brighter and purer would haunt me now and then. My only relief was to drown it in drink, and yet the dread of being thrown out of employment kept me within bounds. As regards religion, I believe I was more blasphemously defiant and insulting than ever. The German woman and her Scotch husband, with whom I boarded had both recently been converted. My heart bleeds as I remember the fearful things I said to them."

God will yet bring conviction home to every sinner—not only of his ungodly deeds, but also of all the "hard speeches" which they have spoken against Christ. See Jude 15. Little do the ungodly consider that in speaking reproachfully and bitterly to or of a child of God they are really speaking against Christ! "He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of Mine eye." The Lord met Saul of Tarsus on the road to Damascus, and His charge was, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" That which is done against those who believe in Him, He reckons as done to Himself. He looks upon it as a *personal* matter.

"My time was at hand however. One Saturday night,

after supper, one of the boarders, a French-Canadian, invited me to go over to Mr. Moody's church with him, where he was at work on a model, and we could have a quiet chat and a warm room to sit in. I asked him if there was any meeting (I had never been inside a place of worship since that Saturday at the 'army.') He said, 'No; no one would disturb us,' so I consented and went. While he was working away at the model the janitor of the church, Turner by name, put his head in at the door. 'Turner, let me introduce you to my friend; he is a pretty clever fellow, but he says there is no God.' Turner did not throw up his arms in horror-struck astonishment, but quietly sat down, and commenced to probe me with the Word of God.

> It would be well if more of the Lord's servants thus relied upon the power of the Word of God. It is "the Sword of the Spirit," and it is "living and effectual," and will not return unto God void if sent by him. Little, comparatively, is accomplished for God by argument. Too often it affords inlet for the enemy, and leaves the conscience untouched.

"It was not long before I mounted my war-horse and tilted all I knew how. Turner was not to be discouraged, however, and nothing I could say made him angry. (That was always my great scare; make the professing Christian mad, and then laugh at him.) Turner would not be made mad, but to all my arguments and reasonings simply replied, 'Well, you do seem to know a good deal, but there is *one* thing that I have got that *you* have not got.' 'What is that?' '*Peace.*' This was beyond

all controversy. It is impossible for any man to have *peace* out of Christ if the Spirit of God is striving with him. Turner asked me back, and, without pestering me, kept track of me. Finally I went to one of their prayer meetings, heard the testimony of those who had been redeemed from the curse of strong drink and other habits and vices, heard of the 'Love of God' which, 'while we were yet in our sins,' gave His Son to die for us, heard the many great and precious promises 'in Christ' held out to the sinner, and soon began to wish it were all true of me. How gently God dealt with me, how tenderly! Oh! how true God's word is, 'A bruised reed shall He not break, and the smoking flax shall He not quench.' 'To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house.'

"I passed through the hands of nearly all the workers in Mr. Moody's church, but every one seemed to drop me after a vain effort to lead me into the light. One of the elders in fact told me that he proposed in the committee to have me excluded from the church, as I seemed only to come to the meetings in order to find some one to argue with. Turner, however, always had a bright word for me, and then, best of all, God never forsook me; night and day His Spirit strove with me, and, drunk or sober, I had no peace. Finally an evangelist came along, and he held meetings for one week every night in the church. By this time I had got so that I attended every meeting that was held. That week I heard 'the Gospel'

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE.

of God's love pure and simple; I heard the testimonies of Christ's witnesses, how that through the Incarnate Christ, and through Him alone, Jehovah could be found. 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price' (Isa. lv. 1). *There*, for the first time, I heard and understood the 'comes' of the Scriptures, and there my proud heart broke as God in His mercy revealed to my spiritual vision Jesus, His Son, bearing *my* sins! Jesus said, 'I am the way, the truth and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me,' and when I came to seek forgiveness from the Father, I soon found how profoundly true these words are. I shall never forget my 'spiritual birth,' nor the six months following, as the glorious vista of God's promises opened themselves to my enraptured gaze!"

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE.

MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE has for many years been a well-known business man of Chicago, where his integrity, activity and efficiency earned for him a high regard in the consideration of his business associates. This place, with large business prospects, he resigned at what he believed to be the call of God, to enter upon the evangelistic work. His career during the past few years is familiar to the public. He is, perhaps, better known

throughout the country as the companion of the "*sweet singer*" and author—Philip Paul Bliss. His first effort in connection with Mr. Bliss was made in a small town near Chicago. It was on this occasion that he told the story, "Hold the Fort," which Mr. Bliss has rendered immortal. Major Whittle began modestly in small meetings, and has pressed his way on to great success.

In the inquiry room Major Whittle is especially successful and happy. Eminently wise and judicious in the management of it, his personal instruction is clear as sunlight, and his manner overflows with sympathy and love. He is but at the beginning of his career, and, in the providence of God, there is doubtless opening before him a path of distinguished success.

During the World's Fair he has held tent meetings with great blessings upon his work. I am glad to lay before you some extracts from his Bible Notes which he publishes every month, and purposes in seven years to go through the entire book. You would do well to write to him at Bible Institute, Chicago, for a copy.

Wednesday, October 4th.

Leviticus iv. 27 to 35.

Verse 27. "Sin is doing any of the things which the Lord hath commanded not to be done." This is the translation in the revised version. See 1 John iii. 4. "Whosoever committeth sin, transgresseth also the law; for sin is the transgression of the law." How plainly we see that John's mind was on Leviticus, as we read the next verse. "And we know that he was manifested to take away our sins." There is but one unchangeable, irreversible, immutable standard as to sin, and that standard is the will of a holy God, expressed in His

law. If we depart from this in the slightest degree, we are all at sea. We should use the law of God far more than we do to convict men of sin and lead them to the sin offering.

Verse 28 with verse 32. The offerings committed to one of the common people were not as costly or of as high a grade as the three already treated of. God is of "purer eyes than to behold iniquity" He cannot pass over the smallest sin, but sin grows in offensiveness according to the light enjoyed, and the position occupied in the service of God of the one who sins.

Verses 29 to 35. None of the blood of these offerings shed to pacify individual conscience in particular cases, was taken in before the veil. Blood for them had already been placed there by the priest in the sin offering for the congregation on the day of atonement. (See Lev. xvi.) As before God this is not to be repeated. So read John xiii. 10; Heb. x. 10 and 12. Our faith needs stimulating and reviving, to take constantly fresh hold of the merit of the atonement of Christ, but that atonement is never repeated. The cup we take is a memorial of a completed transaction; not a part of the transaction. Read twice over the closing words of verses 31 and 35, and read in connection Rom. viii. 1 to 4.

From C. H. Spurgeon.

Believers in Christ on earth are one with him, and I leave each Christian to draw the many inferences which naturally spring from our being thus one with Him. Our heaven lies in our union with Him. Aye! and sometimes when we realize our oneness with Christ we can hardly think that we should be happier in heaven than we are now. May you all have this enjoyment! Oh, you who think that we are saved, if we told you the unspeakable delight, the immeasureable bliss which communion with Christ has brought into our souls! I desire that all of you should know the same rapture. I never enjoy a thing without wishing everybody to enjoy it; therefore, when I come to this point of being one with Christ, and the delight it brings, I would to God that you all knew it too! But alas, some do not; some do not even desire it.

Text for the day, verse 29.

Sunday, October 8th.

Leviticus vi. 1 to 5.

Verse 1. Dr. Bonar thinks there was silence in the holy place, where Moses was writing, until he had recorded the messages that come between the sentences, "And the Lord spake unto Moses saying.'

Verses 2 to 5. He who spake these words, spoke the words of Matt. v. by the sea of Galilee. When we come into one audience chamber of God's house to worship and seek a blessing, and there may be in another chamber a poor man whom we have wronged, or a grieved man or woman whom we have slandered, or even a child who e little heart we have grieved by harshness, our cause will speed badly. "Leave there thy gifts before the altar and go thy way. *First* be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." (Matt. v. 24.) If a man is sincere in seeking salvation, he will always be willing to make restitution to those whom he has wronged. Men everywhere recognize this as just, and yet thousands shut themselves out of the kingdom of God, because of the covetousness that clings to ill gotten gain, or the pride that prevents confession. Many a man who has stood well for a time as a professing Christian has apostatized right here. Back in his life there has been some transaction of "lying to his neighbor in that which was delivered him to keep," and he has never made it right. The torment of conscience about it as he read his Bible and tried to pray, became unbearable, and he turned from God. Reader, be right with God on all this line of right treatment of your fellow-men. Rom. xii. 16-21.

From John McNeill.

When will you and I learn the infatuation of sin? In a day, in an hour God could come to us, and bring in at once eternal heaven or eternal hell; and if He does not, He holds off simply and purely in our interests.

The Lord is full of pity and tender mercy and He desires not the death of the sinner, but would rather that he turn, for turning means living; turning means confession, forgiveness, salvation. Let me ask the drunkard, the covetous, the licentious, the sinners against God of all classes here to-day, leprous with secret uncleanness, why

are you permitted to live? Why are you permitted to be the hypocrite on some communion roll that you are? Simply because God's patience is not yet exhausted; *but it has an end.* And yet men sit today in grim, desperate, fatuous silence, daring God to do His worst, for they will never yield—they will never confess.

Text for the day, verse 2.

Monday, October 9th.

Leviticus vi. 6 and 7.

The restitution required in the first five verses was secured from the transgressor by his gazing upon the lamb without blemish standing by the altar of offering, ready to be made an atonement for him. So it is the thought of a Father with a heart to welcome and forgive him, a Saviour to justify him, and the Holy Spirit to sanctify and cleanse him, that brings the sinner to repentance and confession now. The law of God must be preached to convict of sin; but Christ as the trespass offering, making atonement to God, must also be lifted up, or men will never repent. So Luke xxiv. 44 to 48; Acts v. 30 to 32.

How clearly and unmistakably the mere moralist, whose theory of life, while magnifying honesty among men, ignores all accountability to God, is condemned by the verses we are considering. God, as Creator and Ruler of men, has claims. He has given a law to man. He requires that law to be obeyed, and He must by the very necessity of His own being, enter into judgment with men for every act of disobedience. It is illogical to say that simple restoration to my fellow-man satisfies the broken law. The principle involved in my making restitution to the creature injured, drives me to the need of being made right with the Creator disobeyed. I cannot inflict wrong upon myself or any fellow-man, without wronging God. So the cross is the "wisdom of God," as well as "the power of God" for man's salvation from sin. On the ground of the atonement there made, the man who confesses his sins, and accepts of that atonement, is "*forgiven for anything of all that he hath done.*" 1 John i. 7 and Col. ii. 14.

From Mr. Moody.

If I think of God as a judge, and myself as a sinner, I need the

blood of the cross to bring me into His presence, in the way of righteousness. I must fully understand that every claim which God, the righteous Judge, had upon me, a guilty sinner, has been divinely answered and eternally settled by "the precious blood of Christ." This gives my soul peace. I see that through that blood God can be "just and the justifier" of him which believeth in Jesus. (Rom. iii. 26.) I learn that in the cross God has been glorified about my sins; yea, that the whole question of sin was fully gone into and perfectly settled between God and Christ, at Calvary. Here my load is taken off; my guilt cancelled; and I have perfect peace.

Text for the day, verse 7.

VICTORY OVER DEATH.

Sermon by MAJOR D. W. WHITTLE.

Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory.—1 Cor. xv. 57.

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

"Death is swallowed up in victory."

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 26, 54, 55.)

So death is an enemy; always has been, and always will be; and is the last enemy to be destroyed. But, as an enemy, the believer is assured that in Christ he has the victory. With the question of sin settled, and judgment behind him at the Cross, instead of before him beyond the grave, the sting of death is removed; and the cause of its greatest terror, the fear of judgment, gone. Death no longer comes like a police officer to a believer, to bind him and take him to prison to await the great assize; but is allowed by God, as an enemy indeed, to hasten His children home—like a bad man

who frightens the children as they come from school, and they run the faster to their father's house.

We have, as believers, the victory over death, in the triumph of our Saviour in coming up from the grave. The victory there gained was a victory in which every believer has a share. This robs the grave of its terror should we be called upon to lie therein. There is no question as to our coming up out of the grave. That was fully settled when He arose.

Sin cannot keep us there: for Christ took our sin and carried it to His grave, and God raised Him up above it all.

Satan cannot keep us there: for Christ by His death has overcome him that had the power of death; and He has the keys of death and the grave under His control. None can go in without his permission; and all must come forth when He shall speak the word.

Corruption cannot keep us there: for "this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality" (1 Cor. xv. 53).

So in Heb. ii. 15 we read, Christ came to "deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage." In Phil. i. 21 the Apostle tells us—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain;" and in the 23d verse—"having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better." So in 2 Cor. v. 8—"We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

These words are unequivocal and plain. At death, the happy Spirit of the believer in Christ is with Christ in heaven. The same Lord Jesus, who was seen by the dying Stephen standing at the right hand of God when the heavens opened before him, and to whom he prayed, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" will reveal Himself, and give dying grace to every one of His redeemed children, who may be called to follow Him into the grave; and their spirits shall rest with Him in conscious bliss in Paradise until the morning of the Resurrection, when they shall come with Him again to earth to be rehabilitated with re-created glorified bodies. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him" (1 Thess. iv. 14).

So if God call us to the high honor, as believers, of following Jesus even down into the grave, He will impart to us, in His grace, the same faith that He Himself had when He said, "Father into Thy hands I commend my Sprit," and yielded His body to death, in the sure hope and certain expectation that God would raise Him up again.

So death to the believer is but the swinging open of the door through which he passes into the presence of his loving Lord. "Aren't you afeard, John," said the wife of a dying miner, as she bent over him in the last hour. "Afeard, lass?" said the man, "why should I be afeard? I ken Jesus; and Jesus kens me." And why should he fear? And why should any one who

kens Jesus fear? "For He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee: so that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear what man shall do unto me" (Heb. xiii. 5, 6).

"I will never leave thee." Surely then, in the hour of death, He is there: and this should be our comfort, as those whom we love receive from us the last good-bye; and human affection and human care can go no farther. We simply resign our position that they may receive better care."

The last pressure of our hand is quickly followed by the clasp of His hand, who whispers, "Fear not, I will uphold thee." The last look of love from us is mingled with the tide of love that flows in upon them, in the consciousness that Jesus is near. The last sight of earthly friends is quickly succeeded by the rapturous vision of the glorified Lord. And as with them, so shall it be with us, if the Lord tarry, and we too fall asleep in Jesus.

How often have we known of dying saints, when lost to all consciousness and memory of things below, revive and smile at the name of Jesus! One of whom the writer knew, who made no sign of life as mother, husband, children came, and weeping said, "Do you know me?" whispered, in reply to the question, "Do you know Jesus?" "*Precious Jesus, I know Him.*" A poor Irish peasant woman, in dying, had closed her eyes, and the sister standing by, thinking her dead, commenced the wail of mourning, when the dying one

whispered, "Hush, hark!" "What is it, Peggy?" said the sister. "You are disturbing me," was the reply. "I am listening to the breezes that are waving the branches of the Tree of Life." A few minutes more, and her spirit had fled.

What wonderful things have been suggested to us by the quick, strange, glad, awe-filled look of surprise that has come into the eyes of the dying saints! Some on battle-fields of carnage and blood, and some in homes of comfort and love, we have seen, as, lost to the sense of all earthly surroundings, they gave the far-away look at something unseen by those around; and have passed away. "Thanks be to God that giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

So victory over death. Grace now given to meet it, and pass through it. The fear of it overcome; the sting of it removed; in the certain knowledge that this death is not penal in its character; not a visitation upon us of wrath against us for sin: for Christ hath taken that away once for all, and "there is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." So it reads that Jesus died; and we, as believers, die in Him, as to penal death. And our dying, as to the separation of spirit and body for a little while, is called "falling asleep." "All things are yours," death included (1 Cor. iii. 21, 22).

Let the child of God just rest upon His unchanging Word for peace and comfort. If chosen to honor the Saviour by bearing long-continued and severe pain of

body; then by "all patience and long-suffering with joyfulness," let it be made manifest in you what His grace can do. And if the closing hours of life are darkened by special assaults of the adversary, even as were the last hours of our blessed Lord, and no gleams of glory seem to pierce the cloud, still trust and say, "This has been my comfort in my affliction; Thy Word hath quickened me."

A dying saint who was passing through this experience at the close of a life that had been singularly free from doubt, and uniformly bright and happy in conscious fellowship with her Saviour, said: "My faith is being tried. The brightness you speak of I do not have: but I have given my soul to Jesus; and I have learned in these years to know Him well enough to trust Him to put me to bed in the dark, if it be His will." These were God-honoring words of faith: more to the glory of the Lord Jesus than could be the relation of the happiest experience; for they honor His Word.

The further victory over death, as presented in the Scriptures—the final, complete, and glorious victory—is found in the presentation to the believer—as the blessed hope unto which he was saved (Rom. viii. 23, 24, *lit.*) —of the coming again from Heaven of our Lord Jesus; the resurrection of the sleeping bodies of the departed saints, and the changing of the bodies of the living ones "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump" (1 Cor. xv. 52). "Behold, I show you a

mystery, we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed" (1 Cor. xv. 51). "For this we say unto you by the Word of the Lord: that we that are alive, that are left unto the coming of the Lord, shall in no wise precede them that are fallen asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven, with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we that are alive, that are left, shall together with them be caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. iv. 15–17, R.V.).

"Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written—Death is swallowed up in victory" (1 Cor. xv. 54).

Then, and not until then. Until that time "we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed (*i.e.*, die), but clothed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life. Now he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit" (2 Cor. v. 4, 5), and "ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our bodies" (Rom. viii. 23).

"For our citizenship (*revised version*) is in heaven: from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, accord-

ing to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself" (Phil. iii. 20, 21).

This will be PERFECTION ; perfection of bliss, perfection of holiness, perfection of happiness, perfection of attainment : the realization of all for which we were redeemed ; and of which we now have the first fruits in the indwelling of the Spirit in our souls, " which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, unto the praise of His glory" (Eph. i. 14). For this we are commanded to *wait*—" waiting for the adoption" (Rom. viii. 23) ; " looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Tit. ii. 13). To *expect*—" For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God (Rom. viii. 19). To *desire*—" Earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from Heaven" (2 Cor. v. 2). To *pray for*—" Even so, come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. xxii. 20).

We are told to watch, for in such an hour as we think not He will come (Matt. xxiv. 42, 44). We do not watch for death. Death is *not* our blessed hope. Death is "departing to be with Christ," a " falling asleep," as in Scripture terms. The coming of the Lord is His personal presence with us ; the awaking of those that sleep.

Oh, may the young convert receive this truth fully into his soul ; and be of the number of those that wait for their Lord, when He will return from the wedding ;

" that, when He cometh and knocketh, they may open unto Him immediately ! Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching " (Luke xii. 36, 37).

The coming of Jesus again to this earth ; the personality and imminence of that coming ; the glory following that coming for His saints ; and the woe and disaster for those who have despised and rejected God's grace—constitute the most prominent theme of the Scriptures. May the Holy Spirit unfold the meaning of these Scriptures to the reader ; and may his heart enter fully into all that God has been pleased to reveal of His glorious purposes concerning Christ and His Church ! " Yet a little while ; and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry " (Heb. x. 37).

Oh, what a victory the believer will then realize ! Despised and persecuted, he may have been on earth : one " of whom the world was not worthy," defamed, laughed at, and made as the offscouring of all things ; sorely beset by Satan through his earthly pilgrimage ; hated and opposed by the world ; long chained to a body of humiliation, in which he groaned and toiled, sinned and repented, suffered and battled against ; hating sin, and humbled by its presence ; loving God, and loathing self ; and self clinging to Him. But now the hour is struck ; the trumpet sounds ; the great deliverance has come ; the dragon is cast into the pit ; " the kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ :" and, as a part of the Lord's

Christ, He stands upon the sea of glass in His glorified, immortal, and sinless body ; and as a redeemed spirit in a redeemed body, reigning with the Lord of glory over a redeemed earth, He joins in the song of the ransomed host described by John in Rev. xix. 6 : "And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude ; and as the voice of many waters ; and as the voice of mighty thunderings : saying, Alleluia ! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

"Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord" (1 Cor. xv. 57, 58).

THERE'S A GLORIOUS KINGDOM WAITING.

There's a glorious Kingdom waiting
In the land beyond the sky,
Where the saints have been gathering year by year;
And the days are swiftly passing
That shall bring the Kingdom nigh,
For the coming of the Kingdom draweth near.

With the coming of the Kingdom
We shall see our glorious Lord.
For the King, ere the Kingdom, must appear,
Hallelujah to His name,
Who redeemed us by His blood !
Oh, the coming of the Kingdom draweth near.

'Tis the hope of yonder Kingdom,
And the glory there prepared,
And the looking for the Saviour to appear,

That delivers us from bondage
To the world that once ensnared:
Oh, the coming of the Kingdom draweth near.

Oh, the world is growing weary,
It has waited now so long;
And the hearts of men are failing them for fear.
Let us tell them of the Kingdom;
Let us cheer them with the song,
That the coming of the Kingdom draweth near,

Oh, the coming of the Kingdom draweth near,
Oh, the coming of the Kingdom draweth near:
Be thou ready, oh my soul,
For the trumpet soon may roll,
And the King in His glory shall appear.

LORD BENNETT.

MR. MOODY numbers among his friends and co-workers the true nobility of the earth. He does not believe in titles and is no respecter of persons, but if a man is converted, it matters little whether he is a peasant or a prince, he is Moody's friend and brother.

I had the pleasure of meeting Lord Bennett while in Chicago. He is a loving, earnest and humble servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. Though reared with all the privileges that would fall to the lot of a son of an earl, he is plain and simple in his habits, sincere in his friendship, devoted in his religion. I had hoped to

LORD BENNETT.

Oswallon J. Davis.
Benjamin T. Williams.
Everette P. Johnson.
Ira P. Penniman.
THE KIMBALL MALE QUARTETTE.

give our readers an account of his conversion, but it has not reached me in time for publication. The light came to him while reading one of Mr. Moody's sermons in his own home at Chillingham Castle, in England and he went forth as a layman to tell the story of his conversion and seek to win his fellow-men to God. It was very sweet to me to hear him stand in the presence of a large congregation in Chicago and relate in earnest words the experience through which he had passed. Long may he live to exert an influence in behalf of the Lord of Lords, to whom he has given his life and love.

THE KIMBALL QUARTETTE.

AT the first service I attended in the Haymarket theatre we had a lovely song, "Remember Now thy Creator," by the Kimball Quartette. Mr. Moody had employed those young students for the summer, and they added greatly to the interest of the meetings. I am able through the courtesy of one of them to give a brief sketch of each.

CASWALLON J. DAVIS.

Born at Glamorganshire, South Wales. Was a worker in coal mines from the age of nine till he was twenty-one, at Scranton, Pa. Following a strong passion for music Mr. Davis then left home, and for two years sang

with McCaull's Opera Company. In Chicago he met his old pastor of Scranton, who induced him to return to his home, and later to go to Oberlin for study. There Mr. Davis entered the Conservatory, and since then he has supported himself and studied vocal music with Prof. Kimball with a view to singing the Gospel, for which he seemed peculiarly adapted.

BENJAMIN T. WILLIAMS.

Born at Swansea, South Wales, in 1863. He worked for some years in the iron mills next to his home, and in 1887 came to Youngstown, Ohio, where he had an older sister. Here again he was a puddler in the iron works till the fall of 1887, when he came to Oberlin and began preparations for college. Three years later Mr. Williams entered the Oberlin Theological Seminary, and graduated from the English Course last spring. Mr. Williams' father was an earnest Christian, and early brought his son to Christ. To his father's prayers are due the fact that another life was consecrated to Christ's cause, and another voice to spread His Gospel in song.

IRA B. PENNIMAN.

Born in 1872 in the State of Illinois. Came as a child with his parents to Oberlin, where he passed through the graded schools and entered college at nineteen years of age. Possessing a good bass voice he has given much time to the study of music in the Oberlin Conservatory, and to singing, mostly of sacred music. Mr. Penniman

purposes to complete both college and conservatory courses, and to devote himself to teaching and to elevating the standard of church music in this country. Blessed with Christian parents he began early to do Christian work, and it is certain that the Lord blesses his singing.

EVERETT P. JOHNSON.

Born September 8, 1870, in Ashland Co., Ohio., lived with Christian parents in the country till twelve years of age. By the illness of his father the family then moved to Wellington, Ohio, where the advantages of a graded school were afforded. In the fall of 1889, as a young man Mr. Johnson began studies at Oberlin, supporting himself and studying music as college duties would permit. Was converted at the age of eight during protracted meetings held by his old pastor in the country. In the spring of 1891 he joined the Kimball Quartette, with which he has now been associated for three years. He expects to continue to sing the Gospel.

HENRY VARLEY.

MR. HENRY VARLEY was born in Tattershall, Lincolnshire, England, in 1835. The youngest son in a family of seven, his early years were identified with a goodly share of earthly care and trial, consequent upon the death of his beloved mother. A lady possessed of great ability, and the head of a large ladies'

seminary in the city of Lincoln, it is evident that to her character and training Mr. Varley owes, in large measure, the gifts which, under God, have caused him to be so well and widely known. As early as six years of age, our brother tells of his mother's wonderful influence over him.

Suffering in childhood from weak sight, he was much in her company, and amongst a hundred memories, the pleasure of going with her on Sunday evenings to hear a godly clergyman preach in Lincoln, has a prominent place. When this gifted lady died, her youngest son was only ten years of age; but a work had been effected by that beloved mother which continues to this day. The incidents of all others graven upon his memory, are those which belonged to the latest days of that treasured life. Whilst suffering intense pain the child, Henry, would watch by his mother's bed, and read and repeat her favorite hymns. When too weak to speak audibly, he would, with childish anxiety and love, notice his mother's lips following the words of her favorite hymn:

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless look to thee for grace.
Guilty to thy fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die."

A few short months only elapsed, and the subject of this sketch reached London with less than five shillings in all of worldly possession. He began life, it may, in-

deed, be said, on the lowest rung of the ladder. Hard work and trying experiences were known, but they laid in boyhood the foundation of a strong physique, simplicity of habit, and an enduring manhood. Mr. Varley, who is now approaching fifty-eight, states that he feels as strong and vigorous as he did when twenty-five, and attributes this fact largely to the trying experiences involved through coming away from a loving home in Lincoln, to the harsh and unfeeling loneliness of the great city, London. The endurance of hardness and the bearing of the yoke in youth has, in our brother's judgment, resulted in many advantages. Though young and practically alone, the fear of God and a mother's gracious influence, were as walls of defence about his early years. Time sped on, and at fifteen years of age God's work of grace, the great change of heart and life in our brother's experience, took place. To use his own words, "he was born from above by the power of the Holy Ghost." Crossing Trafalgar Square one Sunday afternoon in the summer of 1851, the year of the first great Exhibition in London, a young man, a member of the Y. M. C. A., placed a tract in young Varley's hand. Looking up he recognized his cousin, J. W. Kirton, the well-known author of "Buy your own Cherries," and many other temperance works. Mr. Kirton asked his young relative to go home with him to evening tea, and the night saw them both listening to the faithful and fervent ministry of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, who shortly before this had left the

Episcopal Church, had been baptized, and became the pastor of the large church assembled at John Street, Bedford Row, E. C.

Under this faithful ministry, and especially at the meetings of the Young Men's Bible Class, held by Mr. John Roberts, our brother was brought into vital union with Christ, and was afterwards baptized by Mr. Noel, setting forth in the scriptural and intelligent symbolism of immersion, his death, burial, and resurrection with Christ Jesus, his Lord. Scarcely had twelve months elapsed, when the subject of this sketch gave his first address in the large and crowded John Street Sunday School. It was a trying ordeal, but the wise superintendent encouraged with kindly words the youth of seventeen, and from this time the promise of the student and evangelist began to be manifested.

Temperance meetings and outdoor services yielded occasion for the exercise and development of the gifts to His Church which the exalted Lord had placed as a divine dowry within his young servant.

So marked was the progress made, commercially, by him, that he had a business partnership near Regent Street when but nineteen years of age. This position he retained until October, 1854, and then he left London and sailed for Melbourne, Victoria, which port he reached in February, 1855. Then he went to the gold fields, and might have been seen in his digger's dress preaching Christ on the Lord's Day to his fellows. It will interest many readers to hear that around the glow-

ing fires which were kindled night after night on the diggings, the subject of this sketch would read some interesting book to as many as fifty or sixty of the diggers who gathered to the informal meeting. Then, reminding them of the dear old homes in England or elsewhere, a well-known hymn would be given out and sung, a chapter from our Father's Word read, followed by earnest, fervent prayer; the glorious Australian nights lending their beautiful charms to the great starlit canopy overhead. Gold digging not proving a successful occupation, the young colonist soon returned to the capital of the Victoria Colony. Progress was rapid in Melbourne, and so did his commercial ability commend itself that his employers proffered him an equal partnership in their large and lucrative business, if he would relinquish the thought of returning to England.

This offer was declined. Mr. Varley had left the old country engaged to the amiable and devoted lady to whom he was married on his return to London, in 1857. His characteristic remark was: "I went out to Australia engaged to one whom I dearly loved, one whom I had helped to lead to Christ, and I did not believe the blessing of God would have rested upon me had I left the path of His guidance at the bidding of mere money prospects of prosperity."

In October, 1857, at the age of twenty-two years, having returned to England, he married the lady in question, one of the daughters of his friend and former employer in London. Said our esteemed

brother. "Our life for thirty-six years has been blessed beyond language to describe. One of the noblest helpmates ever given to any man my Father in Heaven gave to me. But for her self-denying love in sparing me to my Lord's service, I could not have accomplished one-half of my life's work." Mr. Varley then purchased a large business at the West End of London, where for many years he resided. His position as a preacher to a regular congregation began in 1859. It was in a district known as the Kensington Potteries. His first service in a school-room showed sixteen adults and forty children to be present. In six months the same building was crowded to the doors, and the work of Divine grace was seen in numbers of hearts and lives. Men, women and young persons by scores were regenerated, and made partakers of the Divine nature. The most unlikely people "passed from death unto life," and became the devoted servants of Christ the Lord.

Charles Dickens, writing of this very locality a few years before, said "it contained 1,000 inhabitants and 3,000 swine. The truth is, it was a kind of large working people's colony, and it seemed for a time to be like the ancient Gadara over again. The people were so hardened, drunken and wicked, that they literally resisted everything done to benefit them. "But Jesus came to seek and save that which was lost," and He did great things amongst them which astonished all who beheld His working. The crowds grew so dense, and the interest so great, that it became imperative to arise and build.

The first £1,000 Mr. Varley ever made in business he consecrated to the erection of what was known as the Free Tabernacle, Notting Hill. His beloved wife's father also gave £500 to the building-fund, and the plain but commodious structure, capable of holding 1,200 people was speedily erected. This building was opened in 1862, and the tides of life which flowed into the Tabernacle week by week were something wonderful to behold. To say that hundreds were converted, or, as our brother expresses it, "were born from above," is simply to state the actual facts. The saving power of the exalted Christ was gloriously manifested. In a short time an assembly numbering between six and seven hundred believers was gathered into fellowship with the Lord, and united to His name. Mr. Varley, for twenty years, was the pastor of this people, gladly yielding his services without monetary salary or reward. This building proved to be insufficient to hold the people, and large galleries were afterwards added, which involved the closing of the structure for nearly twelve months. The building is now known as the West London Tabernacle, St. James's Square, Notting Hill.

Prior to this time Mr. Spurgeon became deeply interested in our brother, and was so struck with God's use of His servant, that again and again he invited him to preach at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. The pressure of work greatly increased. Large day and Sunday schools were built, wherein thousands of young people have been educated and trained. Hundreds of applica-

tions poured in, asking him to preach Christ all over England. It is no wonder that, all this service being added to the claims of his commercial position, considerable physical and mental exhaustion was at that time experienced.

The accumulating pressure led our brother, in 1868, to dispose of his large business. This was done with great regret, not only by reason of the loss sustained to his commercial income, but because it closed the doors, to a large extent, upon many valued associations. "So much," said Mr. Varley, "do I value commercial relations and position as a sphere of usefulness for the minister of Christ, that to this day (September, 1893) I deeply regret that I was compelled to bring to a close my business career in London. But there appeared to be no alternative."

Whilst the Tabernacle was closed for enlargement, our brother pursued his evangelistic work in various parts of the world. "Twenty-five years since," said he, "I promised the Lord that if he would spare my life, give me strength and lead me forth, I would preach and teach Christ in every English-speaking city on the face of the earth." "He has helped me," said our brother, "to go to hundreds of these cities." Throughout England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales this eminent evangelist has gone, in every place visited having precious fruit for his Lord, in view of that great day of His coming and glory. Nearly all the large cities and towns of New Zealand, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia

and Tasmania have been included in his evangelistic work. His work in the city of Melbourne, in 1877, will never be forgotten. It is believed that thousands were either brought to Christ or their spiritual life greatly increased. Nearly twenty years since he paid a memorable visit to Canada, where great numbers in every place came to hear "the word of life." Many indeed were saved, and continue to this day. He then proceeded to New York, where such crowds assembled that the late Mr. Barnum became so interested that he proffered for Mr. Varley's use (free of rent) the great Hippodrome in Fourth Avenue, which then received more than 20,000 persons to a single Sunday Evening's service. This vast building was open Sunday after Sunday.

So great was the interest manifested, that some enthusiastic friends in New York wanted our brother's consent to realize all he possessed in England, and bring his wife and family permanently to reside in America. About eleven years since, in company with Dr. W. T. Moore, he succeeded in starting in London the well-known weekly journal, "The Christian Commonwealth," of which for eighteen months he was one of the editors. This paper is now deservedly regarded as one of the soundest and best conducted in London.

Eleven years since Mr. Varley resigned the pastorate of the West London Tabernacle, after a ministry extending over twenty years. This was done to carry out more efficiently his world-wide evangelistic work. In 1883

he visited several of the cities in this country—St. Louis, Louisville, Augusta, Washington, Kansas City, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Brooklyn being amongst the number.

Tendency to bronchitis led him, five years since, to avoid the English winters, and Mrs. Varley and six of their beloved sons and daughters left London for Melbourne, where their residence now is. Four of Mr. Varley's sons, though in business, are preaching and serving Christ, whilst a fifth is the pastor of the large Congregational church in Cheltenham, Eng.

Our brother has visited the chief towns and cities in South Africa, Natal and Singapore in the Straits of Malacca. Last winter he spent nearly four months in India preaching Christ with great success to large numbers of educated Hindus in Bombay, Madras, Bangalore, Poona and Kolhipur.

This is Mr. Varley's first visit to Chicago, and it is not too much to say that he has awakened a deep personal interest in the city in connection with Mr. Moody's campaign, which rapidly increased, and which made his stay memorable, not only in fruit for Christ and his truth, but for friendships amongst large numbers of his fellow-men resident in Chicago and others who came to see the World's Fair.

Just before leaving England, in August last, he was engaged in very prosperous mission work in North Devon, and is anticipating with joy his return for evangelistic work in Bristol, Taunton, and Exeter in North Devonshire.

Mr. Varley asks that the readers of this sketch will bear him on their hearts in effectual and fervent prayer to the throne of grace. He sends hearty greetings to his brethren in Christ and earnestly prays that his Lord may be glorified and his fellow-men profited by his testimony. He would encourage young hearts and lives not in the least to despair of success because the starting out in life may be one of orphan loneliness and poverty in the midst of a great metropolis "where nobody seems to care for you."

He joyously says "that the Lord has never forsaken him and never will." Not so much as a hair of his head has been injured during the past forty years he has preached Christ. He has made ten voyages to and from Australia. Thrice has he been to America, twice to Canada, twice to South Africa, once to India, and once to Singapore. He has been enabled to preach and teach Christ publicly at least twelve times a week on an average during the past twenty-five years.

He has also written a number of books and several smaller pamphlets, which have had and are having a large circulation. His volume, "Christ's Coming Kingdom," a valuable work of nearly five hundred pages, is in its third edition, and is very popular in England. His lectures to men have been specially blessed of God. They are remarkable and powerful, and it would require a volume to tell the good fruit which has followed their delivery and reading.

Some idea of the wide-spread interest occasioned by

these lectures may be gathered from the fact that one brother received in five years in London more than fifteen thousand letters of thanks from men in all positions of society. The circulation of these printed lectures has exceeded 200,000.

Mr. Varley's platform as a teacher and a preacher is the unmovable one of the Evangelical School. He believes, without any reserve, the truths contained in the sacred Scriptures, and firmly "holds the faith once for all delivered to the saints." His recent volume, "The Infallible Word," a criticism of the Rev. R. F. Horton's mischievous and misleading book, "Inspiration and the Bible," is a strong Scriptural and logical vindication of the accuracy and authority of the historical books of the Bible. It is already in its fourth edition, and is doing excellent work in exposing the "down grade" errors which have recently become so common.

Said our brother, "Thanks unto the Lord, not praise to me, for my life's work. His grace has enabled me. Not unto us! not unto us! Unto His name be glory."

"Nothing would grieve me more," said our brother, "than to have an impression go abroad that I am satisfied with my life's work. Oh, that I could bring back opportunities of service which through lack of prayerful zeal and consecration to God, I have both missed and lost! My heart is sad and I am deeply humbled as I look over the past. My confession of failure and sin is deep, sorrowful and sincere. Never did I understand as I do to-day my need, as a child and servant of God, of

the Divine forgiveness and cleansing. Never did I apprehend as at this time the suitability of the words, "If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" Or again, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified. But there is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared."

"I often recall with gladness," said Mr. Varley, "a conversation with our honored brother, Mr. Spurgeon, many years since. We were comparing notes a little, and the man of God said to me, 'Varley, does it never make you wonder how you get through with your work.' 'Indeed it does,' I replied. 'Ah,' said Mr. Spurgeon, 'the secret is just here: when God takes hold of a man he can do so much.' 'Tis even so. Our sufficiency is of God. May the good hand of our God be with and upon us, Brother Wharton, until we also, through grace, triumphantly sing, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.' Thus girded we will not run before Ahab's chariot to Jezreel as Elijah did, but our race and goal shall be to the incorruptible glory of the Father's house." Meanwhile may our beloved Lord be magnified in this brief narrative of His grace, love and care in one who would say with Gideon, "amongst the least in my Father's house."

CHRIST JESUS, GOD'S CENTRE OF GRAVITY.

By HENRY VARLEY, of London, Eng.

An Address delivered on Monday, September 4th, at the great meeting held daily for prayer in the Central Music Hall, Chicago, in connection with Mr. Moody's Evangelistic Work.

Christ Jesus, the Lord, is the great centre of gravity. As the sun illustrates the principle of supremacy throughout the solar system, so also Jesus Christ, who is "God over all, blessed forever." The reason why the earth and the other planets are at rest is because they stand in subordinate relation to the supremacy which inheres in the brilliant orb of day. Who, it may be asked, is Jesus Christ?

Let the Word of God be heard. He is the "sun of righteousness," "the brightness of God's glory, the express image of His person, upholding all things by the word of His power." Thus also is He described: "By whom all things were created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones, or dominions, or principalities and powers, all things were created by Him and for Him. And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." Of whom are these words spoken? Of Him who is before all time and behind all knowledge.

Is this mental evolution from the brain of the Apostle? This is not human evolution. It is divine evolution. Such language of description is not possible to

man's unaided reason. This is inspiration. These magnificent words confront us with the fact that Christ Jesus is the Living God. Who can create save the Creator? Can a creature create? The practical dethronement of the Lord Jesus from what the reformers well called "His proper and essential deity" has for government in righteousness hindered and marred the progress of the world.

Many here recall the recent loss of the magnificent war ship "Victoria." It is said that when the huge ram struck her one of the great water-tight compartments was forced. In rushed the waters of the Mediterranean Sea. The "Victoria's" centre of gravity was instantly changed, and fifteen brief minutes saw her "turn turtle," burying hundreds of brave men in destruction and death. Graphic illustration of the stupendous wickedness of the Roman and Jewish world when of God's King they said, "We will not have this man to reign over us, away with Him; crucify Him."

Sent of God and heralded to the world by angels, these majestic words were heard, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men." The world power crucified "the Lord of glory," and has, in consequence, turned turtle alike in regard to "God's glory, peace on earth, and good will to men." Mark the results which have come through rejecting the Anointed King. God's glory is despised and man's vain-glory is to the fore.

Nineteen centuries of discord, violence, and war is

the price which the world has paid for the rejection of God's centre of rest, the "Prince of Peace." Instead of "good will amongst men," ambition, selfishness, cruelty, violence, rapine, and oppression have cursed the centuries which are now closing. Europe in 1893 is seen as an armed camp, with 14,000,000 of soldiers ready for the awful arbitrament of war. Such is the present evolution of an age which was inaugurated by the betrayal, false judgment and crucifixion of Christ Jesus the Lord.

While men continue to endorse the crime and sin of the rejection of God's great centre of law and authority, the world is bound to know discord and war.

What is Chicago's greatest need to-day? That she should give the Lord Jesus Christ his rightful place in her government. Ring out the glad refrain, "Thou shalt have none other gods before Me." Jesus Christ is the Living God, the supreme moral Governor of the universe. He is the blessed and only Potentate. Supremacy can have no peer or successful rival. Give Him His place, and the Transatlantic Republic would stand head and shoulders above the Old World nationalities.

Chicago needs the Christ of God taught, exhibited, and exalted. She needs His power as the Great Exorcist. The foul demons which are darkening this great city's good name and character need outcasting. You speak of your famous Capital as the White City! Could I truthfully describe her thus when I return to

England? Is she not largely possessed by the demons which I proceed to enumerate? Licentiousness stands first, foul, unclean, and leprous. Intemperance next, then gambling, and the unhallowed speculations which cry out for the reward of success apart from the patient and honorable toil which alone is worthy to reach the goal and win. Then comes covetousness and selfishness, followed by blasphemy, who in the race to degradation and death is pressed hard by scepticism, the lying spirit and the inordinate love of pleasure. The effete form of godliness with destitution of power is seen limping and stumbling in the rear. Give Christ Jesus His place on the course, and these forces of wickedness shall fall.

Let it be remembered that His will is that righteousness shall be the nation's stability!

How Babylon, Egypt, Greece, and Rome have all missed the mark in this respect. They are gone, and their glory has perished. It is a melancholy fact that none of the Latin races in the Old World are now progressing. Degeneracy is written legibly in their present experience.

Take France, *e.g.*, foremost of the nations. Her population has ceased in regard to increase. Calling in the aid of science, falsely so-called, as an accursed assistant, France stands to-day before the civilized world as the greatest destroyer of incipient human life of all the nations of the earth. Unless she repents, the days of her national glory are numbered. The great command of the Eternal God, "Be fruitful and multiply

and replenish the earth," cannot be broken without blighting national progress. I hear that America is endorsing to some extent this murderous policy of France. Oh, the crime and deadly wrong of all this!

Take some startling facts. At the commencement of this century the French people numbered 32,000,000. At the same date the population of the British Isles did not reach even 10,000,000. In 1893 France numbers nearly 37,000,000. The British Isles, at the same date, 38,000,000. Except a few hundreds of thousands in Canada and other places, France has not sent out any tides of human life to open up the unoccupied lands of the wide, wide world. Mark the comparison I now show. Of British stock at least 25,000,000 are, in 1893, found in this vast Republic. In Canada, 8,000,-000. In the Australian Colonies, nearly 4,000,000. In South Africa, Natal, India, Egypt, and on the seas in her huge maritime fleet, at least 2,000,000.

Now observe the totals for both countries and peoples. France numbers, all told, about 38,000,000, and she started the century with 32,000,000. England, with loyalty (in the main) to the divine and regal institution of the home and family, started with 10,000,000, and has increased numerically to 77,000,000 in 1893, besides opening up the unoccupied places of the earth to enterprise, commerce, and progress. Sin does not pay. Well is it written, "Be sure your sin will find you out." France's sin has found her out. Right, truth, and good alone have power to establish the earth.

May I remind you, in this connection, that the ground area of the United States is forty times that of the British Islands? Were you developed according to the proportion of population to the area named, remember that you have room in your great country for 2,500,000,000 of the human family. Your present population is something over 60,000,000. Let not your vast capacity for growth be damned by the blighting curse which, in France, is preventing and destroying the raw material out of which the world's development alone can come.

As a remarkable contrast to the degeneracy and decline of the Latin races stands the growth and increase of the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races. Germany, England, and the great American Republic are increasing very rapidly and peopling the earth. There are many reasons why this is so! Amongst others, I cite the following: Speaking with a correspondent of one of the London dailies,—it was at the time of the Franco-German war, in 1870,—he said: Visiting the camps at night, and crossing from the German to the French lines, nothing struck me more than the marked contrast in the *morale* of the soldiers of the two nations.

Going amongst the Germans, in their tents, the talk was of home and the loved ones there. The German soldier would take from his breast-pocket or knapsack four or five photos. One would say, "There! that is my father, that one my mother, that is my sister, that my brother," and then with the *naivette* of the soldier to

the manner born, "that is my betrothed, the lady to whom I am engaged. Hasn't she a bonnie face?" But now, sir, said my informant, it was a rare thing to hear anything of that kind in the French soldiers' tents. Alas! they too had portraits; but they were photos of leading French actresses and women of immoral reputation, taken in a semi-nude state, on purpose to arouse the licentious passions of the men who looked upon them.

When, in 1870, the trains from Paris had forwarded the French soldiers their ammunition and food, they were afterwards loaded with *State-provided harlots* and forwarded to their quarters at the rear of the soldiers' tents. Some of us in England who knew this degrading fact said, "The beginning of the end had come." Nor were we mistaken. One brief year sufficed to see an enfeebled physique, induced mainly by licentiousness, crushed by the sturdy power of the German.

Loving righteousness and embracing peace, my soul rejoices in the growth and prosperity of the three leading nations of the earth. I may be wrong, but given the union, in bonds of peace, righteousness, and truth, of Germany, England, and the American Republic, and the peace of the world would be secured. The bulk of the wealth, commerce, intelligence, power, and light of the earth is found in these three great peoples. Combined in the prowess of their moral and material strength, they might dare the European nations to go to war.

Not to enlarge, allow me, in conclusion, to add that I am profoundly thankful to be permitted to stand side by side with your distinguished fellow-citizen, D. L. Moody, at this, the first of the great midday assemblies for prayer and praise to be held in your city. We owe, as Englishmen, an untold debt of gratitude to Mr. Moody. The Lord has used him greatly in England and throughout the British Isles. If I can in any way return a little part of the debt we owe, I shall be profoundly thankful. I am not exalting our brother, but magnifying the grace of God in him.

He would be the first to recognize that in regard to culture and academic attainment thousands are in advance of his opportunities and knowledge; but I rejoice that God has held him, blessed and honored him as a chosen vessel to exalt our Lord in the closing years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Moody's great desire is that the Lord Jesus Christ should be King in the White City. To this end these magnificent meetings are held. For this result we come from various parts of the world, and gather about our brethren. It is to make Jesus King. By song and testimony, praise and prayer, to exalt Him.

My brother, Mr. Moody, I rejoice to stand on this platform by your side. I thank you for your consecrated life and the great work which under God you have accomplished. May this great city in her hundreds of thousands respond to our appeal and receive the Lord Jesus Christ. May the great tides of life now

gathering from all parts of the world know Him as their Lord, nor rest until God's centre for government prosperity and peace has His rightful place as the Divine President in the Great Transatlantic Republic. Let us fall in line with the will and wisdom of the Eternal God and crown Christ Jesus Lord of all. Such is my prayer.

The great audience then joined in singing with enthusiastic fervor, "Crown Him Lord of all."

DANIEL B. TOWNER.

THE subject of our sketch was born in Rome, Bradford County, Pa., March 5, 1850. He is the eldest son of J. G. Towner, a music teacher of note in western Pennsylvania and New York. The father was also a fine singer as well as music teacher, being a pupil of Carlo Bassini, the once famous Italian voice teacher.

When only a boy, the son began the study of music with his father, and at the age of fifteen was quite extensively known as the "boy bass." He began teaching singing classes at the age of nineteen, continuing his studies, however, during the summer months with Dr. Geo. F. Root, in the National Normal Musical Institute. It was in the seventies that the writer first met him at one of these Normals at Warren, O. He was then one of the most advanced pupils, and a soloist at the concerts. He afterwards also took voice lessons of Mr. John Howard, of New York.

DANIEL B. TOWNER.

From 1873 to 1885, most of his time was devoted to conducting musical conventions and institutes. In this work he was eminently successful, and it was these twelve years of experience with the baton that has, in a large measure, given him the reputation that he now enjoys as a great leader of congregational singing.

During the latter part of this period he moved to Cincinnati, where his time was occupied with church singing and private pupils. He had a regular engagement at one of the large churches for Sundays, and during the week his time was taken up with teaching at the Young Men's Christian Association hall, and other churches. He was a popular musical man about this city, his fame being in all the churches.

He enjoys life, and has a faculty of spreading happiness all over one. He is one of those men whose presence makes you feel good.

In the year 1885, Mr. D. L. Moody went to Cincinnati to hold meetings. The meeting was held in music hall, and naturally Mr. Towner was present, assisting in the music. Mr. Moody saw at once that our friend was a man that he needed, and he at once contracted for his services for a term of three years, and has kept him till this day. A part of his work is to take charge of the music at the International College Conference, which convenes at Northfield, Mass., each year in July. During the balance of the year he travels with Mr. Moody or some others in evangelistic meetings. He has sung in most of the large cities, and in almost every State in the Union.

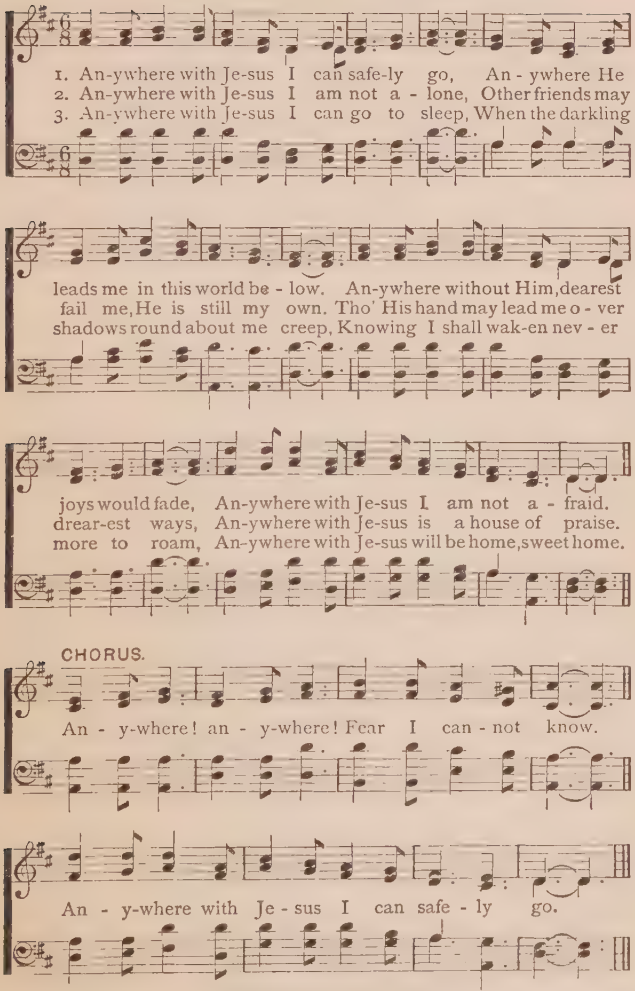
Mr. Towner has a well cultivated baritone voice, of wonderful power and compass. And what makes it so pleasant is that his *heart is in the work*. There is no cant or make-believe about him. He is a man of strong convictions and faith, and his deepest motive is a desire to save souls and advance the works of righteousness in the earth. His manly bearing and dignified methods of work all show this.

As a composer of gospel music he has proven his rank among the best. His books, "Hymns New and Old," Nos. 1 and 2, have had a phenomenal sale, and there is scarcely a religious music book issued now-a-days that does not contain songs from his pen.

Mr. Towner has not done all this work alone. He married in early life, and during all these years of his upward journey his wife has been at his side sharing his work and honors. She has a good contralto voice, and is his organist or pianist in his meetings. They sing beautifully together. He himself says of her that "she is my strong right arm." I surmise that a great part of his success is due to her gentle, guiding hand. I am indebted to him for one of his best songs which will best tell us of his genius and power in the hallowed sphere of sacred music.

Mr. Towner was one of the leaders of singing in the great congregations that thronged the World's Fair services, and his solos stirred the hearts of many to higher life and deeper consecration. May his voice be clear and many years elapse before we shall have to give him up to join the heavenly choir.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.


1. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, An - ywhere He
2. An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may
3. An-ywhere with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling
leads me in this world be - low. An-ywhere without Him, dearest
fail me, He is still my own. Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
shadows round about me creep, Knowing I shall wak-en nev - er
joys would fade, An-ywhere with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.
drear-est ways, An-ywhere with Je-sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, An-ywhere with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
An - y-where! an - y-where! Fear I can - not know.
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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MR. MOODY'S CHURCH.

THE Chicago Avenue Church is the outcome of Mr. D. L. Moody's mission work in that city, which commenced in 1858.

Beginning in a small mission, located on Chicago Avenue and Wells street, he soon found his accommodation was too small for his work, and the following year started the "North Market Hall" Sunday School, with Mr. I. H. Burch as superintendent, who was succeeded by Mr. J. V. Farwell.

As an outgrowth of this work, the Illinois Street Church was organized in December, 1864, which building was destroyed in the fire of 1871. The following year, the "North Side Tabernacle" was built and located on the corner of Wells and Ontario streets. This was only a temporary building, and as the work increased and interest deepened, a permanent home for those who were continually being added to the church seemed necessary. To accomplish this, Mr. Moody sent out circulars to all the Sunday Schools of this and other countries, and in response to that appeal, with the help of some friends at Chicago, sufficient money was contributed to warrant the building of a church home.

In 1873 the present church building was partly erected and used by the congregation, having a temporary roof over the first floor; but not until 1876, was it completed, free of debt and dedicated.

CHICAGO AVENUE CHURCH.

Up to this time, the preaching and pastoral work was done chiefly by Mr. Moody and Mr. Watts DeGolger. Since then, Rev. W. J. Erdman, Rev. Chas. H. Morton, Rev. G. C. Needham, President Blanchard, and Rev. Chas. F. Goss have occupied the pulpit and acted as pastors. T. B. Hyde was called to the church February, 1890. He resigned in 1893, and the church is now without a pastor.

T. B. HYDE.

The church has ever maintained the character given it in its early history, as being undenominational, evangelical and aggressive. It is free in all its sittings and privileges, the poorest being just as welcome as those who live in homes of luxury.

The motto selected at the organization of the church was "Welcome to this house of God are strangers and the poor," and it is yet the first thing to be noticed over

the main entrance. In order to carry out the spirit of these words the church has always been free in all its sittings and privileges, the expenses being met by the offerings on the Lord's Day. Communion service is held the first Sunday of each month, and for years not one has passed without additions to the church. After a recent careful revision of the roll there are now over eight hundred members in good standing.

Without endowment or income, it has ever been dependent on the offerings of the people for its support, and while in past years there was invariably a deficit in the treasury, which had to be made up by friends outside the church, recently, through the systematic giving of the congregation, of sums varying from five cents to two dollars a week, the expenses have been met.

The work being done at present is directly along the "old lines." On Sunday morning, about nine o'clock, a number of young men start west on Chicago Avenue and taking their stand at the corner of Wesson Street, conduct a short gospel service, at the close of which they invite their hearers to attend the morning service. Returning to the church at 10 A. M., they find a prayer-meeting being held in one of the smaller rooms preceding the regular service, which begins at 10.30. For fifteen minutes the chorus choir leads the congregation in songs of praise. In the gallery opposite is the children's choir of seventy-five voices, which has its share in the singing and the services, ten minutes being devoted to them every Sunday morning. At 1 P. M.

the first department of the Sunday-school is held, and is devoted to the Chinese scholars, thirty of whom meet regularly every week. At 3 P. M. the Sunday-school proper begins, and as Superintendent Gaylord strikes the bell fourteen hundred scholars join in the opening hymn. After the opening exercises the school is divided into classes. The infant class has a room of its own; the intermediate department occupies the main audience room, and each of the six adult classes, with memberships varying from thirty to three hundred and fifty files out to its place. These classes are all thoroughly organized with teacher, chorister, committees, etc., and every Sunday at the close of the lesson conduct a second meeting for prayer, testimony and exhortation, when an effort is made to carry home the truths presented to all, especially to those who may not be Christians.

At 6 P. M. a number of young men and women, known as "the Yoke Fellows' Band," meet for devotional exercises previous to going on the street and into the saloons and boarding houses with invitations to the evening service. In this way a number of strangers are constantly being reached and help to make up the congregation which comes to listen to the gospel every Sunday evening. After a brief musical programme has been gone through, there is a gospel sermon of from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes, which is followed by a second meeting, to which all interested are invited to remain, and where from three to fifteen persons manifest a desire to accept Christ as a personal Saviour every

Sabbath evening. On Monday evening the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets, and the members seek to encourage and build up each other in their Christian life. There is also held a military drill corps for the boys of the Sunday-school. On Tuesday evening the Yoke Fellows' Band conducts a gospel meeting in the lecture room. On Wednesday afternoon a mothers' meeting is conducted under the direction of Mrs. S. B. Capron, superintendent of the ladies' department of the Bible Institute. In the evening the various adult Bible classes have their respective class prayer-meetings. On Friday evening the regular church prayer-meeting is held with an average attendance of three hundred. Saturday afternoon, during the fall and winter, an industrial school is held for the children. In the evening a number of young people who compose the "Mission Band" of the church hold a gospel service, and on other evenings of the week sustain meetings in twelve different parts of the city, having a total membership in their various Sunday-schools of over five hundred children.

I had the pleasure of preaching several times in this church, and looked with great pleasure on the foundation work of D. L. Moody's hands before God called him to go forth with his message to all the world. A warm-hearted devoted people fill the building, and many earnest workers are joined together for the glory of God. May they grow and prosper and be a blessing to all the earth!

REV. JOHN RIDDELL.

JOHN RIDDELL was born in 1840 in the quiet upland of Dumfriesshire, Scotland. In 1853 his mother died leaving five children, all unconverted. Her death was the means of awaking her boy. One by one all followed, the last coming to Christ in 1859. He studied in the University of Glasgow and in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in Edinburgh. Ordained to the ministry of the Gospel, December, 1864. The little church of which he became pastor had at first only sixty-eight members. By the Lord's blessing on their evangelistic labors in less than four years it grew to upwards of five hundred. In 1868 he was called to the Wynd Church, Glasgow—in the lowest (morally) and poorest part of the city. In 1872 the congregation, which numbered ninety-eight when his ministry began, had become too large for the church buildings. They resolved to divide into two companies. The one remained and carried on the work in the Wynd's; the other followed their pastor to the work of evangelizing another spiritually destitute district of the city. There the same process was repeated, and a third church built and filled. Seven years ago a large church, with seven hundred and twenty-eight members and a Sabbath-school of over one thousand scholars, was again left to break ground for Christ in another needy district, of which one-fourth of the families occupy houses of a single apartment,

the remaining three-fourths having for the most part two. A church and mission buildings have been erected and freed of debt. Upward of eleven hundred have been admitted to the Lord's table on confession of pardon and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A medical mission is conducted by the church, in which 2,967 of the suffering poor received medical attendance and medicines free of charge and were pointed to Jesus the Great Physician of soul and body. In this work twenty-seven earnest Christian young people are being trained for service in the foreign mission field.

Dr. Riddell came to Chicago at the instance of Mr. Moody, and lectured daily in the Institute concerning the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. He is a learned man, deeply spiritual, and an interesting and instructive preacher. It is sweet and edifying to be in his presence and enjoy the companionship of this noble true-hearted child of God. I am able to give one of his discourses: "The Way of Cain," which will prove a blessing I am sure to all who read it. Dr. Riddell in relating to me the circumstances of his conversion said, My mother left five bairns (children) all unsaved. A day or two before she died she lay as if asleep. My sister asked her if she was resting. "No," said she; "I have been bringing my bairns to God, one by one." "Then," he added, "the following July the Lord met me, and the others following, all were brought to Christ." God be praised for our good mothers!

THE WAY OF CAIN.

A Sermon, by REV. JOHN RIDDELL, of Scotland.

The way of Cain deserves to receive our special attention for several reasons. It should interest us particularly because Jude speaks of it as the way specially of "the last days," *i. e.*, of the times through which we are now passing. It is interesting also because it is so thoroughly *his own*. He is the first child of the fall: and as such he is the best specimen—the most unadulterated type of the fallen. Other men have been to a very large extent moulded by their circumstances. Their characters, their manner of life have been so formed in the world of evil example that when you look at the completed product of their after life you can hardly say how much of it is their own and how much is due to the evil influence of others. Of this there is nothing about Cain. For some considerable time at least he had the way which he had chosen all to himself. He had no one to lead him astray. He had no one to encourage him in the downward path. In Cain we have an opportunity such as can be had nowhere else, of seeing what the way of our fallen human nature really is. Let us look—

I. AT ITS STARTING-POINT.
II. AT ITS PROGRESS.
III. AT ITS GOAL.

I. The Starting-point. It was from under the wing of believing, godly parents. Cain was the child of fallen parents. Adam was a sinful, fallen man. Eve was a sinful, fallen woman when God put into their hands that greatest of all trusts—that most sacred of all responsibilities—the moulding and guidance of the first steppings of a spirit destined to go on thinking, feeling, developing, so long as the throne of God shall continue to exist. And the child put into their hands was a fallen, sinful child. "Adam begat a son in his own likeness," not in the likeness of his dying body only, but in the likeness also of his fallen, depraved spirit. But when Cain was born, Adam and Eve were already children of God. Adam showed his faith in the Redeemer who had been promised by the name which he gave to his wife—Eve—the living one—the mother of all living—with plain reference to her position as the mother of the Great Deliverer—the woman's promised Seed. And Eve showed her faith by the way in which she had welcomed Cain himself. "I have gotten a man from the Lord." And so she called him Cain—an acquisition, thinking that he might be the promised seed himself. Born into the atmosphere of such lively faith and hope and longings after Jesus, Cain would be cradled in the lullaby of Revelation just as certainly as children in Christian homes are now.

1. The first thoughts which would occupy his infant mind would be about the woman's promised Seed—about the bruising of the serpent's head—about deliverance—

about salvation. He had not far to go in order to find a Bible in which to read the great truths of the gospel, written in characters which could not fail to render them at once plain and impressive,—that man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him, NOW and for ever. He would plainly see, as he looked at the Garden and listened to the oft-repeated story, of its days of blissful fellowship. The nature of sin he would see to be distrust and disobedience to God. The consequences of sin he would see in his own and his parents' exclusion from the Garden, and the blessed face-to-face fellowship for which they had been created. His mind would be filled from his earliest years with the hopes and promises of the gospel. From infancy he worshipped with his parents at *the gate* of the Paradise they had lost. Inside the flaming sword, which barred their entrance, he saw in the cherubim, the symbols and representatives of a ransomed creation ; inside the flaming sword, he saw the face of ransomed man as the glorious head of all. In "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," he saw portrayed from his infancy the way in which access to that blessed position was to be obtained, whilst in the Sabbath he had a symbol of the blessed rest which remaineth for the people of God. With all this, Cain's mind must have been familiar from his infancy. And what is of even greater importance than that, Cain's character and convictions were moulded as far as they could be moulded by loving hearts to which these truths and hopes were everything. And who can tell how

much that means? Let us see to it, Christian parents, that ye do not miss the precious opportunity which we can have but once, and then only for a while, of moulding the hearts of our children under the combined influence of Bible truth and of living consistent Christian character. The reaper with his golden sheaves may forget the ploughman; but without his toil no sheaves would ever fill the reaper's barn. The preparation of the soil by the toil of the farmer, and the casting in of the precious seed are not more surely the chosen way of the God of providence for the production of ripe fields of grain than the bringing of these two influences to bear on the hearts of our children, are the chosen channel through which the God of salvation works in leading them unto the kingdom of God. And yet let us never forget for a moment that if these means be left to themselves, they will no more avail in the case of our children than they did in the case of the first-born child of our fallen human family to keep them from entering the way of Cain, or from running along that way to the bitter end. In order to escape that, they must be "born of God."

2. It was from the side of a believing and godly brother that the way of Cain started. And after the influences of godly parents, perhaps, there is no mightier or more effectual influence in the formation of character than the genial, gentle, constant influence on one another of brothers and sisters in a family. Cain was not left to receive the great truths about sin and salvation

alone. He received them side by side with one who was habitually yielding himself to be moulded by them, and whom they were forming and quickening into eternal life. The sight of God's converting sanctifying grace at work on the heart of Abel, his daily and only companion, could not fail to have a most powerful influence on the heart of Cain.

3. It was from the presence of the Lord that the way of Cain began. At a certain stage in his progress we read that "Cain went out from the presence of the Lord." In that sacred, sanctifying presence Cain's early days had been spent. It filled and sweetened the lives not of Cain only, but of all who were about him. It was the atmosphere of the home in which he was brought up. It was at once the sunshine and the sacredness of the Sabbath which Cain was taught from his infancy to observe, and of the meeting place for worship at the gate of Eden which Cain was taught from his infancy to frequent. Once and again God spoke immediately and directly to Cain in the same way as He did to Abraham and Moses and the prophets. Thus Cain had every possible advantage, and he was blessed also with the absence of all the disadvantages to which other men are exposed. He had no outward temptations. He had every inducement to follow the way of life and peace along with those about him, and no inducement to go the other way. If he will take the other way he will have to tread the path of ungodliness alone. It will be emphatically "the way of Cain," for there will be no

other human being walking along it but himself. Who ever had such advantages? If outward advantages could have made any one a child of God, they would surely have done so in the case of Cain. Surely nothing could be better fitted than a consideration of the starting point of the way of Cain to lend deepened solemnity to our conviction of the truth so emphatically stated by the Lord Jesus when he said, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.

II. At its Progress. Up till the time when Cain came to act for himself, there was no visible divergence from the way of the rest of the family. Cain had not yet began to walk in any way which was specially his own. During that period high hopes might still be cherished regarding him But by and by he begins to act for himself, then he steps aside openly into—

1. The way of *impenitence.* Cain does not at once become an atheist, nor an irreligious man. His name we are apt to associate in our minds with nothing but the red-handed murderer—or some monster of iniquity. But at the beginning of his career he was in every way innocent of this. He knows there is a God. He knows much about his character. Of the God of his father Cain chooses to be a worshipper. He observes the Sabbath; he frequents the sanctuary at the gate of Eden. But, like a great many in this enlightened nineteenth century, he had outgrown what they are pleased contemptuously to call the "blood theology." He felt it

to be quite right to make an offering to the Lord—an acknowledgment of his dependence on Him for everything. He felt it right to give the Lord his very best. But for this continual coming to God only by way of atoning blood he could see no occasion. Cain had no sense of sin. He had no sentence of death written indelibly against himself on account of sin in an awakened, enlightened conscience. He was not sensible of any need to present the blood—the death of a spotless substitute every time he sought to come near to the Lord in peace. He is not indifferent to religion, but he would be no hypocrite, professing, not believing. And should not his father and mother and brother be content that he worships the true God with them—on the same day and at the same place with themselves, though he may not be able to see things quite in their way? Are there any in our worshipping assemblies who to this extent have begun walking in the way of Cain? They are, or wish to be, truly and sincerely religious; but they cannot honestly say that they have ever seen or had any deeply abiding conviction that a sentence of eternal death must in right be standing against themselves. They are not conscious of any thing in their heart experience which enables them to have a very deep sympathy with the publican's cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." They would feel that there would be something of hypocrisy in their taking up and using as their own such language as that of Isaiah: "Woe is me, for I am undone," etc. They have never

known any experience like that of Job: "I have heard of Thee, etc. . ." They may never have gone the length of Cain in distinctly declining the shelter of the atoning blood; but they cannot truly say that they see any very urgent need for it, or that they make very much or real use of it to meet any necessity of which they are conscious. Such persons are in a very perilous condition. They are traveling along the first stage of the way of Cain.

2. The way of Cain in its second stage was a way of dislike, which ripened into a sullen and settled enmity against God and his people. The way of Cain had one great drawback, even while it was still only in its earliest stage. It never gave him assurance. He was a worshipper of the true God. He served God in a way which commended itself to his own conscience. Indeed, I have no doubt it seemed to him a very enlightened way, much less objectionable than the way followed by the rest of the family. But then it was not a way which gave him any clear assurance of God's love—any deep enjoyment of peace with God. Abel had "assurance of God's love." "God testified of his gifts." He gave clear and unmistakeable evidence that with those who presented to Him as their only plea "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world," he was forever well-pleased. God gave him an assurance of his loving acceptance, to which Cain was, and continued to be, a stranger. He had not got peace with God himself, and he cannot bear with patience to think

that his brother should have it. The peace with God—the joy in the possession of His salvation, which he sees in his brother, annoy and irritate him. Annoyance deepens into dislike. Dislike ripens into hatred; hatred breaks out into murder.

Not in all those who are walking in the way of Cain does the dislike of those who are rejoicing in the enjoyment of God's love take the form of outward violence. Still, by all of them it is more or less felt. Those who are not fleeing to the cover of the Lamb of God as their only hiding-place, may be very religious, but they have not reached peace with God yet. They cannot say, "I love Him because He first loved me." They cannot say, "I know whom I have trusted," etc. They have not peace with God, and they cannot help feeling a secret dislike for those who have it. The unhappy feeling that comes into their hearts when thrown into the company of living Christians—the readiness with which the unkind, sneering remark rises to the lip when such persons are spoken about—the way in which all such persons are severely separated from their companions, shows the working of the same spirit of unholy enmity in the heart of every one who is walking in the way of Cain.

3. The way of Cain is the way of final apostacy and rejection of God. "He went out from the presence of the Lord." That does not mean that he went out from under the eye of God's omnipresence. It was from the presence of the Lord—Jehovah—the God of salvation

that he went out—Cain, the great non-church goer. He forsook the place of his worship—Cain, the Sabbath-breaker. He disregarded his holy day. He shunned the company of his people. Not without earnest and repeated efforts for his salvation did the Lord let him go. The first special effort is made as soon as Cain had reached the second stage in his downward way. How tenderly the Lord expostulates with him! How he entreats him to consider whether his want of the enjoyment which Abel had was not entirely the result of his own choice! How he points him the sin-offering—lying at the door—within easy reach! It is like Jesus pleading with the traitor, or weeping over Jerusalem; but it is all in vain, Cain remains hard and sullen in his impenitence. And again, after the murder of Abel, how the Lord deals with him for his conviction and warning! And yet in grace He sets a special mark on him, that his life may be spared—that the doom of the murderer may not overtake him. And how does Cain use the respite? Hardened in his impenitence, he casts off all fear of God. He goes far from the earthly and from all that would remind him of the Heavenly Paradise. He buries himself in worldliness. He builds a city. He gives himself wholly up, along with his descendants, to the task of making a heaven for themselves here upon the earth. Who shall tell how much of the gayety—how much of the eagerness which many show in the pursuit of worldly objects is all but the feverish effort to silence a voice

within us which will keep still speaking to the travelers in the way of Cain—striving to awaken conscience—striving to arrest and call them back from the awful doom to which all such travelers are hastening.

III. The goal to which the way of Cain leads may be described in two words, "despair—banishment."

1. *Despair.*—Cain utters no prayer for pardon—no cry for mercy; he utters no word of remorse. He only complained of the weight of his punishment. How true is this of the spirit of all who travel in this way! And yet, why should any sinner despair on this side of hell? In the precious blood of Jesus is there not plenteous redemption—grace to the uttermost—forgiveness which reaches far beyond the utmost boundary of human guilt? Oh, come to it!

2. *Banishment.*—Cain goes out from the presence. He despairs of mercy; he gives up attending the place of worship; he casts himself wholly into the pursuit of this present world as the best which seems within his reach. And what is that but deliberately to choose the sentence of soul banishment,—to begin to say of his own accord and to seek before the time the fulfilment of the sentence: "Depart from me."

HOW MOODY AND SANKEY CAME TOGETHER.

In conversation with Mr. Sankey, I asked him for some account of his meeting with Mr. Moody; he said that a good account had lately been published in *The Congregationalist*, of Boston. I applied for it at once, and am indebted to that valuable paper for the following interesting narrative. H. M. W.

FOR nearly a score of years the names of Moody and Sankey have been familiarly linked together in the thought of the Christian world, and it would not be easy to say which is better known or more highly honored. Each has his own gifts, which are utterly unlike those of the other; but through all these years they have worked in loving harmony, and their united influence has been one of the mightiest forces the modern world knows. No doubt each would have attained distinction if they had worked altogether in separate spheres; but, considering the vast results of their labors, the providence which joined their lives is now so manifest that we are able clearly to see how each has supplemented the other and enabled both to do a greater work than would have been accomplished had they never met.

It was at Indianapolis, Ind., in 1870, that these two men first made each other's acquaintance. Mr. Moody was already displaying that zeal in evangelistic work which subsequently made him famous, though then his efforts and his reputation were confined largely to Chicago. Mr. Sankey's home was in Newcastle, Pa., where

he was then serving as an internal revenue officer. His father was a banker, and active in politics, and held under Lincoln's appointment the important position of collector of internal revenue for four large counties in Western Pennsylvania. Young Sankey was then a Christian, having been converted a number of years before during a Methodist revival, and his talent of song had already begun to be used for his Master.

Coming to Indianapolis to attend as a delegate from Newcastle the National Convention of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Sankey attended one morning a six o'clock prayer meeting held in the basement of the First Baptist Church, led by Mr. Moody. The singing dragged, and Sankey, at the suggestion of a minister who was seated beside him, started up the familiar hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood." It went well, and was followed by other songs equally successful, and Mr. Moody became so interested that he looked about to see whence the new impetus in singing came. After the meeting closed, with characteristic quickness of decision, Mr. Moody, hardly waiting for an introduction, said to Mr. Sankey, "You're the man I have been looking for for the last eight years. Come and lunch with me." The invitation was accepted, and later in the day the two men got together, and the subject of a future combination of forces was talked over in downright earnest. Mr. Moody pressed upon Mr. Sankey the duty of at once joining him in Chicago; but to Sankey's mind there were some practical objections arising from his business and family connections.

"I am a government officer," he said to Mr. Moody, "and may find it difficult to get released." "There is a better government to serve than this," was the reply that flashed instantly out. But, persuasive as Mr. Moody was, he did not carry his point then and there. Mr. Sankey took several months in which to consider the matter.

That very afternoon, however, the first Moody and Sankey public meeting was held, with no advertisement except the singing as led by Mr. Moody's newly-found friend. It was an outdoor gathering, and the masses were there. Mr. Moody brought out a box from a store to a favorably located street corner, mounted it, and there a short but fervent service of preaching and song was held. At the close of this open air meeting the two evangelists headed a procession for the Academy of Music, where the convention meetings were held, singing as they marched with the crowd into the Academy of Music, the convention having adjourned the discussion of "How to Reach the Masses," and gone to supper. When the delegates got back to the academy building they found it nearly half-full of the very "lapsed masses" about whom they had been discussing. Mr. Moody cut short his second address, dismissed the audience, and went out with Sankey to get something to eat. Mr. Sankey was greatly impressed with these two meetings, and said to Mr. Moody, "You are reaching the masses while other people are talking about it."

After the Convention was over Mr. Sankey went back

to Newcastle and talked the question over with his wife and family. He did not see his duty clearly all at once; but Mr. Moody kept writing for him to come to Chicago, and at last persuaded him to go out for a week to look the ground over. Arriving at Chicago in the early morning, he went first to Mr. Moody's house, reaching there just as family prayers were being held. Almost before Mr. Moody introduced him to his family he asked him to sing a hymn, and thus contribute his part toward the informal service of praise. Then the two men went out into the streets of the city, visiting the sick and unfortunate. That day must have been a notable one in the personal history of the two men who afterwards commanded the eager attention of great audiences on both sides of the sea. On this occasion, as two ordinary missionaries, they went about from house to house, singing and reading the Bible and speaking the word of cheer and hope wherever it was needed. This was their first day's labor together. Evening meetings were held during the week in the Illinois Street Church, of which Mr. Moody was the head and leader.

On Sunday a large meeting was held in Farwell Hall, and as the organist happened to be absent, Mr. Sankey had to sing without instrumental accompaniment, not having even a small cabinet organ there. The effect of the service upon the people there was so marked that Mr. Moody turned to the singer and said, "You see I was right." There were that night not less than one hundred inquirers. The earnest preaching and con-

secrated song had gone home to many a heart. From that time until the present these two men have been co-laborers, and the story of their career here and in Great Britain is so familiar that it need not again be rehearsed. Their first trip to England was in June, 1873, and the reception which they met from the common people, as well as the recognition accorded them by men and women occupying high positions in church and state, made them conspicuous before the eyes of the civilized world, so that when they returned to this country they came with a reputation such as they had not possessed before their successes abroad.

The new gospel hymns which were used by these evangelists were especially pleasing to the English people. The solos sung by Mr. Sankey were mostly from his song scrap-book, and for a long time he would not have them published; but the demand for these particular pieces became so strong that he gave at first twenty-one of them for publication. They were first issued by Morgan & Scott, of London, editors of the *Christian*, under the title, "Sacred Songs and Solos," sung by Ira D. Sankey. The Christian public at once caught them up, and the book attained a great popularity. It now contains seven hundred and fifty pieces. About this time P. P. Bliss, another sweet singer, had attained some note as a composer and had denominated the little collection which he had made, mostly of his own writings, "Gospel Songs." On the return of Moody and Sankey to this country in August, 1875, when it was seen how

eager was the public for such literature, Mr. Sankey and Mr. Bliss deemed it wise to consolidate their books into one and compromised on the title "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs." The first edition wore well and did not wear out, but since Mr. Bliss, Mr. Sankey, Mr. McGranahan, Mr. Stebbins and others kept producing songs, it was natural that there should be subsequent compilations, and so "Gospel Hymns No. 1" was followed by "Gospel Hymns" 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, until to-day, in every Christian land to which our missionaries have gone they are to be found. There are probably now in circulation not less than fifty million copies of the various editions of these books. They have been translated into twenty different languages.

Little did the two men who met for the first time in Indianapolis in 1870 dream of what would come of their introduction to each other; of the deep and abiding attachment that would grow up between them, unmarred by anything that approaches friction; of the great congregations all over Great Britain and the United States whom the one by his sermons and the other by his songs would powerfully influence; and of the large related interests and educational movements which have taken their rise from their combined energies. They were ordinary men in 1870, they are ordinary men to-day; but, yielding their lives to God, caring little for the praise of the crowd and caring much for the kingdom of heaven, God has enrolled them among His chosen servants.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey have received a petition, signed by a large number of ministers and others, asking them to return to London next fall for another season of evangelistic work in that city. No definite answer has yet been given.

WORDS OF COUNSEL.

Address by MAJOR JAMES H. COLE.

And they overcame him (the devil) by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto the death. – Rev. xii. 11.

IT is just simply out of the question to tell you what I feel, or all that I desire to say, as I take leave of you—to whom the Word of God has been made a blessing; but my prayer is that this little talk may be the means of leading you, who have accepted Christ during this gracious revival, to a close and continuous walk with Jesus.

These parting words, I trust, will draw you to read carefully the parting words of Jesus, who, out of His loving heart, pours words of tenderness and pathos so eloquently sublime that the garden of Gethsemane and Olivet will never be forgotten through time or eternity.

Now, the first thought that comes to my mind is, *Do not be a coward.* There is an incident told of a young soldier on the battle-field who carried the "colors." A shell came and took off both his hands, but he grasped

MAJOR JAMES H. COLE.

the standard in his bleeding arms, and said to his commander, while being carried off the field, "*The colors never touched the ground.*" You have enlisted as armor-bearers for Christ. "If you confess Him before this ungodly world He will confess you; if you deny Him, He will deny you."

The next truth, which I hope will sink deep into your hearts, is this: *You are a sinner saved by grace.* Take your stand on that rock. Do not say, "I prayed hard for it, or wept hard for it, or believed hard for it"—though all of this you may have done—but that in coming to Jesus a poor, lost sinner, He received you according to the promise made: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out."

And now, being saved by grace, do not be afraid to "*boast in the Lord.*" Tell what the "Lord hath done for your soul; and that, being justified by faith, you have peace with God." The peace "made through the blood of His cross"—the cross of Him who said, "My peace give I unto you." You have accepted this gift, and can say, "I was a poor, lost sinner, utterly helpless, but God, in His infinite mercy, has laid hold of me, lifted me up out of my sins, and 'presented me without spot,' 'washed in His blood' before the presence of His Father and mine." You see, it's the beggar speaking of the gift, and not of himself, and in this blessed confession the humble man or woman will rejoice at your testimony, but the proud man will do his best to make you stumble and will say hard words about you. When this takes

place, "rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

I must urge this upon you, for you overcome by the "blood of the Lamb and the word of your testimony," and if you "hide your candle under a bushel"—that is, hide your joy in your heart, and not let it come forth from your mouth and life, you will soon find there will be nothing to come forth. Let the alabaster box be broken, that the fragrance of the "ointment may fill the house."

The world may laugh at you for doing so, but in spite of that you command their respect; and if you do not testify they will say you profess, but have not enough religion to talk about.

The next thought in my mind is to *Praise the Lord.* The first thing in the morning you like a glass of water to cleanse your mouth and gargle your throat before you enter upon the duties of the day. What water is to the mouth, so is praise to the Christian. It will drive out of your mind thoughts Satan may have placed there. Praise leads you from self-consciousness. You have observed this again and again during these revival meetings. As soon as praise comes forth how quick you are to respond to service. Praise just sweeps away all doubts; praise drives away the tempter, for he hears the shout of victory. "We are more than conquerors," because we can shout before the battle is fought, just as they did at the "walls of Jericho." Praise will give you strength in the hour of trial.

During October and part of November, several years ago, I was by the bedside of one who, for several months, had been sinking under that dread malady, consumption. The dear family, of which this beautiful young Christian girl was a member, saw her fade before their eyes. The dear sufferer, however, was filled with praise. I never entered the room but what the first salutation was: "Praise the Lord, Major!" When about to take some nourishment she would look so bright, and say, "Praise the Lord!" In fact, I do not remember of her taking even a drink of water without saying, "Praise the Lord!" The result was that a praise meeting was going on in this sick-room all the time; and when we saw death was laying hold on her, and the joy that filled her soul as she saw Jesus, and praise continually coming forth from her heart; and, as she spoke her last word, "heaven," the friends, her sisters and widowed mother, one and all found themselves, through their tears, saying, "Praise the Lord!"

This was just like her Master, when, drawing near to the shadows of Gethsemane, His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death—that death which was to wring the bloody sweat from His precious, holy body. We read that when He was about to endure all of this, after the supper was over they rose, and "they sang a hymn," and this was the hymn—the hymn always sung at the conclusion of the Paschal Supper, the 118th Psalm—"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good: because His mercy endureth forever. Let Israel now

say, that His mercy endureth forever. Let the house of Aaron now say, that His mercy endureth forever. Let them now that fear the Lord say, that His mercy endureth forever." Four times over this precious truth of the enduring, unchangeable love and mercy of God is repeated in the heart and through the lips of our dear Lord Jesus; and all this in His heart, as all the sins of the world were to be laid on Him and the Father's presence to be withdrawn, so that in the agony and desolation that awaited Him, He was to cry out, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" And yet with all this before Him, could say, "His mercy endureth forever."

No matter what comes, praise the Lord, "for we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Daniel found it so in the den of lions; his three companions found it so in the furnace of fire. Joseph found it so when sold into slavery and cast into prison. And those who have met death have found it so, for they step into a world where death, sickness, sorrow and sin are unknown. Again I say, praise the Lord, or, as Paul says in his double-track of praise—He starts out one train "rejoice" and the first thing we know is another train, "and again I say, rejoice," one shout of praise trying to pass another. Praise the Lord, young converts! Praise ye the Lord! Now, another thing one must do, and that is, pray. Paul says, "pray always." "Pray without ceasing," pray when you go to bed, when you get up, when you sit down, when you

rise up, in your homes, in the streets, in the presence of your friends, and never fail to pray among the wicked, for the fiery darts are flying fast and the prayer of faith is your *shield* "to turn away all the fiery darts of the enemy."

You can form a habit of prayer, so that you will find it as easy as to breathe. You cannot live without breathing, nor can you retain spiritual life without prayer. Anything that comes to you "take it to the Lord in prayer." It is the short cut I find out of so many difficulties. I do not mean many, I mean *all* my trials, *all* my temptations, *all* my sorrows.

Just a word here—take the little things to Jesus. You are converted now, become a little child in your attitude towards the Lord. Why? Because He says "without Me ye can do nothing," but "ask that your joy may be full." This is what the dear Lord tells us. Let us believe Him.

Next,—*Do not forget the Bible.*

I heard of a man selling a very nice edition of the Bible. One day he entered an elegant home and urged a lady to subscribe for this family Bible. She said: "I can show you a nicer one than that." She went into the parlor, and soon returned with an elegant edition of the Word of God. "There, sir, have you a nicer Bible than this and do you think me an heathen?"

The agent took it, opened it, and said: "Well, this is a beautiful book—and here is a splendid pair of gold spectacles." "Oh, my," said the woman, "why I have

looked for those spectacles over three years." You see she had the Bible for show, and not that she might grow. Once in three years will not do.

Right here, let me say that during these revival meetings; and you know that we have sometimes three or four a day—which, with the many letters to write, and always one long one every day for the dear ones at home—and that added to the personal work, you will admit I have been a busy man—but every day I have had for my own comfort a considerable portion of God's Word—a good meal of the Bread of Life—or, if I did not, I felt the need of it more than going without a meal. I cannot live without the Word of God, neither can you. First thing in the morning commit a verse to memory; then, during the day, as many chapters as you have time—but, in all your reading, remember the Holy Ghost alone can make you to enjoy and relish it.

If you find your desire for it not strong, ask the Holy Spirit to enlighten your mind and increase your love for its *blessed* truths. It is the sword of the Spirit. If your head and heart are full of its precious sayings, the Holy Spirit will bring to your remembrance in the hour of need just what you ought to have, words of faith when tempted; words of comfort when in sorrow; words of praise and victory when defeat stares you in the face. Praise the Lord for this dear old Bible. Get several—one to mark, mark all the good things you see; then another one never to mark, keep its pages clean, keep this one when alone with God, and on your

knees read it. Then if the Holy Spirit shows you new light on the sacred word, let the marking be done in the Bible you carry into the meetings. I have one Bible I have carried for fourteen years, but it is so full of marks that when I open it I see nothing but marks and the Holy Spirit does not have the opportunity to show me things new as well as old.

One word more on this subject. Always have at least a Testament. You can get one for five cents, so that you will be without excuse in not being armed as a Christian should be. And if you can have an extra one with you to give to some seeking soul, or a friend with a word of love from your heart written on the fly-leaf, you will be blest, and they too.

The next point is *fellowship*. As saved men, women and children you belong to the invisible church of Christ, but you should unite with the visible church. You need the sacrament of our Lord's Supper. You should obey the command of Christ to be baptized. You should throw yourself, heart, soul, mind, body, all your powers in aiding the advancement of Christ's kingdom. These dear ministers of the gospel will have great joy in welcoming the hundreds of souls that have found Jesus. Go to them of your own accord and say: "I want to be one among you." Go when you believe the Lord would have you and have fellowship with God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. If you do you will have fellowship with the church of Christ.

I know of two brothers who went into one of our leading cities from the country when young men. Both were professing Christians. One handed in his letter to the church ; the other did not. They are both very wealthy. One has given thousands of dollars to the cause of Christ and has aided hundreds of young men to a life of godliness. The other to-day is all swallowed up in worldly matters to the neglect of his soul and with no hope of heaven, so far as I know.

Unite at once with the church and not simply to be towed into heaven, but to be one of the paddles to make it go. The Holy Ghost is the steam, but you can be a part of the ship.

The next point is *safety*. In complying with the wishes of your blessed Lord you are safe. You are on the gospel train. Don't jump off. Keep in the church and look to Christ, "the author and finisher of your faith," and He will take the train through safely and you with it. Praise the Lord.

CAUTION

An old minister said, drop everything when you have to say : "Well, I don't see any harm in it." You do not have to say "I see no harm in going to church ; I see no harm in reading my Bible ; I see no harm in praying." But you do have to say it when you dance, play cards or go to theatres and when you drink wine, ale, or anything that is intoxicating. Do not do anything that you cannot say : "*Lord bless me in this.*"

I beg of you now not to neglect the poor; talk Jesus to everybody; love your friends and your enemies. How is all this to be done? Let the Holy Spirit come down in your heart and *crush self out.*

I had rather come back and assist in your funeral service than to hear you had gone back into the world. But this need not be. Praise the Lord!

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and not be entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—Gal. v. 1.

Again, let me urge you *not to seek the praise of men* out of the church, or in the church. If you do you will bring misery upon yourself. Do not seek offices in church or Sunday School. Let God open and close doors for you. Whenever you find yourself fishing for compliments or honors of men, then you will find faith in God going out of your soul. "No man can serve two masters."

And now, as I close this crude message, may I ask your prayers that I may have more wisdom, more grace, more power, more humility, and more love in the blessed work of our Lord.

"And now we exhort you. Warn them that are unruly. Comfort the feeble minded. Support the weak. Be patient toward all men. Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. Quench not the Spirit. Despise not teachings. Prove all things (by the Word of God). Hold fast that which

is good. Abstain from all appearance of evil. And the very God of peace will sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it."—1 Thess. v. 14–24.

COURT-PREACHER STÖCKER.

ADOLF STÖCKER, who from September 4th to 24th has been holding daily religious meetings among the Germans in Chicago, and has preached in many German churches, and called together in the Central Music Hall, four times, very large audiences to hear the Word of God, is a theologian well known in Germany for his activity. He was the court-preacher of the old Emperor William, and was formerly also supported in his work by Emperor William II. while he was still Prince. But his opponents, in league with the Jewish press, shook the confidence of the young monarch in the court-preacher, so that the latter, together with a colleague, felt obliged to give in his resignation, which was accepted. Stöcker's activity was not, however, lessened on this account. He is president of the City Mission of Berlin, and editor of a church paper which supports the freedom of the church against the State, and seeks to sustain a strong Christian life. Besides this, he preaches in the large hall of the City Mission every Sunday, and in winter also during

Rev. O. Stoecker.

the week, and publishes sermons, of which 130,000 copies are weekly distributed.

In addition to this, Stöcker holds a prominent place in public life as the founder and leader of the Christian Social Party, and exercises considerable political activity. He was for a long time a member of the German Reichstag and of the Prussian Embassy, where he defended the ecclesiastical interests of his Fatherland. But last time he was not elected into the Reichstag. Whether he will, at the coming elections, be re-elected member of the Prussian Embassy, cannot yet be known, but it is possible. What has spread his name in the world more than anything else is his relation to the Jews, whose anti-Christian influence in the press, and in public life generally, he tries to destroy. But it is not the religion of the Jews which he attacks; it is their irreligion and their arrogance that he is opposed to. During his stay at Chicago he, as would naturally be expected, did not put forth publicly his social and political or anti-Semitic views; he tried only to bring spiritual strengthening to his fellow-believers. He was born December 11, 1835; was for eight years pastor in the country, then head-chaplain in the army at Mayence, and in 1874 was called to Berlin, into the position of court-preacher, which he gave up in 1890.

REV. NICLAUS BOLDT.

REV. NICLAUS BOLDT was born in Lichtensteig, Switzerland, July 7, 1864. From early childhood the boy's mind was drawn toward the ministry, and

REV. NICLAUS BOLDT.

preaching to imaginary crowds in empty rooms and delivering farewell sermons to the servants were among the principal enjoyments of his childhood. He was

educated at the Divinity School at Basel. During his vacation he was engaged in organizing Sunday-schools among the peasants in the Swiss mountains. He devoted one entire summer to preaching in a little town high up on a mountain. In 1887 he came to America and settled down in the parental home at St. Paul, Minnesota. Here he began to hold religious services in a part of the city, thickly populated by Germans, gathered a congregation and in due time organized a church. He came to Chicago in connection with Mr. Moody's evangelistic campaign and conducted a series of meetings for Germans in Christ Church and in Holmes' Hall, laboring with acceptance and success.

Who of those present, can ever forget, the quiet, yet impressive way in which he interpreted the great German preacher, Dr. Stöcker, before the vast assembly who welcomed the distinguished German. Mr. Boldt is young and handsome, as you will see by his photograph, which we were fortunate to obtain.

REV. HENRY B. HARTZLER.

HENRY BURNS HARTZLER was born in York Co., Pa., March 23, 1840. His grandfather came to this country from one of the German cantons of Switzerland. His boyhood was spent on the farm, where habits of industry and a vigorous constitution were secured for future service in the years of mature manhood.

Early in life he was converted and joined the Evangelical Association. A few years later he was ordained to the Gospel ministry in that Church and became a member of the Central Pennsylvania Conference. In the pastorate he was efficient and successful.

Having become known to the Church as an able writer, he was called to serve in the capacity of assistant editor of *The Evangelical Messenger*, the English organ of his Church, in Cleveland, Ohio. After four years of that service, in which he won the esteem and confidence of the Church, he was elected editor-in-chief of the paper, which position he occupied from 1879 to 1887. The two following years he edited *The Evangelical*, at Harrisburg, Pa. In 1889 he was called by Mr. D. L. Moody to serve as chaplain of his school at Mt. Hermon, Mass., and Bible Teacher there and in the Northfield Ladies Training School, which positions he still holds.

Mr. Hartzler's years of service in the responsible position of Church editor attest his ability as a writer. His style is clear, concise and always characterized by rare beauty and force of expression. He has also written considerable poetry, the merit of which is shown by its being found in the best Sunday-school song-books and the hymnal of the Evangelical Church.

His service in the high position to which God and the Church had called him was marked by a manly independence that savored not of ambition for popular favor or promotion. In the light of his life and the atmosphere of his personal presence a self-seeking spirit is

rebuked. Therefore to whatever measure or end his judgment approves he brings the full strength of a clear, keen intellect and warm heart, and the Church was never left in doubt as to his attitude on any vexed questions requiring editorial review.

As a pulpit orator his talents are of a very superior order. His manner is graceful, animated and free, always suiting the "action to the word." His sermons are thought out with care and delivered extemporaneously. One can get but an imperfect idea of the man by reading his sermons; for the unction, power and eloquence with which the words fall from the lips of the speaker cannot be reproduced on the printed page. The following words have the weight of coming from the eminent Rev. Anson Smythe, D.D., of Cleveland, Ohio: "The personal presence of Brother Hartzler is attractive. He has a pleasing countenance, and his eye and features are expressive of a loving heart. His voice is remarkably clear and distinct, and his tones seem to carry his words with love to the hearts of the hearers. Though earnest, serious and impressive, there is nothing of harshness or severity in his expressions.

"He looks deep into the truths of God's Word and grasps them with wonderful effectiveness, and presents with great force the cardinal doctrines of sin, of redemption, and the office of the Holy Ghost.

"Some six or seven years ago there was more than usual religious attention in the churches of this city, and earnest and repeated efforts were made to secure the

services of Mr. Moody. He could not be obtained, and much disappointment was felt. But it soon was apparent that there stood one among us whom we knew not. Daily meetings were held, led by the city pastors. It happened that Mr. Hartzler was called to perform this service, and so pleased were the people that he was requested to lead the meeting upon the following day, and it was soon seen that new life was infused into the meetings. In a few days, by the unanimous wish of pastors and people, the management of the meetings was committed to Mr. Hartzler's hands, and for some ten weeks he preached daily, his congregations filling one of our largest churches. The result of his ministrations led good people here to bless God for what was accomplished through his instrumentality, and they regard him with honor and affection. Among the ministers of this city he ranks very high. I have often seen from twenty to thirty of our leading clergymen in his audience, giving him approving attention." To this it is hardly necessary to add the brief but expressive testimony of Bishop Rudolph Dubs, D. D., in the words: "Brother Hartzler, who occupies an eminent position in our Church as the successful editor of the *Evangelical Messenger*, is a powerful and eloquent minister of the Gospel."

As a Christian gentleman he is thoroughly conscientious and upright. He is a most congenial companion, by the very tones of his voice and the pleasing expression of his countenance inspiring hope and good cheer.

Though naturally timid and retiring, he has the courage and firmness to be an aggressive leader in all the lines of Christian effort or Church work. But always and everywhere he is the same example of lofty purpose, exalted character and entire devotion to the duties of his high calling as a Christian and a minister.

THE WORLD'S FAIR GOSPEL CAMPAIGN.

BY REV. HENRY B. HARTZLER.

When the future historian of America shall write the religious history of the closing years of this century, he must give a large place to the remarkable evangelistic movement inaugurated, and carried forward, through the six months of the World's Columbian Exposition, in the city of Chicago, by Mr. Dwight L. Moody. Never before has a work of such extent been undertaken by any religious leader, under similar conditions. Never has God more manifestly honored the faith and courage of his servant, than in the triumphant progress and results of this work. From the human side we can see how such a work would have been impossible without a leader trained and qualified as is Mr. Moody. What other man could have commanded the service of the ablest preachers and singers in the Old World and the New, as he has done? What other man could have drawn the needed means, to meet the enormous expenses of the work, from the Lord's stewards in all parts of this and other lands? And how, without the quarter century of experience in the

Lord's work through which he has come, could even Mr. Moody have been successful in this daring venture? It is one of the most striking illustrations in history of the realization of God's promise, "Them that honor me, I will honor," for He has given His servant a name untarnished that is known and honored throughout the world, and commands universal confidence.

Long before the World's Fair itself was a realized fact, the thought and purpose of turning that coming event into an opportunity for the kingdom of God had grown up in Mr. Moody's mind. He saw that the material glory of the Fair would attract millions of people, "out of every nation under heaven," and his heart burned with desire to make it an occasion of glory to God, by having the Gospel preached with a world-wide reach of influence and effect. When he saw the finger of God pointing the way, he hesitated not a moment to confer with flesh and blood. By faith he projected his plans for a comprehensive evangelistic campaign, to run parallel with the proposed six months' term of the World's Fair. During his last year's evangelistic labors in England, Ireland and Scotland, and his journey to the Holy Land, the thought of this work was ever in his heart. It was then that he enlisted the help of representative Christian men of Europe in the great enterprise, and also brought to his Bible Institute a score and more of students from Ireland.

On the first of May last, Mr. Moody went to

Chicago, completed his arrangements, and opened the campaign. The beginning was very difficult, and to a man less courageous and persistent, and less confident of Divine approval, it would have ended in discouragement and failure. The entrance had to be forced through a dead wall of indifference and apathy, and through an array of hostile influences well organized and strong. Every advance step had to be taken by faith. The way opened only as they went forward. The doors of theatres and halls, that could not be opened for services at first, were unlocked, one by one, as by an invisible key, and God made way for Himself.

The main object which Mr. Moody hoped to accomplish by his efforts was to bring the Gospel of Christ in contact with the great multitudes of all sorts of people thronging the city during the World's Fair; and thus to hold up conspicuously and continuously, over against the material attractions and worldly glory of the World's Fair, the spiritual attractions and heavenly glory of the World's Fairest; to exalt the things which are unseen and eternal, in the midst of the things which are seen and temporal; to contend for the saving faith of the Gospel by its clear setting forth in testimony of word and work and life; to rescue the Sabbath from its enemies and false friends, by filling its hours with abundant labors of love for the welfare of man, overcoming evil with good; emptying Sunday theatres and other places of sinful amusements by filling churches, halls, theatres, and tents, and displacing the Godless

Sunday performance with Christian song services and Gospel preaching; to contend against saloons and vile resorts by drawing away their patrons to a new life; and to arouse and quicken believers for more effective life and service for Christ.

The entire evangelistic movement therefore stands forth before the church and the world as a great object lesson in Christian work, and a demonstration of the attraction and power of the Gospel of Christ in the midst of the greatest material glory this world has ever seen. It is a loud voice of faithful testimony for Jesus Christ, crying out above all the conflicting voices of the time, proclaiming Him as the one Saviour and Lord, the only hope of a perishing world.

To accomplish this object a large number of the most available places were secured—churches, theatres, halls, tabernacle tents, Gospel wagons—where evangelistic meetings were held day by day. No labor or expense was spared to bring these meetings to the notice of the people. The motto was, "Compel them to come in." A strong force of Christian workers, under command of able and experienced evangelists, was kept constantly in the field. The Gospel was preached with directness, simplicity and power. The same Gospel was sung with attractive, persuasive power by the ablest evangelists of song. Co-operating with these leaders were from 200 to 300 trained soul-savers, men and women, from Mr. Moody's Bible Institute and elsewhere, who performed individual, personal work in season and out of season.

Special meetings for mothers, for children, and for men only, have also been held, and house-to-house visitation has been constantly carried forward.

From its comparatively small beginning the movement has swept out into a wide compass, embracing as centers of operation, at different times, from twenty to thirty churches, nine halls, seven theatres and five tabernacle tents, which are moved from one strategic point to another, as occasion requires. These include some of the largest, finest, best located halls in the city, none of which could by any possibility be obtained at the opening of the campaign. The North, the West, and the South sides of the city have thus been reached in a succession of effective, powerful meetings, as well as the suburbs and adjacent towns. The base of operations and headquarters of the working forces is the Chicago Bible Institute, a busy, buzzing hive of religious activity.

The eagerness of the people to hear the Gospel preached and sung was a surprising revelation to everybody. No building is large enough to contain the thousands that flock to hear Mr. Moody. A very large proportion of these are World's Fair visitors from all parts of the world. It was ascertained by actual test that 2800 out of a congregation of 3000, and 1900 out of a congregation of 2000, were strangers. This is an astonishing and significant fact. There has been no decrease in the number of the congregations during the hottest season, nor even during the time of the greatest counter attractions of special World's Fair days, or of the World's Parliament of Religions.

As many as sixty-five different meetings have been held on a single Sunday, in forty-six different places, with an aggregate attendance of from 62,000 to 64,000 people. Including the Sunday, an aggregate of from 130 to 200 meetings have been held in a single week, exclusive of the many meetings for prayer and counsel in which the workers engage. In several cases all-day meetings have been held from morning until ten o'clock at night, with the happiest results.

Mr. Moody has tried to bring the Gospel to people of other languages also, as well as the English, and succeeded in reaching the Germans, the Bohemians, the Poles, the Swedes, the French, and the Hebrews, to a certain extent. Among the Germans, especially, a great work was done through the famous Ex-court Preacher of Germany, Dr. Stoecker, and Rev. Niclaus Bolt, of St. Paul.

Among the evangelistic leaders and Bible teachers who have taken part in the great Gospel movement may be named the following: Dwight L. Moody, the Commander-in-Chief; Major D. W. Whittle, of Northfield, Mass.; Dr. R. A. Torrey, Superintendent of the Chicago Bible Institute; Mrs. S. B. Capron, Superintendent Ladies' Department of the Bible Institute; Dr. T. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn; Hon. John G. Woolley; Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.; Major Cole, of Chicago; Dr. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn; Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore; Dr. Geo. C. Needham, of Philadelphia; Dr. James S. Brooks, of St. Louis; Dr.

G. W. Briggs, of Austin, Texas; Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman, of Philadelphia; Rev. B. Fay Mills; Dr. Joseph Cook, of Boston; Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston; Prof. Moorehead, of Xenia, O.; Prof. J. M. Stifler, of Pennsylvania; Dr. C. I. Scoville, of Dallas, Texas; Rev. R. G. Pearson, of Asheville, N. C.; Rev. F. T. Pierson; Geo. D. McKay, of New York; Rev. Niclaus Boldt, of St. Paul; Ferd. Schiverea, W. Dalgetty, Rev. T. B. Hyde, Rev. C. L. Kirk, John H. Elliott, and Ralph Atkinson, of Chicago; Evangelists Davis and Higgins, in charge of the Gospel Wagon, and Miss B. B. Tyson, of Washington, D. C. From abroad were such men as Dr. John McNeill, Henry Varley, Charles Inglis, Rev. Hubert Brooke, Dr. J. Munro Gibson, Dr. Geo. F. Pentecost, Lord Bennett, and Rev. James Spurgeon, of London; Dr. John Riddell, Dr. John Robertson, Rev. Merton Smith, Rev. John M. Scroggie, Mr. W. Robertson, Lord Kinnaird, and Rev. G. H. C. MacGregor, of Scotland; Rev. Charles Inwood, of Ireland; Dr. J. Pindor, of Austria; Dr. Theo. Monod, of Paris; Dr. Adolf Stoecker and Count Bernstorff, of Germany; and Rabbi Rabinowitz, of Russia, with others not here named.

The force of singers, who contributed so greatly to the interest and power of the meetings, included the well-known names of Ira D. Sankey, Geo. C. Stebbins, D. B. Towner, J. H. McGranahan, F. H. Jacobs, J. H. Burke, Mrs. F. T. Pierson, T. H. Atkinson, C. Alexander, and others, with the Oberlin, Kimball,

Torrey and Institute Quartettes, and choirs of trained singers, male and female.

The number of sermons, Bible readings, lectures, and Gospel addresses, delivered during the past five months of the evangelistic campaign, would make a library if printed. Better preaching, for immediate and permanent effect, has probably never been done. Some of the meetings were simply wonderful. Thousands of people were again and again borne down and melted by th overwhelming power of the word of God, speaker and hearers being alike overcome. I may not trust myself to specify names here, or to describe any particular meetings. It was manifestly the power of the Holy Spirit, working through the prepared and chosen human instruments, that wrought such wonders among the people.

There was much preaching, but there was more prayer. It was a campaign of prayer especially. And this incessant, importunate prayer was not only among the workers, and those associated with them in the city, but an almost world-wide sympathy and interest was created and maintained. It was most affecting to learn how God had evidently laid upon the hearts of Christians throughout the world a burden of desire for the success of the work in Chicago. It was made the special subject of public, united prayer in a number of great conferences of Christians, and churches, while many pledged themselves to pray for it in secret and at the family altar without ceasing. It was a wonderful passion and concord of prayer.

The results of the campaign can not be recorded by a human pen. No account of the converts has been attempted. The Lord has added daily to the number of the saved. Scores and hundreds have confessed Christ in some of the meetings. Perhaps the most noteworthy, and certainly the most far-reaching results of the meetings will be found throughout the world where the thousands of converted sinners and revived Christians have gone from their brief sojourn in the World's Fair City, to live their new life and bear their new testimony. "Chicago is not the only place to be benefited by this wonderful work," writes an observer. "The hundreds of thousands which throng these great gatherings come from every land on earth. Every State in the great Republic sends a host of representatives. Returning to their homes over the whole wide world, they will take with them the influences of the lessons to which they have listened, the songs they have heard, and the enthusiasm here inspired." This has been the desire and hope of Mr. Moody, that "thousands from all parts of the world might carry the fire back with them to their homes." The end is not yet. The day of eternity shall disclose the results in all their fullness.

MR. A. P. FITT.

ONE of the most genial and pleasant of all Mr. Moody's helpers is Mr. A. P. Fitt, private secretary and general assistant. Young, handsome, intelligent, full of energy, he can get to more places and do more good work, and get away sooner, than any man of my acquaintance. He is a typical Irishman, full of fun, tact and business, all at once. He was born in Limerick in 1869, of English stock. His parents were Quakers. They settled in Limerick in 1830. His father became a Congregationalist, and the son was reared in that faith. His mother died in 1871; his father in 1877. He was educated in Yorkshire, England; returned to Limerick at Christmas, 1884, and, being too young to enter college, put in two years in a Medical Hall in Limerick, his object always being to join the medical profession; he qualified in two years' apprenticeship necessary for degree of licentiate of Pharmaceutical Society of Ireland (L. P. S. I.), in case he ever wished to take that degree. Entered Trinity College (Dublin University) in June, 1887; obtained a mathematical scholarship at entrance—a prize worth more than $250 a year for four years to a resident student. During his four years' course in Trinity he took honor courses all along, and obtained honors and prizes in English History and Geography, English Literature and Composition, French, Mathematics, Experimental Science, Logics, Ethics; gained a

A. P. Fitt.

Senior Exhibition ($125 a year for two years) in November, 1890; gained a Royal Scholarship in Science in June, 1891—a prize worth about $350 a year for five years to a resident. Its chief value consists in the honor of being a scholar; it puts a man on the Foundation of the College; carries with it the privilege for being an elector of the University. To be able to write "Sch. T. C. D." after your name gives you a standing at once in the teaching, legal and other professions.

Mr. Fitt obtained B. A. in honors in November, 1892, winning a gold medal and the rank of Senior Moderator. His subject was: "Logics, Ethics and Metaphysics." At the same time he gained another scholarship, worth $50 a year for three years.

He changed his views about medicine, and entered the law in November, 1891, a student of the King's Inn, and aimed for the Irish bar. Also entered the Law School in Trinity College, and put in one year before he met Mr. Moody.

Speaking of his religious life, he says: "Both my parents were God-fearing, and trained their family (thirteen of us) along those lines. I can't recall any definite time when I was converted, but early influences always remained, and it was Major Whittle who decided me to take a stand and join the church. He conducted a week's mission in Limerick at Christmas, 1887, shortly after I entered college. So when I returned to Dublin, after Christmas holidays, I joined the Congregational church, York street, Dublin. I continued a member of

that until the other day, when I wrote for a transfer, and I expect to join Chicago Avenue church next month I never did any active Christian work except take a Sunday-school class and attend fairly regularly. I took great interest in the Mutual Improvement Society connected with the church, and used to practice speaking, etc., at their weekly debates."

In answer to the inquiry how he became associated with Mr. Moody, he says:

"He had met a brother of mine, now a solicitor (*i. e.*, lawyer), when he was in Limerick in 1882, or along there. My brother managed the meetings both then and in September, 1892. On the last occasion Mr. Moody asked if there were any more Fitts, and was told that I was in college. So when he came to Dublin he sent down for me and asked me to 'hitch on' to him. I laughed at him at first, but when every one I consulted told me I should go, I accepted his offer. I was too well pleased with my standing in college, and with my prospects at the Irish bar, to leave there, when I had never taken active interest in religious work before. But everything happened in such a peculiar way, and under such striking circumstances, that I believed there must be a special call for the work, and on that ground only I finally made up my mind. Mr. Moody says he took me on my brother's reputation—the first time in his life he ever did such a thing.

"I joined him at Wilmington, Del., on January 21, 1893, where he and Mr. Sankey held a three weeks'

H. H. McGRANAHAN.

mission, then three weeks in Baltimore, Md., ten days in Charlotte, N. C., and six days in Wilmington, N. C.; spent April in Northfield, and came to Chicago with him in May."

A bright future is before our young brother, and we wish for him abundant success.

H. H. McGRANAHAN.

PROF. H. H. McGRANAHAN, director of the Musical Department, and teacher of harmony and singing in the Bible Institute, has had quite a musical career, about which our readers, no doubt, will be glad to know something.

Born at Jamestown, Pa., June 3, 1854, he began the study of music under his uncle, James McGranahan, the eminent gospel song writer, at the age of ten. He commenced the study of theory, harmony and methods in Dr. Geo. F. Root's Summer Normal Music School in 1875. These he attended regularly until 1881, excepting the summer of 1878, when he went to Europe with Dr. Eben Tourges' musical party to the Paris Exposition.

For several years he was connected with Dr. H. R. Palmer's Summer School of Music as a pupil, also as teacher of harmony and singing, and during winter months conducted musical institutes and conventions throughout Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York. He

studied voice culture in Boston with Lyman W. Wheeler, and harmony and composition with J. C. D. Parker. In 1884 he taught in the New York Choral Union, which was under Dr. Palmer's supervision, and in 1885 took charge of the same kind of work in Philadelphia,

MRS. H. H. McGRANAHAN.

where he remained until 1888. The Church Choral Union was organized for the purpose of training young people in reading music and singing, for the purpose of preparing them to take a more effective part in the musical services of the church and young people's meeting. The Philadelphia Union was under the management of

H. T. JACOBS.

representatives of the different denominations, Mr. William H. Wanamaker acting as president. Its membership numbered over five thousand voices. In 1889 Mr. Moody engaged him to take charge of the musical department here in the Institute, where he has been laboring ever since. His wide experience and genial nature have won for him a prominent place as an instructor, and a warm place in the hearts of the students.

Mrs. McGranahan takes charge of the organ pupils, and is pushing into it with her usual enthusiasm. This work is very practical, making sacred music the specialty. Some have gone out from here to teach music in Christian schools. Mrs. McGranahan had fifty-five pupils last year, and many who wanted lessons could not be accommodated.

H. T. JACOBS.

MR. H. T. JACOBS, one of Mr. Moody's singers, is German by birth and came to this country with his parents when but seven years of age. His father was in the northern army during the Civil War in this country, and while there engaged, his son was the mainstay of the mother at home and learned early what it was to be independent of circumstances.

He grew up as a hard-working boy being "put out" to work for others and thus help to support the family.

At the return of the father from the war the family

settled down on a farm, and there would have been extremely content but for the accursed demon of drink that had robbed them of peace in the person of the father, who, otherwise, was the kindest of parents.

The hum-drum life of the farm was not suited to the aspiring young life which was just turning into matured boyhood, and yet he remained faithfully at his post, for if there is one thing more prominent in the German than his war-like proclivities it is his reverence for his parents, no matter how much cause for dissatisfaction on their part.

Through all the disadvantage of being a drunkard's son he rallied for the better part of life and its duties.

He was always a very observing child and wanted to know the reason for everything. Not being taught at home about God or Jesus Christ, he would wonder as he looked up into the clear skies and say to himself "Who made the stars?" Then instinctively the answer would come from his inmost soul, "God made them," and thus the Creator wrote upon his heart the first great lesson which finally culminated in an entire surrender to the service of his Master—Christ.

His conversion was a rather peculiar one, and among many very interesting things connected with his early history, Mr. Jacobs holds none so dear as the night when by a seeming un-important conversation he learned the great truth of Jesus being the Son of God.

He was sixteen years old when one night, sleeping with an old gentleman who was living at his father's

home, he asked, before going to sleep, who Jesus Christ was.

The old man who was nominally a Christian told him that He was the Son of God, and that He came down from heaven to die for sinners and redeemed them to God.

It was a short story, not more than twenty-five or thirty words, but it was marvelous in its influence. The old gentleman turned over and went to sleep, but the boy lay there thinking of the God who sent His Son to die for him, and when the small hours of the night were slowly passing, he was still awake, until finally just before morning he wept himself to sleep, and from that hour on a new life had possession of his soul.

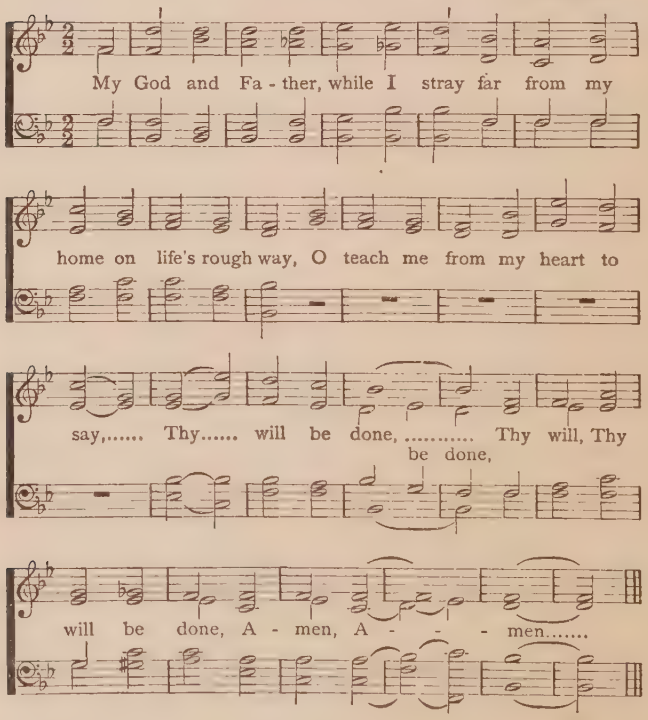
New and grander visions sprang up before him, and the soul touched by the Spirit of God was ever on the wing to higher attainments for its Master. The old man is long since silently sleeping in His grave, but he may know now that that short story was the starting of a new life in the boy at his side, which has had and shall have the great joy of knowing that souls through his life and work have been born anew and live for God.

His early training to hardship and honest labor was of great assistance to him now. At the age of eighteen he started out to secure an education, and finally the battle culminated, after years of struggle with almost unsurmountable difficulties of sickness, poor eye-sight, struggle against appetite for strong drink, opposition

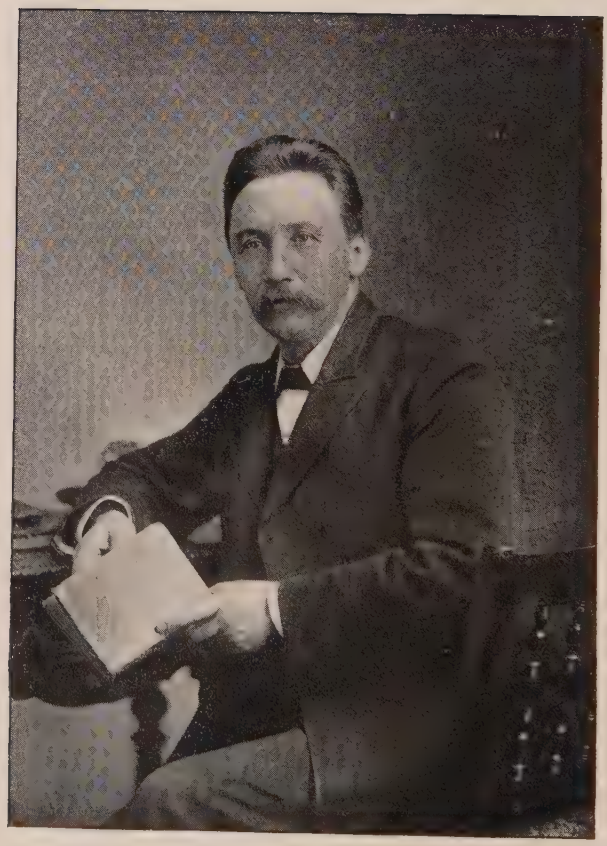
from friends and various distracting hindrances, in his graduation from a prominent western college with high honors.

THY WILL BE DONE.

H. H. McGranahan.


My God and Fa - ther, while I stray far from my
home on life's rough way, O teach me from my heart to
say,..... Thy..... will be done, ... Thy will, Thy
be done,
will be done, A - men, A - - - men.....

He immediately went to work as first assistant State Secretary of the Illinois Young Men's Christian Association. In this work he continued for eight years, doing



REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

good service in many fields, the last two years State Secretary of this society.

His friends labored with him very often, urging him to give all his time to the singing of the gospel, and finally he did so and has been wonderfully blessed in his work.

Mr. Jacobs has a wife and two boys. Mrs. Jacobs is a beautiful alto singer, and the boys are growing up under their careful training to work for Jesus. They have already sung much in public, though they are but seven and eight years old.

REV. THOMAS SPURGEON.

IT was a great pleasure to me to become acquainted with Mr. Spurgeon. All my life I have admired and loved his father, and it was no small privilege to meet his son, known all through the English-speaking world as a great preacher and the successor of his noble sire. The following sketch is taken from *Religious Bits*, a London paper, and gives a good account of our brother. He did not tarry long in Chicago, nor in America, indeed, but we hope he will come back. He remained two weeks in Chicago, and while there did good work for the Master.

A POPULAR YOUNG PREACHER.

The most popular of the young preachers in the colo-

nies is Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, who, until recently, had the oversight of the Baptist Church in Auckland.

Few men have been more highly favored by a friendly providence. The descendant of a race of preachers, the son of the first orator of our time, trained by one of the sweetest and best of mothers, reared amid cultured and happy surroundings.

THE BURDEN OF A GREAT NAME.

Even pleasure has its pain, and popularity its penalty. A great name is not an unmixed blessing. It may attract attention, it is sure to invite comparisons. Mr. Herbert Gladstone might already have been a force in political life but for the fact that all his efforts are judged in the brilliant light of his father's fame. We know critics who affirm that the comparative non-success of Mr. H. Sims Reeves and Mr. Edward Irving, Jr., is in a considerable degree traceable to the unfair habit of the public in judging a son by the standard of his sire.

In the colonies, doubtless, the large congregations attracted by the younger Spurgeon contained many who came simply because of the world-wide reputation of the great Puritan, but it was not the name that comforted troubled hearts, that brought fresh inspiration to those who had been defeated and dispirited in the constant battle with self and sin, and led prodigals to leave the far-country to return to the loving all-Father. The preacher may effect all this, his name cannot do it. It requires strength to sustain an inherited reputation. Mr.

Spurgeon has at least done this—he has survived being compared with his father.

CHILDHOOD.

The great divine had two children, twin boys, born on September 20th, 1856, in the modest house in the New Kent Road, in which he began home-making. About their earliest days there is nothing remarkable to record except their training. Mrs. Spurgeon well understood that mysterious art which Dr. Adler terms the "sacred science of childhood." "Son Tom" never had very robust health, and naturally became "mother's boy."

Mr. Spurgeon, amid his many engagements, found time and opportunity to care for his boys; he would play with them with all the zeal of a child, and teach them with the wisdom of a sage. A favorite pastime was riddle-making, in which fun was made the minister of instruction. Upon one of these merry occasions Thomas was asked to tell which tree he liked best. "Yew, father," was the ready reply, indicating affection and mother wit. Of these days, Mr. Charles Spurgeon writes, "When we went through the churches in Paris he seemed to know every picture, every tomb. And if we went through old ruins of castles, abbeys, and the like, he would tell us all about them, for he seemed to us to know everything."

School life at Camden House, Brighton, soon revealed the disposition of "son Tom," who made rapid advances in learning, and won the affection of his playfellows and

tutors alike by his tender, woman-like consideration for others.

On Monday, September 20th, 1874, a large congregation saw Mr. Spurgeon baptize both his sons, previous to their being received into church fellowship. Very soon they engaged in religious work, going to the help of a worthy working-man who was conducting mission services in his own home at Clapham. Here "Master Thomas" did his "'prentice work" in public speaking; the audiences became too large for the room, and a new chapel was erected, mainly by the efforts of the younger Spurgeons. During this time Thomas was learning the trade of a wood-engraver, in which he displayed special skill.

IN BRIGHTER BRITAIN.

At this time the health of Thomas Spurgeon was so feeble that his parents became troubled and anxious about his future. Medical opinion decided upon a visit to Australia. In June he went on board the *Lady Jocelyn*, for the land of the Southern Cross. During the voyage he acted as chaplain, conducting divine service on the Sundays.

The friends in Melbourne gave him a right royal welcome to their city and their homes. "Spurgeon's son" was a guest much in request. A preaching tour was arranged, extending to South Australia and Tasmania and Queensland; the success was such that he did not return until recalled by the dangerous illness of his mother in November. Upon arrival he found his mother

partly restored to health, but the old enemy had again attacked his father and laid him low. At a few hours' notice he was called to preach at the Tabernacle, which he did with considerable acceptance.

Having decided to enter the regular ministry, he became a student in the Pastor's College, but the eye of the public had caught sight of him, and "calls," many and pressing, came for pulpit services, with the result that class work had to be given up. In 1879 our inhospitable climate again sent him into exile in search of health. The little church at Wellesley Street, Auckland, was without a pastor, and gave him a call, which was accepted. The old wooden structure was soon too small for the crowds who wanted to hear; the Public Hall was taken, and the experience was repeated, the people came and continued to come to hear the other Spurgeon. It was decided to build a Tabernacle. The new structure is very like the famous building in London, but the platform which serves as pulpit has no rails of any kind, and there is only one gallery. It cost £15,000, and is the largest Baptist Church in the colonies, and what is of greater importance, it has the largest membership of any of the Baptist churches in Oceania. On the platform table is the old Bible from which C. H. Spurgeon preached his first sermons in the metropolis. Its first page bears this historic note: "This Bible was used by me at New Park Street Chapel, Southwark, during my earliest ministry. I now give it to my dear son, Thomas Spurgeon, for his own use, with his father's blessing and

a thousand prayers for his ever growing usefulness in the Auckland Tabernacle, wherein I trust he may long use this volume, and may the right hand of the Lord be exalted, and a church be built up to the praise and glory of our Lord Jesus Christ.—C. H. Spurgeon."

The handsome communion plate was presented by the old church at home, and the clock by the Rev. C. Spurgeon's people at Greenwich. England subscribed £2,550. The larger building brought increased calls for larger service, until in November, 1889, the pastor found it impossible to continue the work. The whole city regretted his retirement.

The Colonial Baptist Union wisely invited him to become their traveling evangelist. The position is a happy one to those who have a capacity for putting a large amount of work into a short space of time, and a temper which is not disturbed by all sorts of small disappointments and troubles.

IN THE BUSH.

Preaching up country has its romance and charm as well as its difficulties.

Certainly sleeping out at night, surrounded by troops of lively, if not lovely animals, who seem determined to keep one awake, is not the best preparation for a morning service. The preacher sometimes has to ride saddle-back long journeys over roads which are yet to be made, to find himself just in time to see a driving and drenching storm which makes the service quite impossi-

ble; the disappointment is not made less by the people who plague him with questions about the friends they left in England, whose concerns he is expected to know, though never before has he heard of their existence. Conventional religion is not in evidence in the bush-farms, and ceremonies receive scant attention—denominationalism can hardly be said to exist. The people, in the very midst of nature's freedom and grandeur, acquire a robustness of mind which demands liberty to grow after its own order. They have lost that fondness for the conventional which marks old countries.

These days in the bush have provided Mr. Spurgeon with abundance of quaint and beautiful illustrations. He has the touch of the Puritan in turning all things into pulpit material; he sees sermons not only in stones, but in worms. He says:—

"There is a wonderful charm about the gleam of glow worms, especially when they shine in myriads. The pale blue light of one or two may be passed unnoticed, but of the shining host everybody says, 'How beautiful!' Can I ever forget the glories of the Tikitapu bush? There, in a cutting, was the glow worms' rendezvous; the banks on either side of the road were all a-twinkle, ten thousand tiny stars sparkled from the grass or the leaves. Every fern frond was full of eyes. Bless the beaming beauties, beetles though they be. They sent us on our way rejoicing. I defy the most skillful pyrotechnist to produce anything half so lovely. The colored fires and prismatic fountains and fairy lamps of the cost-

liest fête are not within 'cooee' of this exhibition. Modest little glow worms, you have triumphed—yours is the first prize for illumination. Learn, hence, a two-fold lesson. The brightest blaze is not always the most useful, and combination often makes amends for inefficiency and feebleness. Get together, you whose gifts are slender. Co-operate and amalgamate. Do not despise your own efforts, but glow in company."

Concerning spiders, he wrote: "There is one spider I greatly respect, he is a water-spider, a thorough-going Baptist. Most of his time is spent in a state of immersion. The wonderful thing about him is that he carries down with him a big bubble of air, and lets it escape into a dome-shaped cocoon, which he had previously constructed. Then he goes above for another; and so on, until he has sufficient air to last for a long time. In this diving-bell he lives, watches for his prey, eats his meals, and rears his family; returning to the surface only when his stock of atmosphere is running short. Does it not occur to you that we have, in this curious specimen, a not inapt illustration of the Christian, who, compelled to live in an element which is not congenial to his new and better nature, can exist there only as he takes constant supplies of spiritual atmosphere? Fortified with this, he passes through conditions that else would destroy him, and though in the world, is not of it."

IN THE PULPIT

Mr. Spurgeon is most at home; his crisp, nervous Eng-

lish goes straight to the heart. The humor which peeps out with the modest grace of a timid child, vividly recalls the now sainted Spurgeon in his earliest days. Indeed, the personality of the father is strongly reproduced, especially in the manner of utterance; there is an absolute straightforwardness with his audience, he speaks with the emphasis of conviction, and gives the impression of a pleader who has nothing to keep back. He knows the heart-chords, and touches them at will; yet always with a tender hand and for a purpose. He tells his story in his own style; without effort he is effective, he does not argue or rave, he has something to say, and simply says it with whole-hearted earnest sincerity of purpose; he wins his way to the affections by his tender sympathy. We could reply to an argument, but who can answer tears? There is no indication of

> "The bookfull blockhead, ignorantly read;
> With loads of learned lumber in his head,"

though there is clear evidence of varied and careful reading.

The Tabernacle officials did well to invite him to supply the pulpit for three months. Many friends wish the state of his health did not make it impossible to regard him as the possible colleague with his uncle, as beyond all question he is the most likely man among the younger Baptists to carry on the ministry of this vast church in the spirit of its late pastor, and in harmony with its holiest and best traditions. He is a Spurgeon,

and has the confidence and love of the people. He has that passion which is the supreme need of the preacher, as well as his chief element of power. Paxton Hood used to call it the "instinct for souls." It is that loving hunger of the heart to bring men into fellowship with the Cross. If health permits, Thomas Spurgeon ought to take his place in the front rank of pulpit orators. He has none of that "Know-everything" air which some modern apostles mistake for spiritual power. He is destitute of pretence, and inherits many gifts, but his chief trait is his transparent goodness; and, in the long run, men will learn that only the good can be great.

Well for the Church and the world if men shall find the sleeping Puritan is not dead while his sons live.

WORDS UPON WHEELS!

BY MR. THOMAS SPURGEON.

[A Sermon preached at the Metropolitan Tabernacle on Sunday morning, September 17th, 1893.]

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.—Prov. xxv. 11, R. V.

[We are indebted to the weekly magazine, "Word and Work," London, for this sermon. This paper publishes one of Mr. Spurgeon's discourses every week.—Ed.]

I shall make no apology—there is no need for one—for speaking to you, dear people of God, on one special subject pertaining to Christian character and conduct this morning. We have the warrant of God's Word for this course. The chapter that we have read (James

iii) is devoted almost entirely to the very theme which I am now to handle, and in very many parts of Scripture, the importance of ruling and controlling the tongue is dealt with at large. I think it was Robert Hall who said to a young minister, "Be not afraid of devoting whole sermons to particular parts of moral conduct and religious duty." The fact of the matter is that our addresses, to be worth anything, must be pointed, and practical, and even personal. It has been well said that "*generalities* are the death of prayer," and the same is true of preaching. I therefore desire to drive home upon every heart, my own included, the importance of considering well what we say, the almost equal importance of studying *how* to say it, and the not less important matter of being very careful as to when we say it; for the word must be spoken in due season. Oh, may the Lord help us always to put upon our tongues the bit and bridle of His grace! "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin," and I am afraid some of us talk too much. It is almost impossible to talk at such a rate without letting something slip out which we would be glad enough to recall. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue." We shall do well to think twice before speaking once. Ere they issue the sovereigns from the mint they place them in a most delicately constructed scale to see that they are of full value. So may we be enabled to weigh well our words before we utter them to go current through the world. Let us make David's prayer ours, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth;

keep the door of my lips." Let there be a

SENTRY AT THE PORTAL

of my speech, challenging every syllable before it is allowed to pass the threshold. Oh, that, like Jesus, grace might be poured into our lips, and then men would say of us, as the spouse said of the bridegroom, "His mouth is most sweet," "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh."

My first point is that THE MANNER OF OUR SPEECH IS A MATTER OF GREAT MOMENT. How we speak is almost as vital as what we say. You know quite well that the best of meals may be almost spoiled by being ill-served, and words that in themselves are right and good, and sentiments with which no fault can be found, may be marred in the utterance. I like the old quaint rhyme which puts it thus:

"If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where."

Good speech ought to be well served. It should have a fitting surrounding, an appropriate environment. Such, I take it, is the meaning of the text. Your apples of gold deserve baskets of silver. Now to what the reference of our text may be I am not very sure. It may mean one of three things; it may include all three. It, perhaps, refers to actual apples or to oranges—golden

fruit of some kind—so beautiful in color, so luscious in flavor, that they seem to merit a silver basket in which to carry them. Or it may be that the reference is to

THE FILIGREE WORK.

I find that expression in the margin of the Revised Version—which covered and crowned the chapiter of a column. Imagine, if you can, that those stars which surround the pillars of these galleries are apples of gold. It would be appropriate that the ornamental background should be a trellis work or filigree of silver to set it off—a fitting foil to the golden apples which shine in the midst. Or, possibly, Solomon had in mind the embroidery work at which the Eastern ancients were so skilful. Mark this clever maiden—she has been working golden apples upon this cloth or cushion. Very beautiful they are, but they want a background, an appropriate setting. May I suggest to her—Solomon may, at all events—that silver basket-work would beautify and complete the design? Let the silver threads be seen amongst or behind the gold and the artistic needlework will be well nigh perfect. So let your speech be accompanied by all that befits it, that is good, and gracious, and genial, and generous. There is yet another simile in this text. "A word fitly spoken" is rendered in the margin of the Authorized Version, "A word spoken upon his wheels." That is, a word that is so seasonably spoken as to be like a golden apple in a silver basket is as a word upon wheels—it has free course, and is glorified. It is the

word upon wheels that reaches the ear and hastens to the heart, then passes on to my neighbor; it speeds from sire to son, from generation to generation. The word aptly and happily put is a word upon wheels. May the Lord teach us to speak after this fashion.

Under this head let me say next that *consolation may be administered in a cold and frigid fashion;* and so be altogether spoiled. The wounded spirit needs a balm to bless it. The

PROMISES OF GOD'S WORD,

which are specially for stricken hearts, are not thrust forth as spears and javelins; they do not fly out as arrows; they are poured in as oil and wine. Weeping eyes have been made sore with the salt that is in sorrow's tears. If you would wipe those eyelids dry, use, I pray you, the silken kerchief of softest sympathy. Speak gently, tenderly, with the compassion of Christ. Hungry hearts—hearts, I mean, that are hungering for sympathy and love want that sympathy warm and fragrant that it may bless them most. The placard in the confectioner's window says, "Bovril, served hot." Who would care for it lukewarm or cold? But some people, when they offer the soup of sympathy, seem afraid that the poor dear friend who needs it will burn his mouth, and, lest it shall be too hot, they pop it into a refrigerator for a while, and serve it with a film of ice on the surface! Such sympathy is simply sickening.

Sympathy, if it is worth the having, if it is to warm

and cheer, must be served hot. The apples of gold must be put into baskets of silver. There is nothing that needs more holy tact, more Christ-like delicacy, than the dispensing of our charity. We are so apt, are we not, to get into a perfunctory style. Oh, may the grace that was in Christ Jesus be in our hearts! Lord, Thou hast put it into our minds to do some acts of kindness. We have got the apples, Lord, Thou hast shaken them from Thy tree into our lap; they are not for ourselves, we want to bless our fellows with them. We think of going out this afternoon with this golden fruit. Wilt Thou not give us the silver basket to put them in? Hand it down, we pray Thee, from that high shelf, which we cannot reach. It is near Thy hand. This wisdom cometh from above. Help us, Lord, to speak of the love of Jesus with Jesus' love in our heart. Help us to give our alms with the sympathy of Christ shining through our eyes and smiling in our faces; then our blessings shall be doubly blest and our sympathy trebly welcome. Oh, how many a good deed is spoiled in the doing of it! I have known visitors to the sick do far more harm than good; for, instead of giving a word of cheer, they have been themselves most dreary and dismal. Oh, Lord, teach us that we may speak aright! If Thou hast prompted our thoughts and granted us a high and noble resolve, then, we pray Thee, go on with that good work, help us to give due and fit expression to the same. Is it not equally true that *rebuke may be dealt out too harshly?* Parents, whose duty, doubtless, is to correct

their children, may, nevertheless, do it in such a style that it only provokes to a superfluity of naughtiness. Teachers need much of Jesus' patience to force home with sweet persuasion the truths they want to impart, and those whom God has appointed to be disciplinarians and censors require the wisdom that is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated. It is their duty to go about amongst the golden candlesticks, snuffing the candles, as it were. Oh, that they may have grace to do it wisely, that the obnoxious smoke shall not fill the house with its ill odor! Those of whom I speak are called by God to set broken bones. This should be done in the spirit of meekness, considering ourselves lest we also be tempted! Wash the disciples' feet, by all means, but not in scalding water. Do it lovingly and graciously and gently, and remember, as Mr. Wesley once said, that "private reproof is the best grave in which to bury private faults." There is a remarkable expression in the verse that follows our text, "As an ear-ring of gold and an ornament of fine gold, so is the wise reprover upon an obedient ear." There is nothing that needs more sanctified tact than reproving and correcting. Well and wisely done, it becomes like an ear-ring of gold, adding beauty and bringing blessing. The natives of the country from which I hail have a curious custom of loading their ears with so-called ornaments, consisting generally of a piece of ribbon to which is attached a long strip of greenstone, sometimes as much as four inches in length. Being heavy, this drags the

ear down, and makes it strikingly ugly. Such is a reproof unwisely administered. It is too heavy, too hard, too cumbersome, too unkind, and it drags down and deforms, instead of beautifying and blessing. If you must reprove—and it is your duty sometimes—do it in a spirit of meekness. If you must put this ear-ring in, let it be one light in weight and sparkling with the jewel of tender love. You need not hang a quoit in your neighbor's ear, nor a curtain ring either.

The Gospel itself, too, may be proclaimed inappropriately. I am not an advocate for velvet speaking, and have no sympathy with

MEALY-MOUTHED PREACHERS

who leave out the terrible doctrines of God's Word; but I cannot forget that the Gospel is the most gracious thing in all the world, and that they have the greatest success who preach Christ in a Christ-like fashion. I believe that even the most fearful truths may be proclaimed feelingly. Did not Jesus weep over the city whose doom He pronounced? The Prince of preachers must be your model. Put your apples of gold into baskets of silver; for this is what Christ did. They wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth. He stood like an all-glorious pillar, whose capital was decorated with golden apples surrounded by the silver net-work of tender compassion and father-like pity. The robe that Jesus wove through all His life on earth was embroidered thus—golden apples every-

where, food to the hungry, help to the needy, succour to the sick, love to the little ones, and all with smiles on His face, and gracious words in His lips, even for the most sadly sinful.

"Lord, speak to me that I may speak
In loving echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone."

Inquirers, too—those who are seeking after God—may be handled too roughly. It is your design and desire, I doubt not, to give them the truth, and nothing but the truth. That is well, but put it lovingly. Remember how various such cases are. The apples of God's love are to be handed forth in glittering silver baskets. Oh, if you have got the Gospel to give them, put it into the basket of prayerful patience. Remember that you are speaking to them *in Christ's stead.* You cannot be too tender, then. We may do as we will with our own crab-apples, but the fruits of Divine mercy must be served on silver salvers. I wonder if any broken-hearted seekers are present now longing to know Christ's love, and to be at peace with heaven. Oh, for words most sweet with which to tell you, dear soul distressed, that God loves you! God loves you! He has proved it by the gift of His unspeakably precious Son. Jesus loves you, and has proved it by tears, and groans, and wounds, and blood, and death, and you, too, may love God, through Jesus Christ, your loving Saviour. Oh, that this golden apple could be put in a basket still more worthy of its beauty and its grace!

Now I will come to the second point. IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT OUR SPEECH SHOULD BE SEASONABLE. I would like briefly to show you the necessity for this, the difficulty of it, and the possibility of accomplishing it. We have been speaking of how to speak. This is concerning *when* to speak, for many a good word, even though it be spoken in good fashion has become a good thing out of place, and has so ceased to be a good thing. Now all that God grants comes at its appointed time. The shower descends in its season. The tree brings forth fruit in due season. Whereas all truth is good, seasonable truth is glorious. We need to ask for grace, not only to say the right thing in the right way, but to say it in the nick of time; to strike while the iron is hot, for it soon cools; to stamp the wax while it remains molten. This wisdom also comes from above. You see the necessity for it, do you not? I need not dwell upon that point. If our word come not at the appointed time it might almost as well not come at all. What about the difficulty of it? To some people it seems wonderfully easy to speak at the right time, but it is not so easy as they suppose. I remember to have heard of a good woman who was in an artist's studio watching him at work. Presently she said to him, "It appears to me a very easy matter to paint pictures." "Yes, madam," he said, with due politeness; "what makes you think so?" "Well," said she, "it seems to me you have only to put the right quantity of the right color in the right place." "Yes, madam," he said; "that is exactly so." And in this

matter of speaking you have only to say the right thing in the right way at the right time; that is all. But if you try to do it you will find that a greater wisdom than is natural to you is required, that you must be instructed by God's Spirit before you can do this as it should be done. Some folk, for instance, spoil their speech by an excess of zeal. They are indiscriminate and unthinking in their speech. They talk at random; they draw their bow at a venture. Now, whereas we have on record in God's Word a most remarkable instance of God's purpose being accomplished by an arrow that flew from a bow that was drawn at a venture, you must not forget that much more was accomplished by the skill and genius of those Benjaminites who whirled their slings above their heads with their left hands, and yet could aim at a hair's-breadth and not miss. The best way is to practice much and to aim carefully. May the Lord give you and me the grace with which to do it! It is not easy to adapt ourselves and our conversation to circumstances. It is not easy to turn the current of the talk into holy and heavenly channels, but it is not impossible even for the feeblest of us. If our tongue is

SURRENDERED TO OUR SAVIOUR,

He can turn it and our whole body wheresoever the impulse of the steersman listeth. The Lord can teach us this holy art. Does He not give to His preaching people the right message to proclaim in public? You who have

attended this place for many years know full well what I mean—how to His dear departed servant He used to give in answer to believing prayer the very right message for certain people. It fitted them as a glove the hand, and we, whose ministry is not so remarkable as his, can nevertheless bear testimony that in our small way the Lord has done it, and still does it. "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." And what is true of the public minister is equally true of the private worker. "I will be with thy mouth," God says to each of you, though you be as stammering in speech as Moses. Oh, if we would only trust Him for this matter, He would give us the right word to speak and tell us when to utter it. He would make us, too, potent in our conversation, our life backing up our lips, that we should exercise an influence for good wherever we might wander. It was said of Eliot, the missionary, by a friend, "I never was with him, but I got, or might have got good from his company." It was said of Jesus that grace was poured into His lips, and that was why it poured out of His lips. O, Lord, let Thy grace fill me right up to the brim, like Cana's waterpots, and cause me to overflow with grace to others.

Now to turn to another metaphor, just as I close, "words upon wheels." Have you not found that your word for Christ, your message of sympathy, and sometimes, your rebuke, is a poor, lame, feeble, halting, crip

pled thing? It cannot even walk properly. You have uttered it, and there it stands stock-still. It has no force in it, no fire, no fervor, very little influence. But the word spoken in due season is like a word upon wheels. If the Spirit has prompted it, and has also opened up the opportunity, and enabled you to embrace it, that word will be crippled and infirm no longer. Oh, how the message travels which God has given us to speak, and to which He enables us to give utterance! Our words, Lord, howsoever eloquent, are like Pharaoh's chariots from which God took the wheels so that they drove them heavily. Lord, put our words on wheels; then they will be full of power, and influence, and glory. Some of you have been to the seaside lately. You saw there, perhaps, the launching of the luggers. The strong fishermen put their shoulders under the bows of the boats and slippery boards beneath the keel; then they pushed with all their might until she got weight enough on her to slip out into her native element. But it was a long process, and took a great deal of straining and striving. Did you ever see them launch a life-boat? There it stands in a shed upon a carriage—it is upon wheels! A storm is raging, a ship is wrecked, and a call for the lifeboat is heard. Now they fling open the doors, and with very little strength, but with a good deal of interest and zeal, they run the carriage down the sloping beach with the men in the boat, and it is soon off on its mission of mercy. It is a world of saving power upon wheels. Lord, make every word of mine.

Affectionately Yours

in private and public, like God's own life-boat! Do Thou launch it Thyself, run it down the beach upon its glowing wheels, red hot with haste to save the perishing. "Words upon wheels." I am a comparatively poor walker; some of you would soon tire me out. I could not contend with the footmen without being wearied, but set me upon a pair of wheels, and I will contend with the horsemen. It makes all the difference in the world. And if your words and mine are mounted on wheels that God provides, of seasonability and of glorious opportunity, and of the Spirit's prompting, then they will run like the Word of the Lord, which has free course, and is glorified. Oh that it may be so in this Tabernacle, and in all the churches, until the knowledge of the Lord covers the earth, as the waters cover the sea. Amen.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

A Sermon preached by REV. H. M. WHARTON,
In Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill., September 27, 1893.*

GOD has given us minds, and He wants us to think with them. It is a great mistake for any one to believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is something that must be accepted without a reason. Our Saviour steps into your path, and says, "Look at me, think of me; investigate my character and my works; make up

* The earnest request of several friends is the only apology I have for publishing this sermon here.—H. M. W.

your minds as to what you think of me, and let that thought govern your life!"

I verily believe that the reason why so many people are not Christians is because they do not think. Sometimes men say, in a very knowing manner, that they will not accept anything that they cannot understand; and because there is mystery in the doctrines of Christ they will not accept His religion.

The fact is, there is mystery about everything. The growing blade of grass, the shining light, the very beating of your heart, are all mysteries; and to say that we will not accept what we cannot understand is the height of folly.

One day a Quaker fell into conversation with a young man, and the subject of religion was brought up. The young man said to his old friend: "I do not accept anything that I have not seen, or that some one else has not seen. All of this talk about faith and the working of the Spirit is mysterious and invisible. Nobody has ever seen a spirit, and therefore I do not accept any of it." The Quaker replied: "Thy argument would get thee into trouble. Did thee ever see thy brains? Did any one else ever see thy brains? Then thou dost not think thou hast any brains!"

On the other hand, it is said of Lord Littleton and Gilbert West, two distinguished men of England, that on one occasion, both being infidels, they agreed to expose the fallacy of the Christian religion. They said it was a sham and a delusion, and ought to be held up

to the scorn and contempt of the world. To carry out their purpose each chose a subject. Lord Littleton took the "Conversion of Saul," Gilbert West "The Resurrection of Christ."

They were to meet at the end of three months, and when they came together each was to present his article. At the appointed time they met, and Lord Littleton said to his friend: "West, I have prepared my paper, but it is very different from what I had expected. I am a convert to Christianity, and believe in the gospel of the Son of God." "So am I," replied his friend, and both from that day became the devout followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

When I attended the University of Virginia, as a law student, Professor Minor, recommended this article of Lord Littleton's as one of the finest arguments in the English language.

If you have not given this subject the thought it demands, may I not ask that you will at least spend half an hour with me this morning in contemplation of this theme of themes—"What think ye of Christ?"

I wish to deal fairly with both sides, and we will first take up the side held by the enemies of Christ. Let us see if we can agree with them. If not, we shall then turn to see what His friends think of Him, and whether we agree with them.

His enemies say He was an impostor. Do you agree with them there? They said He was leagued with the devil, in partnership with hell, and His deeds were the deeds of darkness. "What think ye of Christ?"

Do you believe He was an impostor? I fancy I hear you reply, "An impostor? No! The Saviour whom my mother believed and loved, and in whose arms she died! He who has been the stay and support and joy of countless millions. Jesus an impostor! No!—perish the thought!"

Well, then, you cannot agree with them in that. Let me ask another question. They say that the inducements that He offered were insufficient. It is a good reason for not serving Him if it is true. If I were employed by a man in Chicago day by day, and another should come to me and say, "Wharton, I would like you to come into my employment," I would have a perfect right to ask him what inducements he had to offer.

If I am serving the devil, and Jesus Christ comes to me and asks me to leave this master and follow him, I have every right to say, "Lord, what will you do for me? what inducements have you to offer?" If what His enemies say is true—that His inducements are insufficient—it is fatal to our cause. But is it true? Let us see.

He promises pardon for every sin. I know not what course others may take, but for my part I should willingly serve Him all of my days, only to know that every sin and mistake of my life had been covered by His grace, blotted out by His precious blood, and forever forgiven and forgotten. But is this all? He says, "I will go with you all your days; I will never leave thee

nor forsake thee." To have His presence; to know that wherever we are, at home or abroad, on the land or on the sea, we have the strength and the help of this true and unfailing friend, tender in His sympathies, almighty in His power, is an inducement that the angels of heaven would gladly enjoy. But He tells us more: "I will be with you when you come to die, and, after a life well-spent in my service, doing good all your days, I will receive you to Myself when you leave this world, and take you to the world of perfect bliss." Are not these inducements sufficient? "What think ye of Christ?"

But His enemies say that He is not able to carry out His inducements. If they be right in this, surely we shouldn't follow one who is not able to perform what He promises, who offers inducements that cannot be carried out. But is this true?

I am speaking to-day to hundreds, if not thousands, who can say, "He promised peace to me in the pardon of my sins, and He has given it to me." Can you not say, "I have the peace that passeth understanding. No longer is my soul oppressed by the recollection of unforgiven sin; no more do I feel the weight of guilt upon my heart. I have found peace and rest and joy in Him."

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one,
Lay down thy head upon my breast;
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

How about the promise that He will be with us? Is it not true, in time of affliction and temptation, he has been your only help, and when you have had no other refuge, you have found joy and protection in Him?

Some years before the death of my father we had a re-union in our old home in Virginia. My only sister, who lived in Kentucky at that time, was expected on the afternoon train. Instead of coming, she sent us a letter, saying that she was all ready for the trip, but the night before the time for her to leave, her little home and all she had was destroyed by fire. "Think not," she said, "that I am grieved or broken-hearted. While I stood in the street, holding my little boys, one by each hand, and saw our home swept away from us, the spirit of my gentle mother seemed to come to me with the strength and grace of my Saviour. I could stand there in the dark and sing,

> "What through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
> My grace all-sufficient, shall be thy supply.
> The flames shall not hurt thee, only design,
> Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine."

How could she have done that if Jesus had not been with her? But is He really present when we come to die? I said to a doctor once: "You have had many years of experience, and have known of the death of many Christians. Can you tell me of one whose faith failed him on his death-bed?" His reply was, "No, sir; I never heard of such a case."

When Dr. Wingate, of North Carolina, lay dying, his

lips moved, and his wife listened to hear what he was saying, and heard these words in a low whisper: "Oh, Jesus, I knew you would be with me, but I did not think it would be so sweet as this."

What think ye of Christ? Do you think he can carry out the inducements that He offers to His followers? Can you agree with His enemies in the charges they make against Him?

I believe, my dear friends, that if you will solemnly and honestly consider Him, and the blessings that He bestows upon our poor, lost, and broken-hearted world, you will turn in disgust from these charges and taunts of His enemies, and say with the Roman officer, as he rode away from the cross, "Truly, this was the Son of God."

Now let us turn the picture to the brighter side; let us see what His friends think of Him, and if you can agree with them. We believe that He is the Saviour of the world—the only hope of a lost and ruined race. Do you believe that? Do you believe that Jesus Christ came into this world to seek and to save the lost, and that there is none other name under heaven by which we must be saved? We believe that He is the Son of God, and that as such He is able to save unto the uttermost all who come to God by Him.

Sometimes I have heard men question His divinity, but never since my own heart and life were changed by His power have I doubted that He is the Son of God. And my experience and observation as a minister of the

gospel for twenty years have only confirmed me in this belief. When I think of the thousands who have been blessed; their homes made happy; the husband, the father, the child, made to rejoice in a new-found hope, and to become a rich blessing to the loved ones there, I cannot doubt that Jesus is divine. What think ye?

Furthermore, we believe he is our own personal Saviour. There is a wonderful power in our religion when we bring it down to ourselves.

When the great philanthropist, Horace Mann, was called upon to dedicate a building for boys, he said: "If all your money, and all your time, and all your energies which have been expended in this building result in the salvation of only one boy, it will not have been in vain." At a dinner given him that day, one of the company said: "Mr. Mann, do you not think you put it rather strongly to-day, when you said that if all our work should only result in the salvation of but one boy, it would not be in vain?" He thought a moment, and then replied: "Not if it were my boy."

I should love to stand at the gates of heaven and see all this vast congregation pass through. I should like to see Mr. Moody as he goes into that abundant inheritance which awaits him; I should like to see you one by one in the great joy of that blessed hour: but it would break my heart to feel that I must turn away and be lost forever. Thank God I can say to-day He is my Saviour! Can you?

We believe that He is a faithful Saviour—He does

everything that He promises. He will never leave or forsake those who have put their trust in Him, and when we ask Him for blessings, He gives us more than we expect. Although Mr. Moody is a man of great faith, —and I trust he will pardon the personal allusion—I undertake to say that though he may have expected great things from God in the evangelization of this magnificent city, and the wonderful gatherings of the people day by day, yet God has done far more for him than he ever thought or dreamed. We believe He is a loving and devoted Saviour, with the tenderest sympathies, and constant, watchful care over those who have committed themselves to Him.

No mother ever listened more eagerly for the voice of her child, nor ran more hastily to its relief, than does our Saviour, as He watches over the poorest and weakest of His disciples.

We think that He is worthy of our love, our faith, our obedience. There is no gift too precious to lay at His dear feet, and no commandment that we should not gladly obey. What think ye of Christ?

Let me hang before your minds to-day two pictures, and I shall ask you to say, in your own souls, which of these represents your conduct as to your belief in Christ:

There were two young men in Virginia, one of them the child of poor but respectable parents. He conceived the idea of studying medicine in the city of Richmond, and his old father and mother, by every sacrifice, toiled

on to meet his wants through the session. On the day that the young man was to receive his diploma, his old father went down to Richmond to witness what to him was the grandest and most joyful event of his life. He wore his old farm clothes, and the old hat that had shaded his face from many summer suns, and as many winter snows and rains, all for his boy's sake.

As he was walking along the street in Richmond, he met his son in company with two other young physicians, who were to graduate that day. Immediately he spoke to his boy, and would have thrown his arms around him, but the young man held him off, and said, "Stand back; I don't know you." The old man, in utter bewilderment and astonishment, said, "Why, John, don't you know your father?" He said, "You are not my father," and turned and walked away.

The broken-hearted old man stood and wept and mourned as the passers-by looked on and wondered what had come to pass. That night the diploma was received, but the father was not there. The young physician settled in Virginia, soon became the victim of drink, and died a horrible death.

Some of you will almost doubt the truth of this story. I am sorry to tell you it is well authenticated by my own personal friends. And yet, let me say, there are many here to-day who have turned their backs on Jesus Christ and God their Father, and say to Them, not only by their lips, but by their lives, "You are not

my Saviour, you are not my Father; I do not know you." Oh! may God help you to turn from such a course to-day.

The other young man was a student at one of our Virginia colleges. His mother was a widow, and went with her boy to the little town, where she did washing for the students in order to make money enough to support her son during his college course.

When the day of his graduation came he went down to see her, and said, "Mother, I want you to be there to-night in a front seat." "Why, my child," she responded, "I have nothing but this old faded dress and the old bonnet that I have worn for several years. You would be ashamed of me." "No, mother," he said; "grant me this favor and come." She little cared what others might say so she pleased her child. She went, and took her seat in the front of the audience that night.

When the president of the faculty gave the young men their diplomas, as he came to her boy he said: "Ladies and gentlemen: I have the honor of presenting this young man with the college medal, for he goes off not only with a well-deserved diploma, but the highest honors of our institution."

The young man took the medal, and, walking down from the platform, in the presence of the large assembly, many of them the most elegant and fashionable people of the town, he walked up to his old mother, who sat quietly rejoicing, and, pinning the medal on her faded

calico dress, he said: "Mother, this is yours; you did this, and I want everybody to see who deserves the praise for my success."

Ah, friends! let us pin our faith to Jesus Christ; let us lay ourselves at His feet, and when the world shall ask us, "What think ye of Christ?" let them look at our lives for answer.

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